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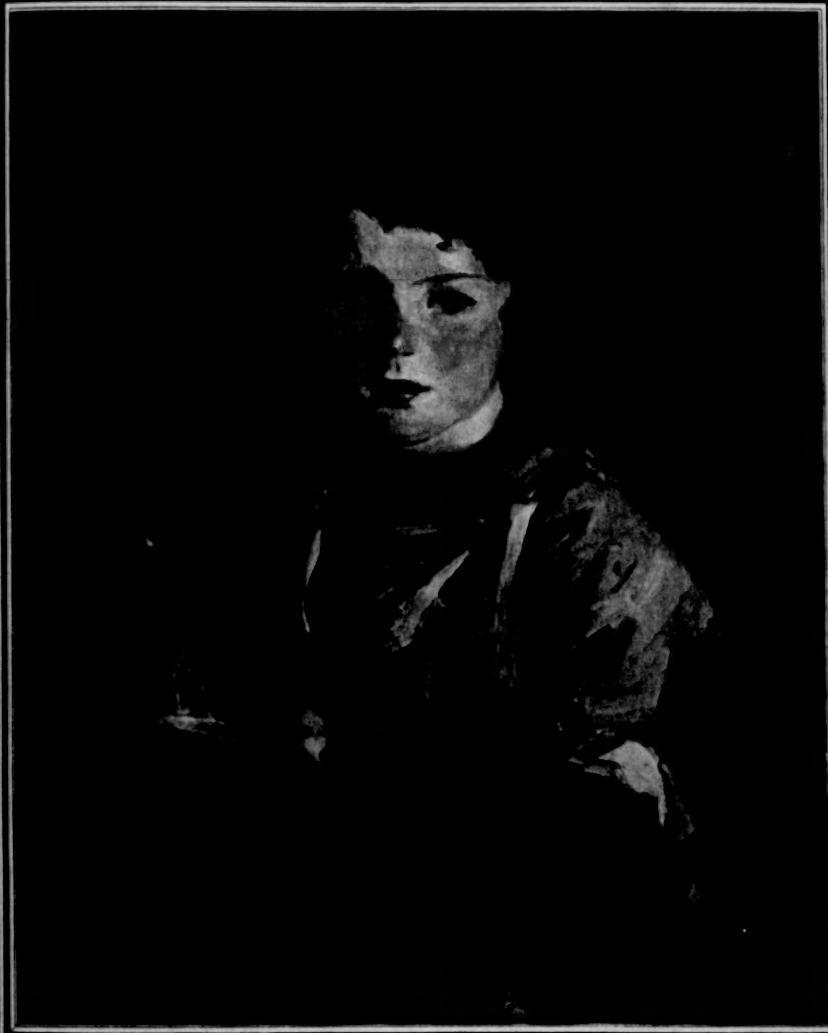
HARPERS MAGAZINE



February 1925

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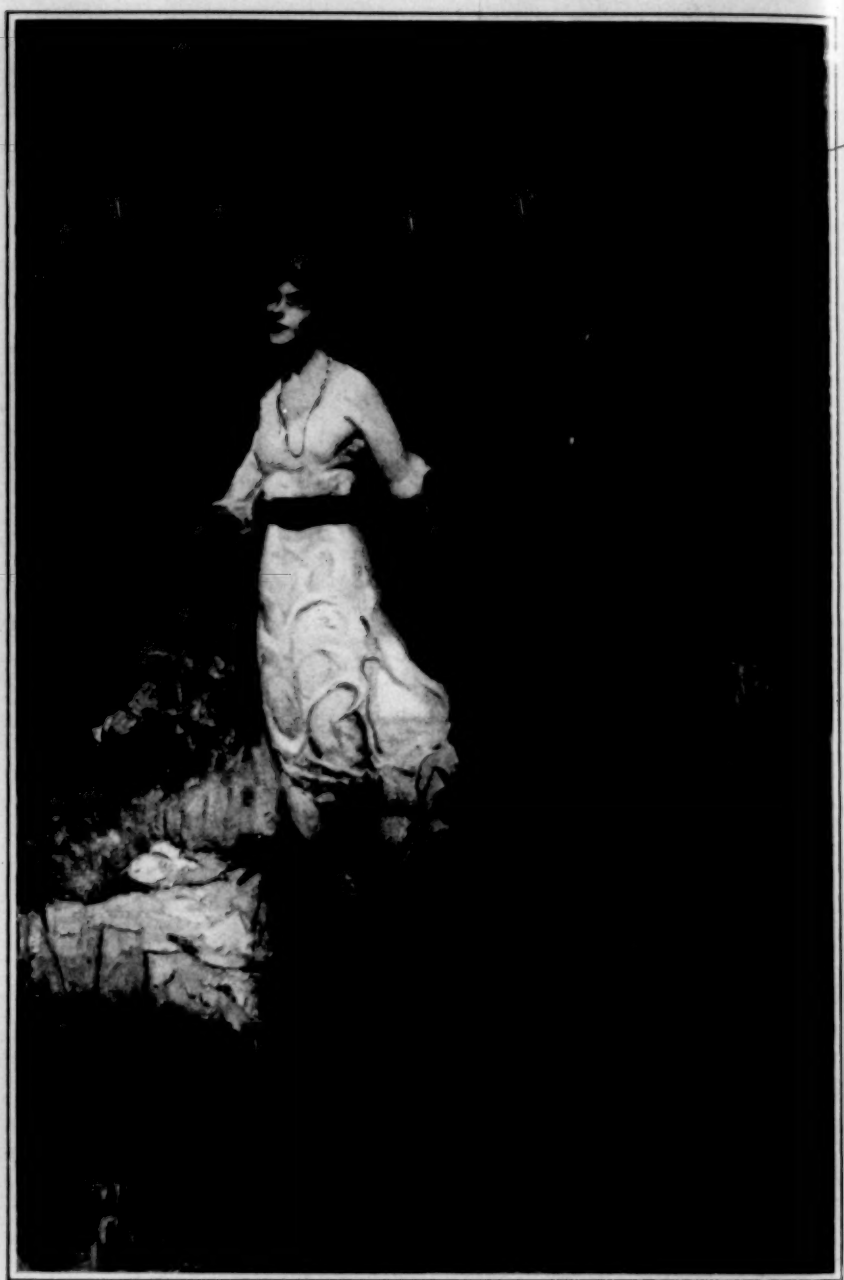

Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover Illustration for "Redbone"

IN HER HAIR SHE WORE SOMETHING BRIGHT AND FESTIVE, LIKE A STAR

Harper's Magazine

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REDBONE

Awarded First Prize in the Third Harper Short-Story Contest

BY ADA JACK CARVER

IT is lazy and sweet along the Côte Joyeuse and on into the piney red-clay hills—a land which for nearly four hundred years has been held enthralled by a river. And here among the whites and blacks there dwell in ecstatic squalor a people whom, in the intricate social system of the South, strangers find it difficult to place. For although they may be bartered with, jested with, enjoyed, despised, made friends and enemies of—yet in the eyes of those born to the subtle distinction they are forever beyond the pale.

They are a mixture of Spanish, French, and Indian, and God only knows what besides; and along the Côte Joyeuse, a region given to phrase and to fable, they are dubbed "redbones" because of their dusky skins so oddly, transparently tinted. They are shiftless and slovenly, childlike and treacherous; and yet from somewhere, like a benediction, they have been touched with something precious.

Of this hybrid and tragic tribe was Baptiste Grabbo, planter, and his the story of a man who desired and obtained a son.

One summer morn at a peep-o-day hour this Baptiste set out for Natchitoches, riding his little red pony. His mission was threefold: first, of course, to get drunk; second, to make a thank-offering to his patron saint, whose business it was to look after him and who did it rather well, all things considered; third, in accordance with a custom that still prevails, to purchase in tribute a gift for his wife, who had been delivered of a fine and lusty son—a man-child born in the crook of a horned moon and destined for great good fortune.

Baptiste rode hard, like a centaur. Above him the frail enchantment of budding clematis filled the woods with light and, reflecting on his fortune, he recalled complacently the insults and insinuations with which since his marriage his relatives had derided his childless estate. Bah! He would make 'em swallow their words, the yellow chinquapin-eaters! He accursed of Heaven?

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The glory of fatherhood gave him a heart a-tune to the tumult of summer. There were flowers purple with adoration praying in the grass; wings brushed his cheek; and Baptiste, his mind still full of the night's travail, thought of birth. He thought of The Birth, and an immense and terrible holiness shook him as with an ague. Why, God was right up in that tree. God—benignant, amused. He could talk with God if he cared to. He spread his hands in a little prayer, like a child that laughs and prays. He was shaken and spent with rapture.

Conceive of Baptiste if you can: an uncouth, oafish little man, thin and pointed and sly; but with something about him grotesque and delightful, for all the world like a clown—something of quaint buffoonery that charmed little children, even the little boys and girls who lived in the fine old houses along the river front and walked abroad so sweetly with their nurses.

"Hi, Baptiste!" they would squeal when they saw him; "Howdy, *Mister* Baptiste!"

And then they would laugh with an elfin delight as if they shared some wanton secret with him. And their nurses—respectable, coal-black "mammies"—would pull them away, disgruntled; "Lawd, white chillun, come along. Dat triflin', low-down redbone—"

But this heaven-lent quality, whatever it was, that endeared him to children caused the women of his race to stick out their tongues at him. His love tale, how for a fabulous sum he bought from her father the prettiest maid in all the Indian pinewoods, was the talk of a region already famous far and wide for its romance. Baptiste—through no effort of his own, of course—was rich, as occasionally redbones get to be when their luscious acres fringe the winding Cane; and the slim and blossomy Clorinda had pleased him mightily. She was a lovely thing with sea-green eyes and the chiseled beauty her women possess for a season; and Baptiste thought of babies when he looked at her—he who could pipe to children and trill like a bird in a tree. They would come one right after the other, of course, as was right for babies to come: brown little stairsteps of children.

He had even gone so far as to hail old Granny Loon one time as she hobbled past the courthouse; Granny who brought her babies in baskets (white ones and black ones and yellow and red ones!) and charged a fortune a day.

"Hey, Granny, what you got in there?" he wheedled in a voice that had the drawling music of the sluggish old witch-river. "You give him to me for my wife, old Granny. Yessir, we need us a son."

But Granny, disdainful, made no reply; and shifting her mysterious basket, passed with dignity down the shaded street. She could be high-and-mighty when it pleased her and, "blue-gummed" African though she was—and proud of her pure descent—she was by virtue of her calling above and beyond all race distinction. Granny Loon was dedicated, consecrated, sacred. But the greasy old mulatto women around their coffee stalls, who were shrewdly informed as to Granny's comings and goings, broke out into ribald laughter, shaking their fat gingham sides.

"Huh!" they snorted, "dat chile Granny got ain't fo' no ornery redbone. Dat chile is fo' white folks, yessir. Baptiste, he better go find his se'f one in de briar-patch."

He had swaggered away, Baptiste, pretending not to hear; but his face had burned and his heart had ached. Ah, but now he would show them. . . .

Baptiste, whose thoughts were prayerful if he but stumped his toe, had that very day taken up the matter with High Heaven. You slipped into the dim cathedral where God was all about you and your bony knees sank richly down into passionate crimson velvet.

"A son, sweet Saint. A lil' son. Send us a son, sweet Mother—"

And then to make assurance doubly

sure, on emerging he had crossed two sticks to fling at a chance stray cat.

The creed of the redbone is past understanding: things vaguely heard and remembered; things felt and but dimly divined; superstitions drilled into him by the wrinkled old crones of his race. His religion is compounded of Catholic altars where candles burn through the thick dim smoke from the swinging incense bowls; of pinewoods tremulous like a sounding organ; of forest fires and thunders and winds; of fetishes against the powers of darkness; of a moon that comes up red from the swamp; of a wilful river that doles out life and death.

Sometimes when Baptiste lay prone on a hillside things came to him, ancient things, and he knew what people had known when the earth was young—something stirring in him that had swung a papoose in the treetops. Sometimes when the moon was thin and the cotton greening in the fields was beginning to square, something lifted his soul that had strummed a guitar under a lady's window. Sometimes when that same young moon had grown sullen with orange fire, sometimes when he lay on the hot black earth and heard the negroes singing, something ached within him like the curse of a voodoo witch.

His patron saint he had chosen for reasons best known to himself, not the least significant of which was the little saint's unobtrusiveness; for he was an ecstatic little blue fellow who lived in a niche of the church, in so dim and distant a corner that one might pray to him without exciting comment. The redbone, you must know, is secretive in matters religious; and pagan as he is at heart, is chary of dogma and fixed belief—his erratic worship being tolerated rather than condoned by the priesthood.

To this adopted saint, then, Baptiste told his beads, beseeching intercession: three masses a week, so many "Hail Marys," the Way of the Cross for a baby. Since he always returned from his orisons uplifted and slightly unsteady, Baptiste's mysterious pilgrimages had provoked his relatives to what was to them an obvious and foregone conclusion: Baptiste was drinking and gambling *awful!* He had better stay home with his wife.

Baptiste, jogging the deep-rutted roads, suddenly laughed and smacked at his pony. Now that a son had been born to him he would pour the shining dollars into his little saint's outstretched paws, the little saint who had moved Heaven and earth in his, Baptiste's, behalf. And then across the young day's joy a wavering shadow passed, and then another. Bats! From the swamp near by. The creatures came flickering, velvet-black and crazy, with the uncertain, chittering, sweezy sound that their wings make in the air; and when Baptiste struck out to fend them off, one of the gibbety things fell to the earth, stricken. Aghast that he had unwittingly wounded the devil's own, Baptiste turned straight about, although fully two miles from home. The sweet havoc in his heart had chilled into dreadful foreboding—for what man in his senses would flaunt such disaster?

Could it mean that his child was ill, perhaps at this moment dead?

When he rode into the back yard he saw his wife's pink petticoat a-hanging in the sun. His throat was dry and parched as he opened the kitchen door.

Granny was in the kitchen, crouching over the stove and stirring a viscous substance in a kettle. Her sacred basket hung above her on a nail. Her snowy white head was bound with a red bandanna, and she wore a spotless apron in the pocket of which was a buckeye to ward off the dread swamp fever. From a cord around her neck hung a curious carved African stone that dangled against her breasts. She turned and squinted at him as he entered.

"The lil' feller . . . is he . . . do he still breathe? Answer me, old woman."

Granny shrugged her shoulders. Her scorn of men was instinctive, she who assisted them into the world and first clothed their nakedness. There was not a midwife in all that neck of the woods who could hold a candle to her. When not "waiting" on a woman she lived alone on the edge of the Indian pine-woods in a shack half hidden with splashy sunflowers. There was a rail fence around it and toadstools at the door; and in the back yard an iron pot that looked like a cauldron. She was age-old and deathless, and all her movements were soft as if timed to the sleeping of children.

She gave Baptiste a mystic look; and then from above, down the rickety stairs, there sounded a thin little wail. Baptiste listened, woe in his eyes. It sounded so strange and so young.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he implored, "what was that?"

"De good Lawd he'p us," Granny answered, stirring and tasting, tasting and stirring. "Fo' shame, Mister Baptiste Grabbo. Dat up dere's yo' son, man, a-cryin' fo' his dinner."

"And her? Is she well?—Clorinda—"

His agonized eyes searched the old woman's face, but Granny was muttering incantations over her ill-smelling brew: runes for the newborn babe and his mother; spells against milk-leg and childbed-fever. It was a full minute before she turned to him her sybil face, wrinkled with a thousand tragedies.

"Gawd - a - mighty!" she grumbled, "how many time yo' come runnin' back to ask 'bout dat wife an' dat chile? How come yo' don't go an' git outer my way? I done brung a many a baby, to white folks an' niggers an' mixed blood too. But I ain't nebber seen no daddy take on like dat befo'. Nussir, not since I been bo'n."

She looked at him and relented. "Heylaw—wait, I go make yo' a cup—"

Baptiste sat down, still shaking, and Granny poured for him hot black comforting coffee. Behind her somewhere in the dim old house she heard a door open and close. But her gaze held Baptiste's eye.

"Now, go long wid yo'se'f, Mister Grabbo," she said when he had drained the last drop. "A fine strappin' son yo' got, an' yo' all a-tremblin' and shakin'. I oughter brung yo' a lil' ole puny gal. Now yo' go on to town an' git drunk like a man."

Baptiste stumbled out into the sunlight, his heart mounting again with the joy-giving warmth of the coffee. *Mon Dieu!* What a fool he was indeed! Well . . . It was broad daylight now, and in the brick courtyard he saw Olaf, his overseer, puttering around. Olaf was blond and giantlike, and although he had been but a tramp two years before when Baptiste picked him up in town to help with a big cotton crop, he had gradually taken the reins in his hands; and of late he flaunted a bullying, insolent manner that was like a slap in the face.

To-day, however, although Olaf's sullen bigness oppressed Baptiste as usual, his heart at sight of the younger man turned over with pride of possession; and Baptiste felt suddenly sorry for Olaf. Olaf had no little son, no pretty wife and child.

"Hey, Olaf boy!" he called with gayety, "what you think of that baby, huh? You go and you tell that old granny in there to let you look at that child. You kiss him, Olaf—just once, mind. You go and tell 'em I sent you."

Baptiste passed through lanes that were dense with Cherokee roses, on down the road through the frenzied bloom of blackeyed Susan and bitterweed. And where the sinuous river begins to work its magic he saw the town, already asleep with summer. On the edge of the commons the breath of sweet-olive rushed at his lips like a kiss; and it is here that the road grows into a street, with quaint little sociable houses that squat on the sidewalk like children. The morning was lavish of sunlight that looked as if you could peel it up in thick yellow

flakes, and as Baptiste jogged on into town his feeling of holiness grew, the feeling of brooding infinity.

He considered: Court was in session; along the narrow streets ox-teams were crawling and creaking, filled with niggers and country people "passing" the time of day; now and then some fine old carriage, drawn by satin bays, would permit him a glimpse of ravishing ladies in gay little flowered bonnets; around the hitching-posts on the river bank, where umbrella-chinas made pools of shade and the flies circled, drunken and sleepy, the planters had left their horses and mules; and bits of blue and orange and red flashed abroad in the streets. Baptiste sighed with a deep satisfaction. It was, indeed, a gala day in tune with his heart's own joy.

He left his pony in the shade and started afoot for the courthouse in search of his dear friend, Toni La Salle. For Baptiste had wisely decided that before he could quench his thirst his news must be told; and some one other than himself must be the bearer of it, to give it due weight and importance. Toni, who loved to gossip and whose mind was the mind of a child, must go and tell those women around their coffee stalls that Heaven had blessed Baptiste's marriage and had sent him a little son.

Baptiste, as he had expected, found Toni hanging about the courthouse, grabbing at stray tamales and running everyone's business. He enticed the boy to the shade of a magnolia tree and stuck a hand in his pocket.

"Toni, my love, my son," Baptiste said, "I got great news for you. Out to my house we got us a baby—now what you think about that?"

Toni seemed unimpressed, but his shallow eyes wavered to the money in Baptiste's hand.

"A *son*, Toni. A man-child, mind, what Granny Loon bring in her basket. Now listen to me: you go spread the news and I give you this dollar. You tell all those women, and this money is yours. A son, remember, and not no girl. And listen to me: his mama's eyes, maybe, but a head like his papa's, Toni. Yessir, you tell 'em that my baby's his daddy's son from his head clear down to his heels."

Toni departed, enraptured; but he had gone only a few steps when Baptiste ran after him. "Wait, Toni my boy. Not so fast, not so fast. Now listen: my son he ain't no puny child. He'll make a big strappin' man. You tell all those meddlesome women my son he weigh ten pound."

As Toni made his announcements, Baptiste behind the screen of magnolias witnessed the incredulous excitement along the coffee stalls; noted with joy the uplifted arms and rolling eyes of the gossipers. Well, by the time he had had a drink or two, he calculated, the news would be abroad and he could saunter forth to receive congratulations and the jests which the occasion demanded. "Papa" his friends would call him. "Papa Grabbo." How sweet, how delicious, how holy!

Baptiste ambled gaily through a swinging door and had a drink across a slick green counter; and then another and yet another. Like wine in your very soul it was to be a father, the father of a son. He wiped his mouth on a greasy sleeve and smiled. It was the practiced smile of aloof indifference that he'd seen upon the lips of younger papas. He felt waggish and tipsy. Bah—a son? It was two little sons that he had.

He emerged into the sunlight comfortably drunk, so that the world remained a crushed-strawberry pink.

The merchants down the street were lying in wait for him. There was something in the thought of Baptiste's being a papa that tickled their funny-bones—Baptiste a day-old papa and drunk, with money burning his pocket! A boat had come up the river from New Orleans only the week before, and they had consignments to show him: displays of magnificent silks and shawls and fans and plumes from the East.

But although Baptiste's eyes warmed to the sheen of the cloth, he refrained from buying. Nothing suited his mood. Silks and shawls were as dust—*Mon Dieu*—for would not moths corrupt them and thieves break through and steal? A jewel, the merchants advised him. A ruby, glowing with passion in the deep rich heart of itself. But Baptiste waved their gleaming trays away. Bah! A jewel he had given Clorinda the time his mare had a colt!

The merchants, shrugging their shoulders, fell in with his mood. A rosary, then, of amethysts, to kiss the holy hours into Heaven. Or a statue—see?—of the Virgin. A pretty gilded thing with the Child in blue, such a fat little kissable Christ. Surely this, this out of them all to commemorate Clorinda's motherhood.

But even this did not please Baptiste, although his fingers, tapered like a woman's, lingered adoringly on the Child's sweet china curls. Gold and frankincense and myrrh he would have laid at Clorinda's feet, mother of his son. He felt uplifted, eternal. A necklace of stars should encircle her throat and the moon she should wear for a halo.

He hunched his shoulders, inarticulate, he who could talk one language with his tongue and fifteen with his hands and eyes.

"Something . . . not to break," he besought them. "Something to set up in the parlor, maybe, like a what-you-call-'em. Something what my son can say: 'Look here, this here my papa he bought one time when I was born.'"

They brought forth glittering prismed lamps and carpets splashed with huge roses. They brought forth a hand-carved "press"; they brought forth imposing family albums of elegant crimson velvet. But Baptiste gestured and shook his head.

"Something nobody ain't had," he insisted. "Something big and grand, like a organ, maybe."

"Huh, go buy her the church, Baptiste," one of the merchants suggested.

Baptiste's eyes, wishful and strange, turned to the ivied cathedral. His thoughts were still rapturous. Across the street, two by two, the nuns were pacing to prayers, and Baptiste's joy was tinged with melancholy for their pale, frustrated womanhood. By all the saints in Heaven, sweet women like that weren't made to spend their days down on their knees!

And then somebody waved to him from across the way. It was Zuboff, of course, a distant kinsman, his thin little body in slim silhouette against a background of marble.

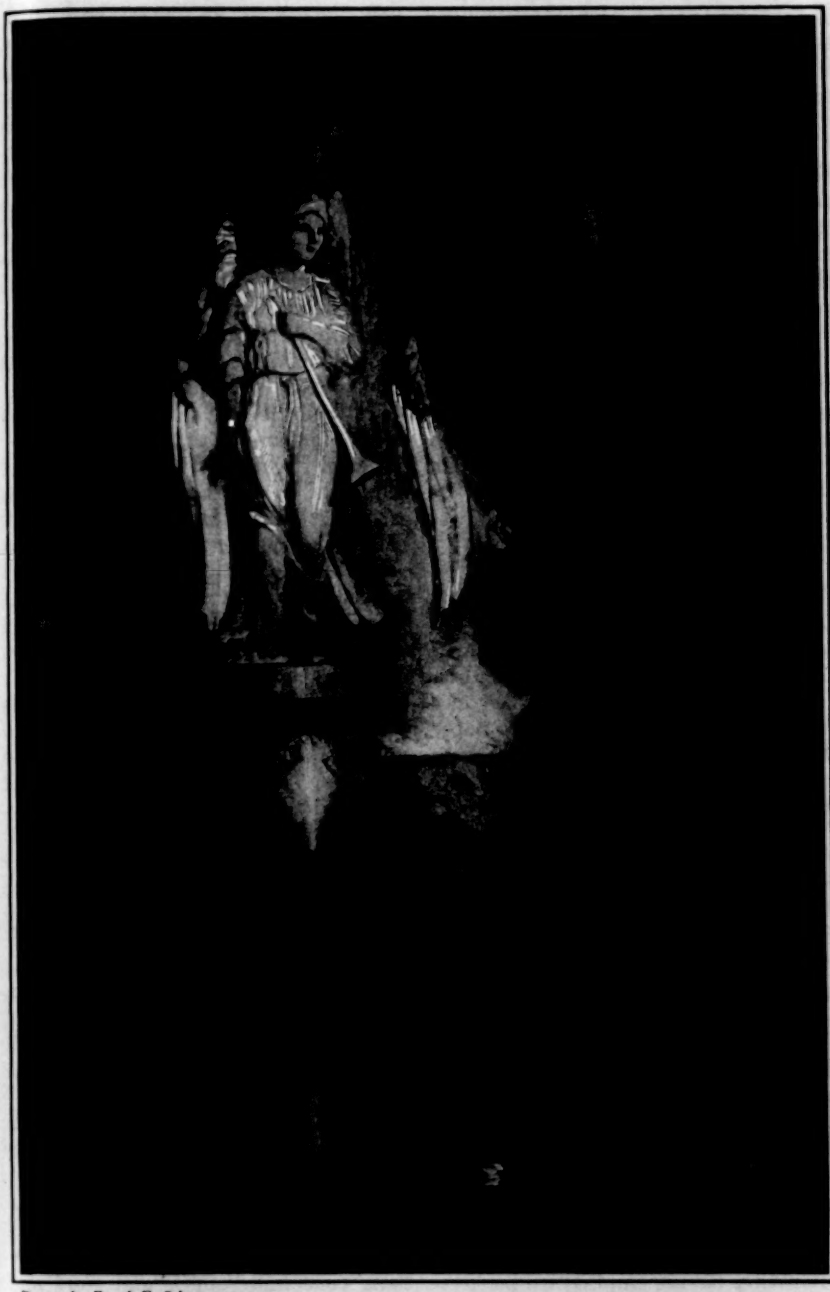
Baptiste gestured the clamoring merchants away and started across the street, swaying a little.

There had been an epidemic of yellow fever in Natchitoches that spring, a crawling, devastating thing that had licked up the high and the low; and for old Zuboff, the monument man, business was thriving and good. Baptiste saw that he was engraving cunning little names and dates on the surface of cold marble: "So and So; *Mort* such-and-such-a-date: Thy Will Be Done." To-day Baptiste was oddly aroused. Old Zuboff, his tongue in his cheek, wielded the mallet and chisel adroitly with tender caressing fingers. He looked up at Baptiste's approach and nodded hospitably.

"Sit down, Cousin, sit down," he invited, "right there on *Tante* Lisa's tombstone. Ah, Mister Papa Grabbo, well . . . what about that baby?" His tone changed and a craftiness caught in his hard little eyes. "Ah, Baptiste, sorrow we've had . . . trouble and tribulation. The Catholic graveyard is full."

Baptiste belched and spat at a date, 1852. "My son is a big fine child—" he began. But Zuboff cut him short, Zuboff the father of ten.

"Two dozen order for tombstone I got," he imparted, seeking without success to look lugubrious; "and all for



Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover

CHERUBIM AND SERAPHIM—THEY FELL ON HIS SOUL LIKE MUSIC

the rich white folks. A new lot on hand last week too, Baptiste, what come on the boat from the city. Such beautiful granite, exquisite marble! Come with me, Baptiste, come, come."

In the rear of his shop, his holy of holies, Zuboff parted a curtain and with an air of solemn pride motioned Baptiste to enter. Within he displayed his masterpieces—two shafts with wreaths of lilies and with beautiful wide-winged angels. Passionately Zuboff ran his fingers over the hard white bodies. "Superb, Baptiste," he muttered, wetting his lips; "Cherubim, Cousin, and seraphim—" His voice sank to a whisper. "You hear 'bout them two nun what is sick at the convent? Well, then, who know . . . 'Tis good to be prepare. And only last night the priest he say—"

Baptiste's heart had turned over. He breathed heavy and hard in his throat. Cherubim and seraphim . . . they fell on his soul like music; they sounded like the glad hosannas that children sing at Christmas; they sounded like the holy joy of his little newborn babe. He thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as those angels. He gulped and aimed tobacco juice at 1852. Those po' sick nun at the convent—well, he was powerful sorry for them. But no, they could never sleep beneath these majestic wings. Not so long as he, Baptiste, had money in his pocket.

"Zuboff, I want them tombstone," he declared. He caught at the angels to steady himself, his throat burning, his eyes bloodshot. "I want 'em both, for me and my wife. Yessir, we got to die some day, same as them nun at the convent. 'Tis good to be ready, yessir, just like what you say. And you listen to me, Cousin Zuboff; you put this on one, like a poetry: *Clorinda, the wife of Baptiste Grabbo, and Mother of his Son.*"

Baptiste, having emptied his pockets at the shrine of his patron saint, jogged out of town in the late evening sunlight. His babe's little cry, thin and strange, still echoed in his heart: and he felt that if he could sing it the sound would be like those young pale leaves on the quivering cottonwood trees. On the edge of the commons the Angelus caught him, dropping the Holy Trinity soft into the waiting stillness. Baptiste bowed his head and crooned a prayer. It was a prayer that was half a lullaby to the wife and the child of his heart, a plaintive maudlin lullaby as sick with love as the moon. . . .

His horse, head down, tail swinging, rocked him home. Sometimes—swaying and riding, riding and swaying—Baptiste would feel again the damp, velvet kiss of the bats. But he was too drowsy to care. When his pony finally nosed down the bars of the gate and wandered into the lot, it was nearly midnight. The moon had set and myriads of stars swam out into the heavens. The sky looked billowy, as if you could catch the corners of it and toss the stars around as in a net. Mosquitoes, thin and fierce, whined keen in his ear.

Baptiste slumped down from his horse and did not see the figure that slipped out the door through the shadows. He felt for the gate and stumbled toward the steps. Old Granny, according to custom, was waiting to receive him and assist him to bed. She loomed before him, a shapeless thing smelling of paregoric. She helped him into the house and up the rickety stairs; and instinctively, her haughtiness gone, this mother of a race began to croon as she pulled off his shoes. A man, bah! They never grew up. They were all helpless babes in the cradle, to be comforted, petted, and nursed.

Granny lifted, half-dragged Baptiste to a featherbed in the corner and she paused at the door to look back at him—a little amusing toy of a man like she'd seen in Christmas stockings. He was muttering in his drunken sleep, something concerning angels and stars and cradles high in the treetops.

"De Lawd hab mussy on our souls!" she said as she closed the door. She

stood there a moment—motionless, sad, peering before her.

Old Zuboff worked industriously on Baptiste's beautiful gravestones, concealed behind the curtain in the little back room of his shop: for Baptiste had insisted that his gift be kept a secret; only Zuboff was to know, and Zuboff's sons, until the monuments were erected and he could reveal them to Clorinda. Faithfully, zealously Zuboff worked, for even without the discount in courtesy due a kinsman, they would bring him nine hundred dollars in gold. Late every night old Zuboff worked, sawing and scraping and filing and chiseling until "Clorinda" took shape from the marble. "*Clorinda, the Wife of Baptiste Grabbo, and Mother of his Son.*"

Three weeks it took to engrave them, and during this time Baptiste went back and forth from house to town like a shuttle, riding his runty red pony. He liked to loaf around Zuboff's shop and watch the old man at work. "Clorinda, the Wife of Baptiste Grabbo, and Mother of his Son." In truth, a poem in marble. He knew every stroke of the mallet, every delicate curve of the chisel. And as their beauty and dignity took hold of his very soul, he hinted to Zuboff, wistfully, that he would like to set the gravestones up as statues in his house. But Zuboff made fun of him:

"Bah! A graveyard Baptiste wants in his parlor! Look what a cousin I got!"

Often as Baptiste sat and watched old Zuboff work he would talk of his son, of the changed and changing ways of his household, of the growing demands of Clorinda. This and the other thing she must have—lace for that infant, yessir, made by the nuns at the convent; a baby-buggy with canopied top, all silk and velvet and tassels, to wheel that child around in the yard same as if he was big-folks. Baptiste would grunt and throw out his hands, but in his heart he was pleased.

"Bah!" he complained, "a prince we got. Nothing ain't good enough. That baby he ruin me, Zuboff. He got to live just like a king."

The goings-on of Baptiste's family were, indeed, the talk of the countryside; living like big-folks, yessir, just because, with children as common as pig tracks, old Granny Loon had fetched 'em one po' lil' baby.

"Well, now, for suppose we do that way whenever *we* get us a baby!" women said to their husbands, rolling their eyes.

Baptiste's old adobe house, with its sagging roof and its paved courtyard in the rear, was hilarious night and day with relatives come to take potluck—like a party that would go on forever. And when at home, four times a day Baptiste made coffee and four times passed it around. Always wine a-flowing too, to pledge the young child's health. His male relatives began to view Baptiste with heightened respect and to ask his advice about corn and cotton and the raising of young pigs. But the female ones, as was the custom, ignored him pleasantly; and this, too, enchanted Baptiste.

"Howdy, Papa!" they would call, impudently. "Howdy, Papa Grabbo!"

And away they would bustle to talk with Granny of broths and brews and teas; of the merits of sassafras root boiled down to make the milk come fast; of this, that, and the other thing that women have always known.

Impossible to work. Out in the fields the darkies sang all day and half the night. And the place, despite its joyousness, was going to wrack and ruin because Olaf, the sullen young fool, was always a-fishing under a tree, seduced by the old witch-river. Time and again Baptiste made up his mind to bring Olaf to task; but he himself was filled with exquisite lassitude. And on those rare occasions when there were no petticoats about, the lure of the cradle drew him to sit and gaze at the baby, or sing his queer little lullabies, always

about the moon—the great big yellow nigger-moon that rose up out of the swamp. . . .

Three weeks of this while Zuboff worked: and then of a sudden, putting an end to festivity, August had come like a smothering blanket; and all the breath and bloom of summer had rotted to a stench.

On a certain morning during this month a log wagon drawn by three yoke of oxen set out from Natchitoches, toiling painfully over the rutted roadways where the weeds were rank and heavy with dust. Propped upright in the wagon were Baptiste's beautiful monuments, the lovely spreading angel-wings bulging in fantastic fashion under layers of cotton sacking. There were cloud shadows running far and sweet across the fields that morning, but no rain; and at noon, as the oxen grunted under a blazing sun, buzzards wheeled and floated against a sky that showed through the trees in splotches of hot hard blue. It was late afternoon when the wagon reached the Grabbo burying-ground.

Here Baptiste and Zuboff and Zuboff's sons got out and erected the shafts—the one on the left for Clorinda, the one on the right for Baptiste. "Like when you lay in bed," Baptiste insisted. For this would be their marriage-bed, eternal in the heavens.

The burying-ground of the Grabbos is nearly a mile from the house in a secluded spot that the negroes shun on the edge of the Indian pinewoods: six bayberry bushes, three cedars; and among the tangled grasses many a Spanish cross. When Zuboff and his sons had gone, Baptiste spent an hour gathering branches of leaves and flowers and trailing honeysuckle. He found some old, old roses too, and masses of golden lovebine; and he made them into garlands and draped them over the stones so that they covered the wreaths and the angels and Zuboff's so-beautiful verses.

Finally, having looked upon his labor and seen that it was good, he sat down on a stump to make his plans. That night when the moon rode high, he decided, he would put Clorinda on the back of his pony and lead her across the cotton fields and up to the edge of the woods. And there he would unveil his shining tributes, unveil them of leaves and of flowers. It would be her first excursion since the baby came, and she would laugh in the mocking way he loved. And because she could not read, he, who knew them by heart, would recite the verses to her while she traced them with her finger: "*Clorinda, the Wife of Baptiste Grabbo, and Mother of his Son.*" He knew how her eyes would look, strange eyes that eluded you so that you had to search for them like flowers in the grass. . . . The moon would spill white magic. Who could tell but that here amid the dead she would give him of her love, she so stingy with kisses! She would be all in white; and as he looked at her he would see her head, Madonna-wise, hallowed against the moon. . . .

And later, of course—Baptiste chuckled—in a day or so, perhaps, he would have all the relatives out to a gumbo-supper or something; and maybe he'd make 'em a speech!

Baptiste felt the need of coffee, thick and strong and black. He straggled to his feet and trailed along through the fields toward home. The sun had gone, raw and flaming; and already mosquitoes were stirring—great, filmy, floating things as they get to be in August. The canebrake looked snaky and the bilious breath of cotton blooms hung low like a sickly incense. Baptiste walked slowly, dragging his feet. It was the season of three-day chills. When he reached home it was good dusk.

Old Granny was sitting on the gallery, alone with the baby. She seemed surprised to see him and a little anxious.

"How come yo' done come back fum town?" she wanted to know. "How come yo' don't stay all night at Zuboff's, like yo' say?" She squinted at him suspiciously and puffed on her corncob

pipe. "How come yo' ain't gone an' git drunk, same as always?"

Baptiste smiled. One corner of his mouth turned up and the other down. "Where is the lil' mama?" he inquired. "What you got her a-doing now, old woman, with your hoodoo tricks and such?"

Old Granny looked at him, then veiled her eyes. She seemed withdrawn and mystic. Suddenly she spoke out, something indignant and venomous in her drawling, cool old voice. "Hit been mos' four week since dat baby come," she recited; "an' all dat time she a-pesterin' me to let her take a walk. Jest down by de gate. An' all in good time, I keep tellin' her. De ladies in town, *dey* minds what I say. Six week, an' *den* take a walk. But to-night . . . out she go. Jest like wild hosses was pullin' her."

Baptiste mopped his streaming face. The baby, naked but for a swab of flannel about his belly, lay on a pallet and stared at the moon. Now and then he squirmed, with a quick little wrench as of pain. Baptiste regarded him anxiously. "The lil' feller . . . is he sick?" he asked, the ever-present fear tight at his heart.

"Colic," old Granny grumbled. "Dey all has de colic. Dem dat is hearty."

A surge of pride, intense, unreasonable, poured into Baptiste's heart: a nice healthy baby with colic. Well . . . he liked it that his baby was just as other babies. And then a hot resentment flamed within him, a primitive ache to hear his mate a-crooning over a cradle. "The lil' feller got colic," he grunted, "well, why ain't she a-singing, then? She belong here, where the baby got colic."

Granny grunted behind the cypress-vines and slapped at the flies with her fan. She looked like one of the fates sitting there, the old tragic one with the shears. She pulled herself up and suggested coffee, and creaked across the floor in her flat bare feet. But Baptiste shook his head. "I b'lieve I go find Clorinda," he said, dispiritedly. "I go find that baby's mama. He need her a-singing."

Down by the gate he looked. But no mutinous wife was walking in the shadows. The front yard was matted and rank with weeds, and the stench of the cotton blooms hung sickly sweet, head high. A plume of lilac brushed his face as if she had just passed; the pale mist of crêpe-myrtle trees closed languidly about him.

And then, suddenly, Baptiste saw her through some bushes. She was stealing, gliding soundlessly (blood of an Indian squaw!). She wore something bright in her hair, something bright and festive like a star. She had on shoes and stockings. . . .

He opened his mouth to call her, but as he did he saw that she was taking the path which led through the fields to the burying-ground; and a terrible thought came to him: had one of the niggers been spying? Did she know about the gravestones?

She began to run—Granny was right—as if wild horses were pulling her. Baptiste, keeping to the trees along the river, followed draggingly. In places the river was choked with scum and pinkish water-hyacinths, as if—with death in its heart—it had woven a shroud for itself and had strewn it with flowers. Above it hung an evil moon, a yellow witch in a mist that drew the cotton blooms unto itself and spilled them back to the earth. From remote and outlying cabins Baptiste could hear low snatches of song, and he knew that the niggers about the place were sitting in their doorways—half naked, and half asleep, and half crazy with the heat and the cotton scent. . . . Now and then there was chanting . . . and stealing shapes in the fields; for there is a night life that goes on among negroes as it does among beasts and insects—creatures that see in the dark and prowl and flit. . . .

Baptiste now saw Clorinda flash through the sugar-cane patch on the

edge of the burying-ground. He stole after her. Her slim arms, out-straying to the brambles, had a soft expectancy about them—Madonna-arms, rocking. There was hidden joy in her swift sure flight.

And now, ten feet away, white against the cedars, white against the bayberry bushes, white against the roses of the dead—Baptiste saw her go into Olaf's arms. The moon was a lover's moon by now, beginning to float and run; and in its path they stood with the soft breast of a pine tree pushed against them. They were just in front of the garlanded monuments, standing on the place that would yawn some day to receive unto itself sweet human flesh. . . . And it seemed to Baptiste's fevered gaze that one of the terrible angels was holding a flaming sword above their heads. . . .

He sank down presently upon the trunk of a fallen cedar, a movement that made a swishing sound like a wood creature stirring. He felt cold under his shirt, benumbed. He didn't know how long he had been sitting there when Clorinda stole away. . . . Once he had heard Olaf say, "To-morrow night . . . if he goes to town, you come to me. Get away from that old hag of a granny. I'll be waiting, girl, same as always." The sullen insolent voice of Olaf the tramp!

Baptiste got to his feet and straggled back to the house.

The following day Baptiste spent off in the woods and fields, making arrangements, perfecting his plans, a terrible woe in his eyes so that he had to return to the house at intervals and drink coffee, heavy and strong and black. During these intervals he avoided the baby—the little son that his saint had sent. And whenever it cried, Baptiste in agony would put his trembling fingers in his ears. 'Cose now, he conceded, the little saint had managed as well as he could; the little blue saint in the grotto whose business it was to look after him and who did it rather well, all things considered. Take those gravestones, for example: they, or one of them, would come in pretty handy; and who but his saint, with foresight rare, had led him to erect them? . . . But now, of course, there was business to do. And he alone must do it; a duty inevitable, according to his code.

Clorinda? . . . He shrugged his shoulders and dismissed her. She was after all a woman, a young woman and a fool. A few drinks and a few "Hail Marys" and he could in time forgive her. He even felt a certain sorrow for her, so radiant she had been. Well, she would say (she and Granny) that the river had swallowed Olaf—he was always slipping his evil body deep in its bilious slime. And Granny would remind them of what people have always said: that when a stranger drinks of the waters of the Cane he can never leave the land of Natchitoches. Yes, when they went to look for Olaf they would cross themselves and lament that the river had swallowed him up.

At twilight the heat was intense; and the big sullen moon, shoving a dusky shoulder over the edge of the swamp, brought with it a desperate booming of bullfrogs. The baby was fretful again, but now Clorinda sat on the gallery and held it in her arms, her eyes brooding dark in the gloom.

Baptiste got up presently and yawned, and moved off into the shadows. He slipped through the fields and was first at the tryst. And when he saw Olaf coming he stepped out into the moonlight with something hoofed and horned and forked about him. . . .

The Indian in Baptiste performed the deed with neatness and despatch, so that Olaf for an instant knew only a face before him—high cheek bones, thin straight lips, and comic eyes that were sad. The Spanish in Baptiste dug the grave and the French tossed a rose upon it.

But the something unaccounted for that made him what he was sent him dragging back to the house, his face the

color of leaves. Clorinda had gone to bed and had taken the baby with her. But old Granny was waiting for him behind the cypress-vines. She peered at him out of the darkness. "Lawd-a-mighty, man," she said, "I 'spec' I go make yo' some coffee."

Baptiste gave her a faint smile and his familiar hunch of the shoulders. But his voice when he spoke had lost its music. It was the old flat voice of despair.

"I thank you, Granny Loon," he said; "but me, I b'lieve not to-night. Not nothing, if you will excuse me. I feel—" He touched his stomach—"I feel . . . moved inside myself."

Above him down the rickety stairs there sounded a little wail—thin and strange and very, very young.

It is lazy and sweet along the Côte Joyeuse and on into the piney red-clay hills; for Time has been kind to Natchitoches. At the Resurrection season every year an Art Colony descends upon it with pallet and brush to paint its decaying witchery against the glory of massed crêpe-myrtles. There are little shops along St. Denis Street where you can buy flamboyant postcards, stating in wreaths of roses "This is the land God remembers."

How beautifully, indeed, He remembers! . . . A church still reaching its golden domes to the blue, wide summer sky; a river no longer willful since the Chamber of Commerce, smugly entrenched behind wrought-iron balustrades, has diverted its meanderings and confined it into a lake. "The Beautiful and Dammed," as the young artists call it.

The town itself looks on at all this pleasant exploitation like a little old high-born exquisite lady laughing up her sleeve. . . . At certain seasons of the year the breath of sweet-olive still blows delicately.

On a dewy summer morning the great bell in the domed cathedral, having just come back from Rome, began to toll. There were numbers of cars parked along St. Denis Street and in front of the courthouse where, if you be so minded, you can still loaf and invite your soul. And people drawled to one another, "Well, I wonder who's dead."

A few of the idly curious about the coffee stalls began to count the strokes of the bell: "Thirteen . . . fourteen . . . fifteen—"

Now it is said that for each of these mellow golden dropping balls of sound (you can count up to twenty between them) you must pay one good dollar bill. Take a rich man, now: when he dies, say the wise ones, the tolling is greatly prolonged. Occasionally, if the deceased be poor, a hat will be passed around among his relatives, who contribute to the tolling-fund according to their pockets, the generosity of their hearts, and the amount of family pride they possess.

"Twenty-two . . . twenty-three . . . twenty-four—"

The loafers around the coffee stalls were becoming elated now. They began to speculate, "What you bet? I bet you the Mayor's dead."

To one side of the courthouse, in the shade of a giant magnolia, there was a little group of boys sitting astride a barrel and being cleverly painted by three young ladies in knickers. They were stunted, tragic-eyed little fellows, and curiously apathetic. But when the bell stopped tolling they crossed themsleves and looked at one another in awe. "Heylaw, well . . . she's gone," they said. "Old lady Grabbo's dead."

Old Baptiste had passed on in the same manner many years before.

Up in the lazy red-clay hills the relatives had been gathering for hours to the bedside of Madame Clorinda (such was her title among them!). They came, some of them, driving shiny new Fords; others, whole families together, creaked along in wagons behind undersized scrawny old horses. Out at the Grabbo house everybody kisssed everybody else and whispered in mournful

eagerness: "She's sinking. Yessir, the doc he say that she can't last out the night."

But the bloated old creature was three days a-dying, a death like that of a princess. And during this time of her soul's travail she talked incessantly of the monument which, it seemed, had been erected for her long ago in the family burying-ground. Her dim thoughts, fitful and already strange with eternity, were full of it: how that her husband, himself asleep this many a year, had bought it with his own in Natchitoches; how handsome it was, so that people used to journey miles to see it; how that every fine Sabbath afternoon she had walked through the fields with bouquets of waxy cape jasmine to lay among the grasses and the blowing buttercups—one for Baptiste and one for herself, in the place that would yawn wide for her.

Three days of this, and then she lay ponderous in death; and according to her dying wish, word was dispatched to town to have the bell tolled sixty times, once for each of her years. Two at her head and two at her feet the tall white candles burned, while outside in the soft air that was languid and sweet with summer the negroes began to sway and rock; and her relatives, standing about in store-bought clothes as if bid to a marriage feast, drank coffee and said among themselves it had been a most beautiful passing.

And then something happened. There came riding a man on horseback. He was a distant cousin and he was one of the gravediggers, it seemed. His clothes were caked with mud, and buttercups stuck weirdly in his hair. He looked frightened (Holy Mother preserve us!) and he said that in digging the grave of the deceased beside that of her husband, in the Grabbo burying-ground, they had come upon a human skeleton cradled in what remained of a hastily-constructed old yellow-pine box.

VALENTINE TO ONE'S WIFE

BY JOHN ERSKINE

HEARTS and darts and maids and men,
Vows and valentines, are here;
Will you give yourself again,
Love me for another year?

They who give themselves forever,
All contingencies to cover,
Know but once the kind and clever
Strategies of loved and lover.

Rather let the year renew
Rituals of happiness;
When the season comes to woo,
Let me ask, and you say yes.

Love me for another year!
Here is heaven enough to climb,
If we measure, now and here,
Each delicious step of time.

CAN LABOR RULE?

The Political Problem of To-morrow

BY A. G. GARDINER

(Why was Ramsay MacDonald defeated? Will the Liberal Party ever recover? When and how will Labor return to power? These questions are in the mind of every observer of English politics to-day. No man is better fitted to answer them than the former Editor of the London *Daily News*, whose intimate knowledge and political sagacity give to his statements the weight of authority.—*Editor's Note.*)

THE year that has just closed will be a landmark in the history of British politics. In its first months it witnessed the consummation to which the democratic movement had been advancing for centuries. Executive power, which had descended from kings to barons and from barons to knights of the shire, and so on with the extension of the Parliamentary institution to the landed aristocracy, to the professional classes, and to the middle classes, had at last passed to Labor—to the manual worker, the miner from the coalpit, the engine driver from the train, the carpenter from the bench, the laborer from the docks. During the spring and summer the country watched the great experiment of a Labor Government with mixed feelings—hopes and fears, approval and disapproval—but on the whole with a general agreement that things might have been worse. At the start there had been some panic among the propertied class, and people anxious about their money had sought security by converting it into dollars; but this alarm subsided and the end of the parliamentary session in August was reached without catastrophe, with the Government still in power, with much good work and one conspicuous achievement to its credit, and with every prospect of remaining in office for a considerable time.

Then suddenly a storm sprang up in the autumn, mainly over the proposal to guarantee a loan to Soviet Russia; an election followed, provoked by the Government's refusal to hold an inquiry into the charge that they had interfered with the administration of justice in regard to the prosecution of Campbell, the editor of a Communist paper, and the Government was swept from office by an anti-Socialist hurricane of almost unprecedented violence. Thus the episode ended as suddenly and tumultuously as it had begun. It stands at present an isolated incident in the story of the governance of England, but it sends its shadow over the future. It is an omen that means much. What does it import? What was the measure of its success or failure? Why did the Government come into existence? Why did it fall? What are the prospects of its revival?

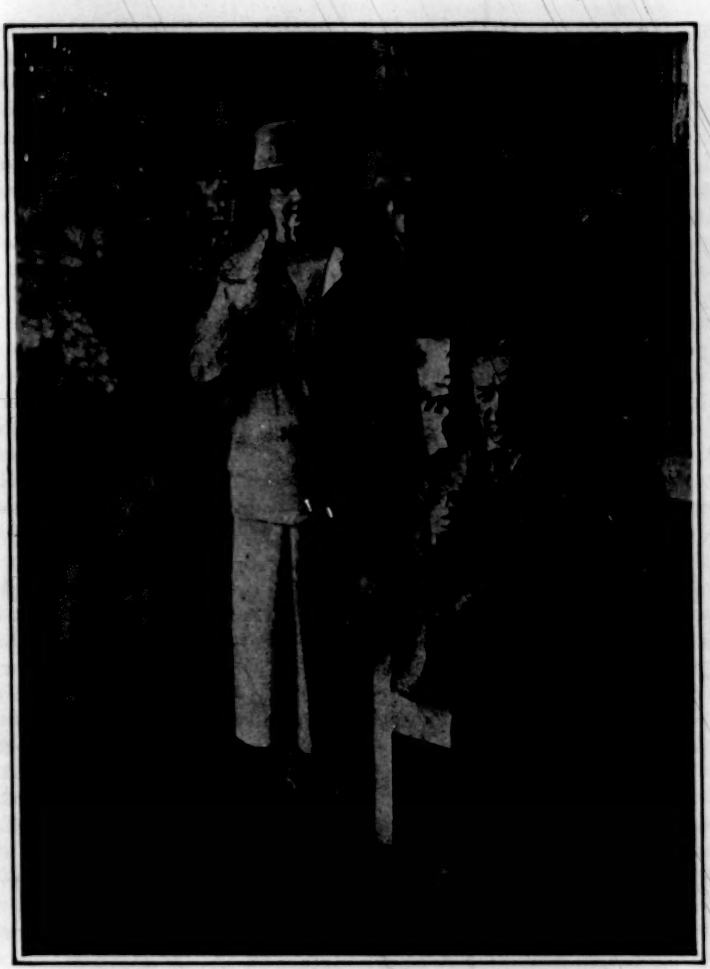
When I had the privilege of addressing the Economic Society of New York in December, 1919, on the subject of the growth of the Labor movement in England I said that the advent of a Labor Government in the not distant future was assured. But if I had been told then that the prophecy would be fulfilled within four years I should have thought the forecast more than improbable. It was less than a generation since the political Labor movement had

come into existence. It began on that day in 1892 when James Keir Hardie, the Ayrshire miner, newly elected member for West Ham, was driven up to the House of Commons clothed in cloth cap, tweed suit, and flannel shirt, and accompanied by a band. The polite world scoffed at the vulgarity or shuddered at the outrage, according to its humor. But the event was historic—it marked the emergence of a new force in politics. It was a prophet who came—a prophet in "ill country clothes," as Sir Philip Warwick once said of a certain new member named Cromwell—a mournful-eyed prophet, speaking in accents as rugged and uncouth as his garb. There had been miners in Parliament before, but though definitely representing their class they had preached no subversive doctrine and had accepted without qualification the Liberal view. But Keir Hardie inaugurated a political party which renounced the existing parties equally as representing capital, and aimed at transferring the executive power of the State to the working classes. It seemed the dream of a visionary, and Keir Hardie died without seeing the proletariat visibly nearer the Treasury benches.

But the War telescoped the years. It did more. It suppressed the Liberal Party, which, being involved in the War, was put out of action as a propagandist force and left the discontents in the constituencies to be exploited by Labor. When the War ended, Labor had become the second party in the State. It had been heavily recruited from the Liberal ranks, largely owing to the disruptive tactics of Mr. Lloyd George who wanted to make the Coalition of Liberals and Conservatives—set up during the War—a permanent institution. His purpose was defeated by the Die Hard Conservatives who succeeded in throwing Mr. Lloyd George overboard to scramble back on the Liberal ship if he could and, appealing to the country, won a decisive victory over both Liberals and Labor in 1922. But within twelve months the Conservative Government committed suicide.

For forty years the underlying motive of the Conservative Party has been the re-establishment of a Protective system, but since the crushing overthrow of the Chamberlain crusade in 1906 the motive had been suppressed. The dead embers, however, were suddenly fanned into flame in the autumn of 1923. Encouraged by the obstinate depression in trade, the Conservative temper of the time, and the civil war raging in the opposition between Liberals and Labor, the Protectionists in the Government pushed their amiable but undistinguished leader, Mr. Baldwin, "over the top" to storm the Free Trade position and snatch the verdict that Chamberlain had failed to win. It was a grotesque miscalculation. The country rose to the defense of Free Trade. The Liberal Party was galvanized into life by the challenge to its cardinal doctrine, and the Labor Party took its stand on the same ground. In spite of the fact that Liberals and Labor fought each other ruthlessly in the constituencies, the Protectionist policy was routed from the field and Mr. Baldwin's gamble issued in the astonishing accession of Labor to office.

I say office rather than power. The Labor Party had not a majority of the House. They were inferior in strength to the Conservative Party, and they owed office to the fact that they were put there by the support of the Liberals. Mr. Asquith had given them that support on the simple and logical ground that the Conservatives, having appealed to the country on Protection and having been beaten, must abide the verdict of the electorate. They had lost the confidence of the country and of the House and could not remain in power. Whatever the new Government, it must be one which accorded with the decision of the country on the vital issue which had been raised. In these equivocal circumstances Labor



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THE PREMIER WITH MRS. BALDWIN AT CHEQUERS

took its seat on the Treasury bench for the first time in history. It has been suggested that, in pursuing the course he took, Mr. Asquith designed to establish himself in office. The failure of Labor according to this view of his intention would be prompt and indisputable, and on the break-up of the Government the King would have no alternative but to send for Mr. Asquith.

This idea of Mr. Asquith's motive could be entertained only by people who had no appreciation of his character. There has never been in English political life a man of more disinterested and public-spirited character. He has stood aloof from the bargainings and vulgarities of politics with a certain proud scorn which has disregarded the cheap popularity that more artful men know how to cultivate and turn to profit. He has consistently erred on the side of reserve, and has borne contumely and slander with silence or at most with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. The one passion which has burned in

him steadily through all his public career has been his devotion to that great constitutional system of government which is the most splendid contribution his country has made to the thought of the world. His loyalty to that idea permits of no exceptions and, a situation having arisen in which constitutional practice demanded that Labor should have the responsibility of forming a government, no consideration of fear or of party strategy was allowed to compromise his action.

But it was obvious that in accepting office in these conditions the Labor Party were accepting it on probation and under severe restraints. Two courses were before them. They could use their opportunity to place before the country from the Treasury Bench the more advanced Socialistic theories they had propagated out of office, and having done so, seize an occasion—as Mr. Baldwin had done on Protection—to appeal to the country on the general ground of Socialism. Alternatively, they could pursue a moderate line, accept the capitalistic system in its broad aspects while making an academic disavowal of it, aim at winning public confidence in their capacity to govern, and accept the support of the Liberals with civility if not with gratitude. The pursuit of either of these courses would have been intelligible. The pursuit of both was neither intelligible nor possible, but that was what they attempted and the hurricane of October 29th was the consequence.

It is necessary here to take what in the film world is called a "close-up" of the Labor Party. It is customary, especially for the purposes of a panic propaganda, to regard the Labor Party as a movement dominated by Marxian Socialism. That view does not accord with the facts. Theoretic Socialism has never taken deep root in the English mind. The typical Englishman, whether of the working class or of the middle class, is little given to theorizing—he is practical and empirical. He loves freedom in all its forms and is at bottom unalterably individualistic in his thought and sympathies. He may advocate state ownership of public franchises, and public control of common activities in which disinterested management seems necessary to the common welfare; but the doctrinaire philosophy of the socialization of industry for the mere love of the theory does not appeal to him.

This, I think, is as true of the mass of the Labor movement as of those outside the movement. That mass is made up to an overwhelming degree of trade unionists, whose chief interest in politics is as the instrument for the amelioration of their industrial and social conditions. They are anti-militarist and anti-imperialist, and they regard Free Trade not merely as a sound economic necessity of an island industrial people but as an element of that free unfettered intercourse of the world which is not so much a theory as a gospel. In all this they do not differ materially from the Liberal Party with which in the past they were politically associated. But attached to them are small but influential groups of theorists whose intellectual influence has imposed on the Labor Party, at least nominally, the doctrines of Socialism. The most important of these groups are the Independent Labor Party and the Fabian Society, of which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Sidney Webb are respectively the most conspicuous representatives. Unrelated to these movements, and springing out of the exceptional and highly combustible conditions of the Clyde, are the frank Communists who openly advocate revolution and the disruption—violent if necessary—of the whole existing society. This movement does not exist in any serious strength outside Glasgow and is so little representative of the Labor movement that at the last annual meeting of the Labor Party the Communists were excluded from the party tabernacle by an overwhelming majority of votes.

From this analysis of the constitution of the Labor Party it will be apparent that there was no insuperable obstacle to its holding office—with the support of the Liberals. That the trade unionists dominated the party was evident from the constitution of the Government. The fact that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister was due, not to his theories, but to the exceptional place he had established in the parliamentary organization of the party. It was only by a bare majority that he was elected leader of the party, and there is no doubt that if there had been a trade-unionist representative available—of the necessary force and distinction—he would have been preferred. Indeed it was only by something like a piece of sharp practice that the supporters of Mr. MacDonald secured his election as against that of Mr. Clynes, who was the nominee of the trade unionists. Apart from Mr. MacDonald, most of those who held high office in the Government were trade unionists and men of quite moderate opinions who would, with entire content, have worked with the Liberals and within the Liberal scheme of things. That course implied a definite breach with the extremists of the Labor Party and an equally definite willingness to contemplate an ultimate approximation between—even fusion of—Liberals and Labor.

International Newsreel

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD

Assistant Secretary of Labor in the MacDonald government and the first woman Cabinet officer in British history.

The policy pursued by the Labor Government in all its main features was consistent with this idea. Of the two courses I have spoken of as being open to the Labor Government—that of challenging and repudiating the capitalist system, and that of accepting it and modifying it—the latter was frankly adopted. It would not be too much to say that no less revolutionary ministry ever occupied office than that of Mr. MacDonald. It proceeded with extreme caution and even timidity. Its evident desire to win public confidence and avoid any extravagant departure led it to place itself in the hands of the Civil Service to a degree unknown in the case of any previous ministry. It is generally agreed that during 1924 the country was governed by the permanent officials.

Even that most formidable of Socialists, Mr. Sidney Webb, was discovered in office to be as mild as any sucking dove. Not a hint came from him of that tornado of subversive legislation which he advocated for nearly forty years. As one of the officials of his department observed to me, "We like Mr. Sidney

Webb. He is a most excellent Minister. He always sees the objections to doing anything before they can be pointed out to him." So with Mr. MacDonald himself at the Foreign Office. That he was a most able Foreign Minister and that his share in carrying through the Dawes Plan was such as to shed luster upon his term of office is universally admitted. But it is true also that the Foreign Office officials never had a chief who relied more upon their advice and judgment, and it is notorious that they would have dreaded the return of the autocratic rule of Lord Curzon from which Mr. MacDonald delivered them. Mr. Snowden, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was, next to Mr. MacDonald, the most effective Minister; but the Budget he produced, so far from being revolutionary, was conceived in the true Gladstonian spirit and was welcomed by the Liberals as a triumph for their principles. I met one of Mr. Snowden's most considerable colleagues in the Cabinet at lunch the day after the Budget was produced and congratulated his party on so sound a Liberal achievement. He was not hurt. He was gratified. "Of course," he said, "Philip (Snowden) is a good Liberal—as I am."

In no direction was anything done which could awaken the alarm of the most timid capitalist, and the criticism that was most frequently made by the Liberals was not that the Government were going too fast but that they were not going fast enough. They had in opposition aroused such expectations of drastic change that their excessive caution in office made them fair game for good-humored chaff. They were peculiarly vulnerable on the subject of unemployment. This great question had been the chief subject of domestic concern for four years, and the Labor Party had been unceasing in the criticism of successive governments because of their failure to find a remedy for it; but their own record in the matter was one of complete sterility. Only in one connection did they venture to introduce a first-class measure. Next to unemployment the most urgent domestic problem was the lack of housing accommodation. The country is short of a million houses, and it is notorious that one of the chief causes of the Communism of Glasgow is the infamous conditions in which the working classes of that great city are condemned to live. Scheme after scheme had been put forward by the post-war governments for dealing with the housing scandal but they had been defeated by two things: the building rings which devoured every subsidy and made houses more costly than ever, and by the trade unions which would not permit non-union labor and who notoriously practiced restriction of output in the most flagrant and deliberate way. Mr. Wheatley, the Minister of Health in the Labor Government, produced a scheme which was at last to give the country cheap and plentiful houses. He was the one member of the Cabinet who represented the extreme attitude of the Clyde. An Irish Catholic of Glasgow, with all the Irish genius for the political game, he is like others of his colleagues himself something of a Capitalist but he belongs to the Left in opinions and he alone among his colleagues continued to talk Socialism, if not Communism, in office. His bill was a lamentable deal with the building rings, the immediate effect of which was to raise substantially the cost of building materials. It did not touch the crucial problem of non-union labor or the restriction of output, and though it passed into law it was and is likely to remain a dead letter.

What then, in sum, have we to say of the achievements of Labor in office? They had been admirable in the field of Foreign affairs and in finance: they had wisely modified the attitude to Russia, restored good relations with France, carried through the Dawes Plan and so started Europe on a more hopeful path; defeated the mischievous proposal to build a naval station at Singapore, cancelled the equally mischievous project of Imperial Preference; abolished

the Safeguarding of Industries duties and the McKenna duties (and with them the last items of Protection that were the legacy of the War), and produced a Budget which had been universally welcomed as a piece of sound finance and wise statesmanship. In all this there was no challenge to Liberal opinion, no hint of revolutionary purpose, and no indication that the second policy I have referred to was in mind. So far as action was concerned the Government seemed to be moving towards a sort of permanent understanding with Liberalism for the achievement of the ends they had in common. Why then did the crash come?

International Newsreel

"AS MILD AS ANY SUCKING DOVE"

Sydney Webb (left) "that most formidable of Socialists," with Noel Buxton, Minister of Agriculture in the Labor Government, wearing knee-breeches for a royal levee at the Palace.

The answer to this question brings us to a personal issue. I do not think that in any quarter it would be seriously denied that the chief author and begetter of the election was Mr. MacDonald. There was nothing either in the Campbell case or in the Russian Treaty which would have prevented an accommodation if he had desired an accommodation. But for some reason still not clear he rode for a fall. He was the only member of his Cabinet who so rode. On the fatal night in the House when he was defeated on the Campbell inquiry, the air of the Lobby was thick with the wails and indignations of his colleagues at what they regarded as the infatuated way in which Mr. MacDonald was rushing on to destruction. One of the most important Ministers, as the evening wore on, said to a friend of mine, "There are six hundred and fourteen members of this House who want to avoid a rupture and an election. There is one member who is determined to have both, and that is the P.M." Men like Mr. Snowden and Mr. Thomas made no concealment of their feeling.

What was the motive working in Mr. MacDonald's mind? It is a difficult question to answer, for there is no more obscure person in public life than he. I have known him pretty intimately for twenty-five years without ever getting behind his barbed-wire defenses. That, I think, is a common experience. There is a dark secretiveness in him that keeps

intimacy at bay. It is a secretiveness which, unlike that of Mr. Lloyd George, is not disguised by a gay, debonair appearance of frankness. He never laughs and when he smiles he smiles mournfully. He carries with him the gloom of the Highlands and comes into your midst with a claymore in one hand and the Shorter Catechism in the other. With the one he seems to cleave your body in twain and with the other he consigns your soul to everlasting torment. His friends are few but his antagonisms are many. There is in him a certain rancorous censoriousness which governs his public action. If you want to know what he will do on a given question it is advisable to know what is the position of some one else to whom he is personally hostile.

This genius of his for hostility is not limited to persons—it extends to parties. His fierce animosity towards the Liberal Party is sometimes accounted for by the fact that he began life as a Liberal and was hurt by the failure to secure adoption as candidate for Southampton thirty years ago. The hostility, however, did not prevent him from coquetting with the Liberals in 1913 when he was suspected by his party of being much too friendly with Mr. Lloyd George. But the War, and the ostracism he suffered during the War, broke whatever compacts they had in view, and when the tumultuous political seas that followed the War threw him miraculously to the head of affairs—the first Prime Minister in history who had reached that giddy eminence at one stride from the back benches—it was plain that he had no civilities to spare for the party which had put him in office. His colleagues, almost without exception, recognized the obligation and showed that they were prepared to accept the conditions which the obligation imposed. Not so Mr. MacDonald. His brusque, resentful attitude towards the Liberals was a subject of universal comment, and as the Session advanced it became evident that he was less concerned with remaining in office than with discrediting the party which alone kept him there.

This fact, coupled with the continuous propaganda against the Liberals which his supporters were conducting in the constituencies, made a rupture imminent. Mr. Snowden, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Clynes worked ceaselessly to avoid it; but the proposal to guarantee a loan to Russia under conditions that the most elementary considerations of public policy rejected brought the relations of the two parties to a crisis. Mr. Asquith still held his hand and wrote a letter which showed that he was anxious to avoid overthrowing the Government. But Mr. Lloyd George had no such scruples. He had writhed under the humiliation of supporting another party in power and of being under subjection to a Minister with whom, in the days of his greatness, he had coquetted as a humble instrument of his strategy. He still cherished the hope of reviving the Coalition and returning to office with Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead as his colleagues, and he leaped at the Russian Treaty with a fury that stampeded the Liberal Party. The Liberal members, returning from the constituencies—where they had found their position being undermined by the party they were supporting at Westminster—were spoiling for a fight, and they found Mr. MacDonald in the mood to gratify them. He threw aside with almost brutal emphasis the olive branch that Mr. Asquith held out to him at the eleventh hour and that all his colleagues wished him to accept, and rushed headlong to the country. If he could not win a verdict for himself, he could at least crush the party which stood in his way to ultimate and unembarrassed power.

If that was his main calculation, as I think it was, he may be said to have succeeded beyond his wildest expectations. At the cry of "Bolshevism" the country rose in a wave of panic. With an irony

that was intelligible, if illogical, it visited its chief resentment on the party that had brought the downfall of the Government on the very issue of lending money to the Soviet Government. This resentment left the Liberal Party an almost pathetic derelict on the political waters, so negligible as to be alike useless for Mr. Lloyd George's purpose of restoring the Coalition, and incapable of exercising any moral influence upon a House of Commons as overwhelmingly reactionary in constitution as any in history. So far as one can see, Mr. MacDonald's strategy has completed the work of destruction which Mr. Lloyd George began with the election of 1918, and the illustrious party of Charles James Fox, of Gladstone, and of Bright is destined henceforth to be a supernumerary on the British stage. When the inevitable revulsion comes, Labor will be the acknowledged alternative to Conservatism. Mr. MacDonald has gambled with very precious things to win a party predominance, but it can hardly be denied that he has gambled successfully.

On the night of the poll I stood in the great hall of the Reform Club where the results were being announced and posted. As the astonishing character of the swing to the right became apparent a distinguished public man turned to me and said, "In three years there will be as violent a swing to the Left, and Labor will stand where Conservatism stands to-night." In the unstable condition of British politics it may be so. It depends on many things. It depends on the wisdom or unwisdom of the new Government. Its prospects are good. Mr. Baldwin has learned his lesson over Protection and clearly means to pursue an enlightened policy. He has formed a strong government, not of Die Hards but of able and moderate men, and if he can lift industrial depression and disembarrass the country of the burden of unemployment, he may stave off the triumph of Labor for years. Moreover, Labor has far to travel before it can hope to get a working majority of the House independent of other parties. It will never again, in its present temper, be put in office by the Liberals, and though the Liberals have been stricken in the House they will long remain a power in the country. Labor has captured the towns, but it has not yet made the shadow of an impression in the rural constituencies, and without support from these constituencies it cannot look for independent power.

Then, too, much depends on the development of Labor. There is a sharp cleavage in its ranks between the trade-union moderates (who are in all essentials Liberals) and the Communists —who are in close touch with Russia, speak of the Soviet as "the beacon light of the world," and have no use for the Labor Party except in so far as they can use it for revolutionary ends. The breach between the two schools would have been final if Labor had continued in office for another year; but the fall of the Labor Government has postponed the rupture. That event cannot fail to come, however, for the feeling is bitter and the Communists will force the pace at all costs. When it comes, the main body of the Labor movement, stripped of its revolutionary element, prepared to work the existing system of society and to modify it in constitutional, if drastic, ways, will become the true inheritor of the Liberal movement and will absorb more and more of the vital force of that party. Then it will return to power—not as a caretaker of another party but in its own right. But it has to clear itself once and for all of Communism before it can hope to take office again. The constitutional motive is too deeply rooted in England to be overthrown. That was the lesson of the hurricane of October 29, 1924. It did not mean that the country is reactionary or even that it is opposed to the rule of Labor; but it did mean that the mere suggestion of revolutionary sympathies or purpose in any government is enough to sweep it out of existence.

THE ALIENIST IN COURT

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M. D.

EXPERT journalists maintain that the substance of a story should be contained in the first paragraph. Hence I make the unqualified statement: Expert medical testimony is held in lower esteem after each notorious trial. It cannot go much further before it becomes valueless. Many believe it is now more iniquitous than virtuous, and that by it justice is oftener hindered and defeated than facilitated and promoted. This is a lamentable state of affairs. There is such a thing as expert knowledge and when a man is in straits, exalted or depressed, it should be possible for him to avail himself of it.

When one thinks he has struck oil or tapped a rich vein he seeks an expert; before he succumbs to the purchase of a Hemingway bureau, a Chinese print, a lacquer screen, or a Fragonard panel he submits them to an expert; before he invests his money, drinks the water of his well, or has his tonsils removed he consults an expert.

He is satisfied with his conduct and his neighbors, friends, and enemies approve it. When his purse, his life, or his sanity are at stake he can get only biased expert opinion!

If he is rich enough he can buy it and he can buy any amount or quality. That is what the public believes. It is an extraordinary state of affairs and it should be discussed with the utmost candor. One who gets his knowledge of medical expert testimony, particularly testimony as to mental states, from reading newspapers is justified in believing that it can be bought. It is bought, and if there is any good reason why it should not be bought it has never been set forth. It is scarcely to be expected that physicians, distinguished or unsung, should give of their time and talent to state or individual without compensation. They have spent years of hard work, in behalf of those too poor to pay, acquiring knowledge which permits them to call themselves experts and which justifies others in so calling them. When the attorney who cross-examines him says "And, Doctor, you expect to be paid for your testimony?" he hopes a suggestion will reach and permeate the jury that the expert said what he said because of the money he expects to get and not because it is his conviction and belief.

When that part of the public known as the average individual reads the testimony of distinguished or prominent physicians, who are called by the plaintiff, and finds that it does not agree with the testimony of those equally celebrated and experienced who appear for the defendant, or is diametrically opposed to it—he concludes that half of them lied. Unfortunately, oftentimes the jury thinks so too, while the judge may be so confused by the inconsistencies and contradictions of the testimony that he instructs the jury to disregard it. In reality they may all be telling the truth.

On what subject, save that one cannot live by bread alone, is man agreed? Suppose one has a pain in the shoulder and after careful inquiry, unaided or aided, he concludes that it is a low-grade inflammation in the connective tissue due to persistent absorption of a small quantity of pus—that is, chronic septic infection. In his search for the source his tonsils are suspected and he asks a

specialist if they should be removed, who answers in the affirmative. The next one he consults tells him he sees no reason why they should come out. If the patient is in adequate funds he may get, let us say, a half-dozen opinions and there will be three for, three against operation. Are the first three lying or are the last three ignorant, or vice versa?

Suppose an investor consults financial specialists. Is there any likelihood that any two of them will give him the same list of securities? One will assure him that power-and-light stocks pay the largest and safest interest and are most likely to appreciate in value; another that the preferred stocks of the seasoned, standard industrials are safest and best; a third that the municipal tax-free bonds are the thing; and so on until he has had as many and as divergent opinions as the man with the painful shoulder. Yet no one would think of calling any of these financiers dishonest.

Do the experts constituting the Supreme Court of the United States agree in their decisions? They all have the same data before them upon which to base their decisions, and yet how frequently they disagree and no one marvels at their conduct. But when medical experts express divergent opinions, half of them are lying!

And this leads to discussion of the quality of medical expert testimony. Two physicians may have had equal advantage of education and experience with the sick, and yet only one of them is an expert witness. The other may not be capable of putting his knowledge before the judge and jury. One of the most pathetic exhibitions of what seemed crass ignorance I have ever witnessed was made by a man who had spent practically his whole life with the insane, and whose opinion of the variety and course of mental disease was held in esteem by his colleagues. He was called with me to give testimony in an important litigation. He could neither tell what he knew nor could he tell comprehensively that which he succeeded in saying.

Then there is the expert who is well qualified by nature but not by study. He has a commanding presence, a pleasing personality, and a fluent, expressive vocabulary. The quality of his testimony may be poor, but it is often given a weight that it does not deserve. The jury takes him at his own valuation.

Then there is the expert who is not an expert at all. The courts permit him to qualify as an expert merely because he is a physician and has seen a case similar to the one in question. What would one think of the judgment of a husband who insisted that his wife's thyroid be removed by the family physician who had once done the operation, when he could have the services of the arch-wizard of Rochester, the master-technician of Cleveland, or the surgical sage of Philadelphia?

Finally, there is the expert witness who is dishonest. Some day a Christopher Tietjens will furnish us the statistics of the number of dishonest persons in each country of the world and the proportion of dishonest to honest. Possibly he will work out man's moral coefficient; but until that is done the only way to cope with the dishonest medical expert is the way of the priest with the sinner: example, persuasion, and prayer. Should he not yield to any or all, publicity is the antitoxin which, though it may not cure him, will make him harmless.

The Alienist is the medical expert toward whom more scornful fingers are pointed than to all others. In fact it has come to such a point that sensitive individuals hesitate to call themselves alienists even though they have devoted their endowment and energies to study of the mind, normal and disordered, during the years of their maturity—for the word is redolent of venality, cupidity, crookedness. The medical profession is largely responsible for this. Should the American Medical Association define a standard of qualification based on study and experience for Alienists and insist that no one can qualify

as an expert without such study and experience, or if he did he may not obtain or retain membership in that powerful organization, the spurious alienist would go the way patent medicines went twenty years ago.

The hypothetical question is the curse of the expert witness. It assumes facts to be established and the expert is asked to answer the question on that assumption. A different set or number of alleged facts are assumed by the plaintiff and the defendant. How could the same answer be correct for both? Counsel for the plaintiff includes only assumed facts which he thinks favorable to the case, and counsel for the defendant does the same. Hence it is never a résumé of all the evidence. However, the hypothetical question cannot be abolished as it is the sole way in which expert opinion concerning a deceased testator can be obtained; but no good or adequate reason can be offered why the rules of evidence should not insist that the hypothetical question contain all the facts in the evidence. Then the expert may assume that they are true and answer the question intelligently, conscientiously, and truthfully.

Naturally the answers must differ as the hypothetical question differs. If the same hypothetical question were submitted to experts for the plaintiff and defendant, expert opinion would not be so contradictory as it is to-day.

In will contests lay witnesses are allowed to describe the actions and words of the testator as they observed him at the time he made the will and prior thereto; and then they are asked the question: "Do these actions, such words and scenes as you have described, appear to you to be rational or irrational?" And the witnesses answer "rational" or "irrational" according to their judgment. The jury knows exactly upon what the witness is forming his opinion, because he is confined to his opinion by his own recitation of the facts. The expert seldom has the privilege of knowing the testator before his death, and he gives his opinion of the capacity of the testator to make a will, and to realize and comprehend its contents, from a hypothetical question made up of assumed facts and circumstances testified to by all the lay witnesses. He is not asked, "Do such facts and circumstances lead you to the opinion that the testator was rational or irrational?" He is asked, "Assuming all these facts to be true, was the testator capable of making a will and understanding its contents?"

The bulk of adverse criticism of medical experts has its source and dissemination in litigations over the testamentary capacity of individuals whose wills are offered for probate in the civil courts and in notorious criminal trials, where the defense of insanity is interposed, because in both courts equally well-known alienists, whose judgments and beliefs are contradictory, testify on each side of the case. But the greatest menace of expert testimony is in the daily routine of the cases that are tried in the civil courts, where doctors are called to substantiate or refute the testimony of litigants. In nearly every negligence case that is tried in New York City—and there are probably several thousands of them every year—we witness the same spectacle: a plaintiff exaggerating his or her injuries and sufferings, supplemented by the family doctor for corroboration. The expert may testify that the plaintiff's injuries are incurable; that in his opinion he may not last long. When, giving testimony two or ten years later, he is confronted with the former patient (now hale and hearty) it does not flabbergast him. He may have made a mistake but, like the batsman, he ought not to have more than three trials before he is struck out.

For years the officers of the courts have been trying to think of some way to overcome this gross imposition upon jurors. Sometimes, when the doctors disagree, the judge will appoint a doctor of his selection as a friend of the court.

This, however, is not controlling upon both sides, but his report is read to the jury and they undoubtedly give it valuation because it comes from an independent source, and the court doctor is subject to cross-examination by both lawyers; and while the independence of his judgment (as he is paid by the State) must have a good deal of weight with the jury, yet the judge is very apt to appoint a political friend whose professional standing and reputation may not be equal to that of the doctors who have testified either for the plaintiff or defendant.

If the doctors on both sides were allowed to describe what they found and to point out the significance of such findings, but were not allowed to give an opinion as to the permanency of the symptoms—the question of permanency being left to a doctor appointed by the trial judge from a list submitted to the courts by the American Medical Association—jurors would be able to arrive at a much more just conclusion than can be reached under the present system. Expert witnesses should either be done away with altogether in probate cases or they should be confined to the same rule that now prevails for lay witnesses, basing their opinions solely upon the facts which they narrate to the jury. The truth is when an equal number of doctors testify on each side and contradict one another, jurors frequently throw out their testimony altogether and decide for themselves the mental capacity of the testator to understand his will and dispose of his own property.

It is not for lack of plan or suggestion that the present method of facilitating justice through the aid of expert medical testimony, reprehensible as it is, is still in vogue. The whole world is agreed that it should be subject to revision and reformation but the difficulty of righting it is enormous, up to now insuperable. We can hope to accomplish it only after an intensive and prolonged campaign of public enlightenment as to what constitutes normality and abnormality of the mind.

I venture to say that I did not talk for several minutes consecutively to any man or woman in Europe last summer who did not ask, "Are those Chicago boys insane or are they just degenerates?" The words insanity and degeneracy must have a very specific meaning in the minds of many. In reality they are as difficult to define as the unpardonable sin.

Everyone who has read *Jane Eyre* knows that Mrs. Rochester was insane, and when everyone (save a few who have given the subject particular attention) says "is so and so insane?" he has a mental picture of Mrs. Rochester or someone similar he has known or read about. When people use the word degenerate they have in mind what Moses discussed in a certain verse of the XXth chapter of Leviticus. While one is waiting to meet one Mrs. Rochester he is likely to encounter a hundred insane, and it is very questionable whether Monsieur de Charlus and his unfortunate kind should be called degenerates.

Students of the mind know that sanity and insanity cannot be defined any more than morality and immorality. The law is very specific on the subject: "A person is not excused from criminal liability as an idiot, imbecile, lunatic or insane person except upon proof that at the time of committing the alleged criminal act he was laboring under such a defect of reason as (1) not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing and (2) not to know that the act was wrong." There is probably not one alienist in the whole world who would say that it is a fair or adequate way of determining insanity.

To pretend, as the law does, that a single test can be comprehensive enough to embrace all forms of abnormal behavior is absurd. A person may know the nature and quality of his act and be quite insane, and he may know the act was wrong and be very insane. Why should a woman afflicted with melancholia who kills herself and her children

pray to God to forgive her if she does not know the act is wrong?

It cannot be too strongly emphasized or too frequently repeated that insanity, so far as the man in the street, the observer, is concerned—is behavior, conduct. One may be as permeated with the insane idea as a rose is with perfume and still be quite sane to his valet, his wife, or his neighbor. It is when the insane idea conditions abnormal behavior that they and others who see or hear of his conduct suspect or are convinced that he is a lunatic. Moreover, the bizarre conduct must have a certain intensity, variety; and particularly it must be prejudicial to the welfare of the possessor: to those with whom he comes in contact, to the community or the country. In other words, it must have quality and quantity which prevent it from being offset, counterbalanced, or sterilized by what may be called conventional or normal conduct. For instance the casual observer walking in the wake of Samuel Johnson and noting how careful he was to tread squarely on every seam in the sidewalk, and with what determination he would return to tread on one that in a moment of distraction he had missed, might suspect the learned doctor of lunacy. But he would be quickly purged of the suspicion by meeting him at the King's Head in Ivy Lane, or by receiving an account of his daily labor from his faithful Achates. And one who has just risen from reading *Le Contrat Social*, convinced of the author's sense of sanity, might be fully justified in thinking that Rousseau was insane had he come upon him in one of his excursions to the country and seen him throwing a stone, in response to his obsession, at every tree he passed. On the other hand, if a member of one's family will take his food only when each mouthful is passed through the armhole of his waistcoat, it matters not how engaging his conversation or attractive his manners, his parents are justified of their profound concern.

The old saw about one swallow and Spring applies particularly to insanity. No single test can be comprehensive enough to embrace all the varieties of abnormal behavior. So long as expert witnesses are obliged to keep within the rule of our statute in making answer to the question, "Was so and so sane or insane when he did so and so?" just so long will the testimony of that medical expert continue to be what it is now: contradictory. He should confine himself to narrative and description of the conduct of the individual whose sanity is in question, and he should not be called upon to say whether the individual is legally sane or insane. That is a question for the jurors and the judge. If they were told that a man had pain in the side, rapid and difficult breathing, cough and expectoration of mucus and blood, fever and flightiness, it would scarcely be necessary to tell them he had pneumonia in order to convince them that the man was not competent to do his duty as a wage earner, employee, or citizen. It really does not concern them that he has pneumonia, pleurisy, or influenza; they are merely called upon to decide whether he is well enough to discharge his duties.

If he be a genuine expert, *i.e.*, versed in the science that explains behavior, and be permitted time and granted favorable surroundings to observe or study the individual for whom it is being claimed that he is of unsound mind—the expert should be able to put his observations and his elicitations before twelve men in such a way as to permit them to have opinion and judgment of the matter.

A few states have what is called a state observation law under which a person charged with crime, and in whose behalf a defense of insanity is raised, shall be placed for varying periods of observation in a state hospital. The examiners are physicians who have had experience with mental disorder and they are assumed to be impartial. Their opinions and judgments cannot be influenced by fees for they

are paid the same whatever their report may be. Sometimes they agree, sometimes they do not; should a trial follow their report, the state and defendant may still hire medical experts to testify. It does not therefore cure the defects of the present system but is merely an improvement over the method in force in the State of New York and in the majority of the Union. What is needed is a radical cure and this can never be obtained until the legal test is abandoned which has been in operation for the past eighty years.

Our only hope for such abandonment lies through enlightenment of the public about insanity. It will not help us any to attempt to define insanity. It has never been done satisfactorily and there is no earnest that it is within human power to do it. It is no concern of the public that insanity is a disorder of the mind: it is the disorder of conduct that gives significance to insanity.

If legislators, teachers, preachers, hygienists, and publicists will co-operate to tell us specifically what normal conduct is, we shall have no difficulty in deciding who is sane and who insane. All those are sane whose conduct conforms to the standard; but they aver that it is impossible to define such standard, for conduct that would be normal, up to standard under certain circumstances, would be far from normal under others. For instance a man who had met a series of minor disasters and disappointments in his business or profession returns to his home on edge and depressed. He anticipates a good dinner and a sympathetic, understanding listener. Instead of that, the dinner is uneatable and his wife scornful. He not only loses his temper but throws his burnt pork chop, plate and all, in the fireplace, and possibly even meets his wife's taunts with a blow. It does not by any means signify that he is insane, though similar conduct under other circumstances would suggest it. In the same way, with her husband alone, a wife might come to the dinner table dressed in nightgown and wrapper, her hair in curl papers and her face in make-up. It would be bad taste and poor judgment but not insanity, which it would be were she thus to present herself at a dinner party. Conduct must always be judged by the motives that inspire it and the environment in which it is displayed. In other words, the important matter is the nature and quality of the emotional disturbance which leads to the conduct. It is universally held that self-control is man's most godlike possession: mental disorder and disease undermine this inhibition and eventually destroy it. Morons and high-grade imbeciles lack this inhibitory capacity, or at least any considerable degree of it. The deficit is a part of their mental enfeeblement.

The chief recruiting station of criminals has a signboard bearing the legend "Morons." A moron has intelligence below that of a child of eleven or twelve years. If a normal child of that age does not know the "nature" and quality of the act he is doing (let us say, stealing a piece of pie from the larder) and does not know the act is wrong, how can we conscientiously punish him and what can we expect will come to him from the chastisement? Of course he knows what he is doing, and he knows it is wrong. So does the moron who, swayed by some special temptation or excitement, finds that the magazine in which his inhibition is supposed to be is empty and he commits a crime. The law says he is responsible. Alienists say he is not, or at least not all of the time. The question in these cases and in all cases in which insanity is suspected is: What was the nature and quality of the emotional disturbance which precipitated the overt act, and has the individual who committed it a diseased mind? The true test of responsibility must be the state of consciousness in conjunction with the emotional explosion.

We must abandon the belief, so long held, that insanity is disorder of the intelligence alone. "She is cognizant of

everything that goes on, she understands everything that is said, she is not insane, you know," is a remark that every alienist frequently hears even though the patient be as insane as Nietzsche was. The intellectual field of insane individuals is frequently the last to be affected, and the emotional field the first. The abnormal emotional state need not be continuous: at one time it floods the reason and submerges it; at another it merely sways it. Even fervent admirers of Signor G. Papini's *Life of Christ* admit that an abnormal emotional state disordered his consciousness in 1918 when he publicly lampooned the Lord and gloated in sacrilegious screeds. It would be absurd to say that he did not then know the difference between right and wrong: the emotional disturbance of his consciousness made him unmindful of the feelings of others and oblivious to everything save his determination to voice his burning belief.

Everyone knows that the dividing line between the normal and the abnormal mind cannot be definitely drawn. The alienist, when he is called upon to testify to an individual's sanity, should content himself with pointing out the abnormalities of that mind; then the judge and juror can decide whether he is sane or insane; so long as the decision must be made in conformity with the law, just so long will many insane be subjected to punishment and not to treatment.

About ten years ago my late colleague, Doctor Pearce Bailey, who was keenly alive to the injustice and inadequacy of the rule of our statute concerning insanity, proposed a plan which unfortunately has never been adequately discussed and, more unfortunately, still never tried. The question of responsibility was not to be raised until after the main issue had been settled. It would then be decided by the court, aided by a commission of three alienists appointed by the court to advise its conscience. If the convicted person were found to be insane when the overt act was committed, he could be pardoned by the Governor or by a pardoning board and then sent to a hospital—there to remain so long as his insanity should continue. When he was alleged to have recovered he should be still kept segregated for such length of time as the commission of alienists who had counseled the court would recommend.

The only objection to the plan is that "influence" might determine the constitution of the commission of alienists. The judge should not have the privilege of nominating them. In a paper on medical expert evidence published a few years ago Mr. Justice Willard Bartlett wrote, "Such a thing is conceivable as that a judge might unwittingly appoint an incompetent official expert who were anything but representative of the best element in the medical profession. I should be sorry to have to be treated by the physician of several able judges whom I have known in past years, and yet I am certain that in each case his physician would have been the first any of these judges would select for medico-legal preferment within his power to bestow."

This disorder of the heart on the part of judges could be readily counteracted. Some official body such as the Academy of Medicine of New York, the State Medical Society, or the American Medical Association might furnish the courts with a list of men who were competent to make up such advisory board, and it could decide what should be their compensation.

This plan would undoubtedly result in reduction of criminality and in economy to the State, and it would quicken justice. It would also stop murder trials from being what they are now—a game between experts and attorneys and a stench in the nostrils of all decent men and women; least important of all, it would permit the medical expert to walk among his fellow men without consciousness that half of them think he is a liar and the other half a demi-god.

BROWNING IN PARC MONCEAU

A Story

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

MISS Melton had been experiencing Paris, experiencing it with pain.

If you have had the kind of early home training that is like a little white pinafore carefully buttoned and tied on your young consciousness, you are very apt to experience your Paris with pain. You have hitherto played with your idea of Paris as you have played with your Lear's *Book of Nonsense*, or you have believed that Paris was something like an essay in cities and that it could be interpreted in the terms of Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Ruskin or Mr. Macaulay . . . then you have gone to Paris and found that it was Paris. In that case, if you are an American you have said, "all right," and "come on"; but in some cases if you are English, you have gone away, or if you have stayed it is simply because you couldn't help yourself.

To be in Paris simply because one cannot help oneself is a joke very few English people would appreciate. That is why on spring mornings, in Parc Monceau, when all the rest of the world is *rendez vous*-ing, *quelle chanc*-ing, and *où allez-vous de ce pas*-ing, you will see one or two solemn English persons sitting about on the lilac chairs, trying to see the point to this joke.

That is what Miss Melton was doing.

It was spring of the year, Pippa passing, blue flashes running across, and God, as nearly as Miss Melton dared hope and as far through ivied trees and lilac *brume* as she could see—in his Heaven. The English girl at last left her chair and walked musingly in and out of the winding paths where the white poetry of statues flashed through the rhododendrons, and the confetti of *Mi-Carême* still streaked color in the gravel. She never glanced at the Parc Monceau ducks, conducting their water promenade near the Roman-Paris effects of their habitat. What Miss Melton was doing was staring straight ahead of her, with an expression which in Paris is singularly out of place and very noticeable.

There is something about spring that widens everyone's vision to a good inch beyond its natural scope. So Gilbert Hodges was thinking. This sturdy St. Louisan often chose Parc Monceau as a short-cut to the metro station recently sprung up in the square of Boulevard Malesherbes. Now he came striding down the path, where the little marble-playing statue is curving its white fist for "first shot." Walking rapidly, Hodges was feeling the aforesaid widening of perception, and reveling in it. He took in everything, even the bunch of red and blue balloons waving near the gold-tipped lances of the park gates. He looked all around the little park, delighting in it as a French whole—ardent, alluring, amorous. Suddenly out of a wet sparkle of spring branches grew a face he knew.

They took the first five minutes standing, giving a résumé of what each had been doing since they last met. Hodges' eyes, resting on a kind of beauty it pleased him to term "Watts-y," grew suddenly concerned at indications of what had recently been Miss Melton's mood. For a moment he looked doubtful. His large gloved hand gathered up two of the little lilac chairs.

"Let's sit close to the lake and watch the ducks," he said.

"Why, it's—isn't it *bourgeois* to sit in these parks?" hesitated Miss Melton.

"Is it? We don't care if it is—I am *bourgeois*, aren't you?"

She took a furtive look at him. She had long ago sensed the American habit of extravagant statement—she knew that Hodges was "fooling"—but Miss Melton had not learned what is probably the most important lesson which anybody can learn—how quickly to join in another person's fooling.

The three other times Eleanor Melton had met Hodges had been at her cousin's studio gatherings, where the punch was subtle and the conversation deliquesced. Here the St. Louisan had first admired the "Watts-y" face, here learned to his horror how ill-adapted was the owner of it to her surroundings. This young Englishwoman had "come to Paris," she explained, "to get the modern point of view about art." Hodges, dismayed, had watched her fighting for self-control in an atmosphere where the point of view was certainly "modern," but where was little art, except perhaps in a nice technic of cosmetics on the women's faces. Beatrice Melton, Eleanor Melton's cousin, made her rooms in Paris a center of the aped Bohemia that is the Paris fad of ultra-sophistication. In spirit the younger Englishwoman had crept closer to the St. Louisan. Hodges had thought her a "nice" girl. He was a man who could understand her wretchedness. She had found unspeakable comfort in him, and he, hot and helpless against the things that had hurt her, knew it. That was why, as they settled themselves in the lilac chairs, he went straight to the point.

"Well, now"—his manner grandfatherly—"how goes it, any better?"

"Not—not much." She tried, as a woman will, to make her admission coolly noncommittal. She was even spirited enough to change the subject immediately, pointing out with her umbrella this and that reflection in the twinkling lake. Hodges paid his tribute to that. "Improving" was his inward comment, "but it's hurting just the same."

"You don't get any more used to things?" he questioned. Her eyes, now that he saw them in the daylight, were, he feared, a little shallow. Earnestly he questioned their clarity.

"No . . . not exactly." Suddenly the girl threw out despairing hands. "Oh," she moaned, "I can't ever—I can't *ever*."

In the next few moments he had her full confession. Things were worse, if anything, than they had been. The men and women who came daily to the studio, dropping in singly or in couples, (gossiping, drinking, gambling), were—she hesitated for the right word—"dreadfully fast—anyway, sporty" . . . . The other art students, her cousin's pupils, didn't mind—they called her "undeveloped," "hyper-sensitive," "abnormal"—"the things people say if they think you're decent," she reminded him quaintly.

"Don't they ever get shocks, too?" inquired Hodges.

Oh, they shook things off—went to the skating rinks or to tea at Colombin's—she couldn't shake things off, except sometimes wandering in the black forgetfulness of the Cathedral of Notre Dame: "And then," she faltered, "and then, I only". . .

"You only shake it on," Hodges confessed for her. He himself had no opinion of Notre Dame as a place in which to forget sorrows. "A very superior kind of creeps these colored shadows give you," the Westerner soliloquized, "but they do give you the creeps."

Suddenly she turned and looked at him. He warmed toward the blue truth of her gaze. What if it were shallow—he was not sure that it was—only it lacked something of human comprehension . . . tolerance. "At my age, too," she was saying shamefacedly. She spoke as if to be twenty-six was to outgrow good taste. "I ought not to see things this

SHE HAD COME TO PARIS TO GET THE MODERN POINT OF VIEW

way. Oh, I ought to be able to adapt myself, but Paris makes one—so—so sensitive."

The St. Louisan coughed. So this was a "nice" girl's point of view. "When it doesn't make one—so—the reverse," he muttered.

Settling himself for a consideration of the matter, Hodges took to pinning down with his stick the little disks of confetti scattered in the gravel.

"I ought to be able to adapt myself," insisted the girl.

"Oh, I don't know," her friend conconsidered coolly.

"But *I* know," with slow self-accusation. . . . Then, as if trying to explain herself to herself, "It's the way I've been brought up . . . the English point of view—the *highest*, you know."

"The—er—*what*-est?" he questioned. Then with energy: "My good gracious —*woman!* You can't possibly think—" but Miss Melton was working it out her own way.

"I thought if one really knew the solemn things of life—and I do—I've nursed the sick and prayed with the dying in my brother's parish, you know —I thought if one knew the awfully solemn things of life that one was prepared for the World—but Life isn't the World, is it?"

Though a little aghast at the simplicity of the statement, Hodges agreed that it was not.

"Oh, I want—I want not to be 'narrow'," the girl breathed piteously. "That's what they all call me—it seems as if I couldn't bear it; but I can't help not liking—the things they like." She turned suddenly on him. "You seemed to think I might—you seemed to think I ought to get over such feelings?"

Her voice trailed hopelessly away but she had comfort in knowing that the man beside her understood. He was casting about for some way to help her. After all, much that she was thinking, feeling, was a mistake. Hodges, from the lofty tableland of a broad human sympathy, saw that. Still, he rather shrank from the associations into which this inexperienced creature had been thrown. How stupid the whole thing was, how unnecessary!

There were plenty of nice English people in Paris, her kind—gum-shoed professors, round-stomached clergymen, women with guide books and tea baskets. Why couldn't she have cast her lot in with that sort, getting harmlessly drunk on color and form in the Louvre, gambling with intellectual gold in the Bibliothèque Nationale, having orgies of imagination in the Musée Carnavalet? Also—Hodges mused further—there were the respectable French, the staid Parisians—wasn't it rather a fad of "nice" Englishwomen to affiliate with them? Hodges looked again on his companion. Miss Melton, he very much feared, was "*too* nice."

She, meanwhile, regarded her friend hopefully. "Ah, you think I *shall* change? You do, don't you?" she demanded, and there was such a lovely thirst for rakishness in her voice that the Westerner, suddenly all man, felt his hand stir to cover hers lying slender and nervous on her knee. "They won't change," she announced with conviction, "so I suppose I must."

All through this conversation the St. Louisan had been reminded of a picture he had once seen of Andromeda writhing away from vile sea monsters. Even with his opportunist's practicality he dared not say, thinking of such white lines, that there should be any "change"; yet a certain primness of the fine lips, that hint of shallowness in the clear eyes—these things made Hodges think that—yes, in some way, that the hard little experience on the rocks must have been needed by Andromeda. After Andromeda came safely out of it she must have been a bigger, finer girl. . . . He stared thoughtfully away to where a line of wedding carriages were stringing through the golden-tipped gates of Parc Monceau.

"Why, you don't have to swallow the whole thing, do you?" he demurred.

She was silent. It was very evident that in Paris, when it comes to swallowing, one could not tell how much or how little is sufficient. "I only suggest that you play the game," the St. Louisan argued. "Refuse to see the unlovely things—look for good in 'em! Play the game—get what there is out of it for you—your Paris—don't you see—not the other fellow's! Play the game," Hodges reiterated vigorously. "Be a—be a——"

"Be a sport?" the girl disconsolately questioned.

"*Exactly!*" with hearty emphasis. "Be a sport! The very angels in heaven are sports. Why, your old martyrs and saints and things were just that—sports. In a way you are a sort of sport, you know; you're the only Englishwoman I ever saw who knew how to treat an American. Only"—with a little tender drop in his voice—"only you're too straight-laced, you see—too thin-skinned. That makes you harder on things than—than you ought to be."

She sadly shook her head. She took a bunch of violets from her breast and broke their cord. As Hodges went on talking she scattered them in her lap and fell to arranging them anew.

"If you could only get to see this studio proposition differently—handle your cousin's crowd the way you're handling your flowers there—lightly, indifferently—sort of take them on your lap and teach them 'By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.'"

They sat in silence, she looking far away into lilac-and-gold spring distance, he industriously pinning down disks of blue and rose and purple confetti. At the idea of this candid, serious nature being thrown among the lax, roving type of homeless *poseurs* who think they "see

life" in Paris, Hodges fumed again. He went over in his mind certain things he had heard of Miss Melton's cousin's "crowd," a constantly shifting group of nonentities who, long past the harmless play of believing themselves to be undiscovered geniuses, were now abandoned to the eccentricities of misunderstood gods.

At last, disgustedly, he thought—hang it all, why couldn't she cut out the whole thing, choose her own friends, drop the cousin's crowd, go and live in some humdrum *pension*, and pike out for little old Modern Art by her lonesome?

Miss Melton seemed to feel her friend's impatience; her full voice trembled, her eyes seemed to him to ask not to be scolded.

"You see, I do care for Cousin Beatrice," she said slowly. "We played together when we were little; I love her, though I can't respect her—her ideas." Then, as if there were something quite shameful in the admission, "The board I pay her is—quite a good deal, you know; more, perhaps, than she could get from—from a stranger—so she can keep those—that pleasant apartment and buy expensive colors and canvases—and she likes to entertain. . . . If—" the English girl tried to meet her friend's uncompromising frown as she pleaded, "if I gave that up, took that away from her—whose circumstances are so different from mine—just because I am so—what you call 'thin-skinned'—wouldn't that seem as if I were an utter failure? *That* wouldn't be being a sport, would it?"

Not until then had Hodges dreamed how brave this little coward was.

The morning broadened as they talked. If Gilbert Hodges had ever had any other engagement he let himself forget it; it was enough for him, and it was apparently enough for Miss Melton, to sit there on the lilac iron chairs and let the curious human beads that string themselves along the paths of Parc Monceau slide by them. Sometimes these spots of color were men in blue smocks and wooden shoes, carrying baskets out of which stuck the golden points of long loaves; or bare-legged, black-aproned lads; or little French shavers jumping along, looking like gnomes in their dark capes with the pointed hoods. Sometimes they wore the delicate white lace caps of Touraine, the stiff starched wings of Brittany, the huge buff hat of a French miller, or the long-ribboned and beaded headdress of a Paris *bonne*. But, whether it was a *cuirassier* flashing brilliantly against a background of tulips, or a little French child dressed like a doll, talking the rapturous small talk of a Paris baby, every colored shape—so it seemed to Gilbert Hodges—was strung on a long shining chain of joy of life. He looked at the girl beside him. Ah, she was loving it too, dreamingly, broodingly! Suddenly into his heart came a protectiveness for her, a longing that this chain should dangle no evil before her eyes.

At last there came, drifting like an autumn leaf down the spring-lit walks, the little old Parc woman with the inevitable blue tickets with their printed rules of "*sièges des promenades de Paris*," the inevitable "*Bonjour, Monsieur*," "*Bonjour, Madame*," and the inevitable demand of a sou apiece. When this old woman had passed, intent upon her morning rounds, two young forms stole craftily out from a little bower of lilacs where they had hidden to escape the old woman. Hodges had long ago noticed these two young forms. He had seen them suddenly slip into hiding for the evident purpose of evading their chair responsibilities. Now they went directly back to their seats, commencing anew a series of passionate caresses, the sequences of which were divided by liquid sounds of young French voices tuned to spring morning.

While Miss Melton, struggling with abrupt short sentences, had been endeavoring to explain what kept her in Paris, Hodges had kept his eye on the two young forms amid the lilac bushes. They had huddled under the canopies of purple bloom, olive faces vivid with

youth, reckless eyes flashing. Now as they crept out he recognized in them two young French persons he had often observed in his rapid walk through Parc Monceau, seated invariably on the same seats, wearing the same clothes, kissing the same kisses.

The youth was a young scalawag of a soldier, one of the handfuls constantly marching in and out of Paris, seen flung in a coffee color against a brick wall or splashed at the end of a vista of chestnut trees. The little French maiden, whose poor garments were worn with so exquisite a grace, was probably a little embroideress or artificial-flower maker. How the two were sipping at their goblet of spring! In a consciousness at once austere and sensuous the St. Louisan had his own appreciation of such sips—he glanced again at the two and felt gladness—gladness that youth was theirs, that they had found each other, that Parc Monceau, opaline bubble of Eden, ensphered them.

"Now—there—" he murmured to his companion, "that's what you'd call French naïveté, I suppose. They are certainly not self-conscious. Did you ever see such—such——?"

"Such 'letting nature have her way'?" quoted the English girl scornfully.

Hodges jumped. Retributive impulse flew into his eyes but was quickly veiled.

"I'd be willing to bet a dead cat you quoted Browning," he accused good-humoredly. Her lips curved in acknowledgement.

"My sister is one of the Browning High-Priestesses," confessed the St. Louisan, "that's how I know. He's umbrella and rubbers to her. My, how she gets over the mud with him! There's the thing about the 'Last Ride Together,' and the—er— 'Monument and thing-a-magig.'"

"You mean the 'Statue and the Bust'?" Her "nice girl's" didacticism was tempered by a smile so lovely in her pleasure at the Westerner's vicarious enthusiasm that Hodges was suddenly possessed with an idea. After all, was this unsophisticated creature so narrow, so unsympathetic in her straight-laced conception of life? Wasn't there plenty of humor

HE WONDERED IF HE OUGHT NOT TO DO SOMETHING

and tolerance in her if she could only learn (this prim Miss Andromeda, with the Watts-y profile) how to employ it? Like Perseus, he fairly hovered over her; like Perseus he sought for a way to help her.

"Browning," he apostrophized thoughtfully. He leaned over and picked up some of the little disks of confetti; now he sorted them in his clumsy gloved palm. After a few minutes Hodges laid a single pale-blue one on Miss Melton's hand. "What wonderful smashing thing wouldn't Browning have made out of Paris!" he mused. "All the causeways, bridges, aqueducts; and then —all the men. Now those two rascals, for instance. . . .

"You think that's all wrong—idle, licentious; she ought to be at school and he trudging around with his regiment. You *know* you do." Gilbert Hodges bent stern eyes upon the Watts-y profile. "But," he said, "but—" impressively pausing.

Eleanor Melton turned her serious face to his. Where another woman might have been restive, bored, she was grave and interested. "But what?" she soberly asked.

"Ah—they are young," explained the man. His face softened. Then, as if talking to himself, "and it is spring. Browning would have remembered that first of all; and then he'd have gone and wiggled something like Pippa out of it—something gripping and world-strong."

Then all of a sudden Gilbert Hodges came to an abrupt halt, for he was conscious he had been talking a long time. Preaching! Some of the hundred little imps of satire and cynicism that lurk under the very pebbles of the Paris paths jumped out and peered at him. He cleared his throat and subsided. This new dumbness, however, though it burned into his brown cheek, lessened his sense of responsibility. After all, he thought, it was time to stop being serious.

"What you say is different from anything I ever heard." Miss Melton, though she wore an air as of disloyalty to the English pulpit, acknowledged that, adding slowly, "They—they—the things I have heard and seen trouble me so."

"What if they do?" roughly. "Don't stop and fiddle with them, they are only crude oil—by-products—part of the things that go to the making of"—the Westerner paused, knitting his brows. "What's that kind of poem where there are wars and tragedies and kingdoms going to smash and heroes killing heroes?"

Miss Melton, with faithful pedantry, thought he must mean an "epic."

"Epic," agreed Hodges. "They are only the things that go to making a great human epic." Then he summed up: "What do they matter to you? They don't belong to you any more than you do to them. They're not to be taken personally," he broke off, wondering at a certain little prudish movement of the shoulders with which she interrupted.

"As for that," concluded Miss Melton resolutely, "You disturb yourself unnecessarily. I couldn't ever take such things *personally*." There was decided hauteur in the English girl's tones. To Hodges' despair she actually gave a little British sniff. "Fancy," she said loftily—"fancy there being any possible connection!" Again he thought he discerned the inevitable "niceness."

"There you go again!" he rebuked her. He growled like a big dog dragging at a chain. "And all because you've lived all your life in a little English village—a saucer of primroses and milk. For heaven's sake," urged Hodges, "don't think that just because you're not Bad-Bad-Molly you must be Good-Good-Susy; don't get to thinking that because your taste is cleaner *you* are different. Be human!" the St. Louisan commanded her sternly. "Realize that *au fond* you're not a bit better than that little kissing shopgirl over there!"

He looked to see her take in this idea as she had taken his others, deliberately, thoughtfully, but she drew back. It was

apparent that without his intending it, Miss Eleanor Melton had been stung as with insult. Hodges felt that what he had said certainly was not "nice." As she turned—eyes cold, stain of crimson in her cheeks—the man felt sudden dislike of her, a little chill creeping around his own heart. As an Englishwoman will do, she majestically faced him down.

"I *am* better!" severely. "Is it nothing to have had a careful upbringing, clean traditions, religious training? I," said Miss Melton superbly, "could not possibly sink to the sort of thing I have seen around me this winter." The words were clipped with such austere emphasis that to Hodges they seemed funny. The Westerner bit his lip, his eyes danced pitilessly.

"Then it is a case of Good-Good-Susy," yawning behind his big gloved hand. He smiled lightly at the prejudice in the haughty blue eyes. He was sure now about that shallowness. As for the Watts-y profile, it was chance Watts-y-ness, nothing behind it.

"Poor old Paris—poor old Everything!" He passed the whole thing over, saying teasingly, "By the way, what is a season in London like? Do you know town life at all? I don't believe you do. I'm told that Mid-Victoria has gone to smash since the War."

"You do not really know the English," retorted Miss Melton augustly; and in that one sentence he told himself he could see the whole scope and scale of her present unhappiness. Suffered, had she? The Westerner pursed his lips unsympathetically. By Jove! she deserved it; almost he hoped she would have more of it—such everlasting British bumptiousness!

"You say I don't know the English," said Gilbert Hodges with stiff gentleness. Perhaps I don't—but I know Mr. Browning. I know you're no better than he, and I could trust him to go down into —er—well, yes—Hell, and bring up daisies and buttercups. Yes, ma'am, I know Mr. Browning; and by the Eternal First-Cause Pollywog, *he* knew the Human! All you know," wound up Gilbert Hodges brutally, "all you know is stained glass and Raff's Cavatina!"

There was a few moments' silence.

Soon Miss Melton sat up very straight. After considering the handle of her umbrella for a thoughtful moment she buttoned the top button of her coat, fastening in the violets with a delicate air. Then she lifted her head coolly; the sun falling on her face could not take away the outrage in the eyes Hodges had mentally termed shallow. The thing, for Miss Melton, was over. After all, he had *not* understood—this, this *American*.

After a moment she rose. She spoke in a final tone as one who sees her mistake quite clearly:

"I must say good-morning."

"Oh!" said Hodges lightly, "so you cast me off then—me and Paris—*tous les deux*? Well!" Sighing, the tall Westerner also rose. He stood smiling down at her, quizzical disappointment in his brown face. "It's just as well," said Gilbert Hodges, "I leave Paris to-morrow; going over to your good little London—ahem—there's no use of my staying here, I haven't helped you any."

He half hoped to see her flash back in the rosy prim way in which he had so grown to delight. Instead, to Gilbert Hodges' enormous surprise, Miss Melton turned very pale. For a moment she did not speak, then her lips moved; she stared at him, evidently trying to control herself.

"Helped me," the girl repeated dully. "Helped me? Why, you don't—Oh, *helped* me!"

Once again Hodges thought he saw positive fear creep into her eyes. No, it was another blue—morbid, abandoned in its way, significant of things that as yet had not come into his estimate of her. Whatever emotion it was, it had its way with the English girl. It mastered her; involuntarily she put out her hand toward him; she tried to explain, to say something. Suddenly she threw herself down upon the little lilac chair, put her

"THEY HAVE BEEN QUARRELING," ELEANOR EXPLAINED BREATHLESSLY

two arms on the back and buried her face in them, sobbing.

"What?" asked Gilbert Hodges roughly. "*What?*"

The Westerner stared down at her for a moment; he looked around Parc Monceau. Dropping his chin into his collar, still looking at the weeping form, Hodges considered. Here was a delightful proceeding. Oh, my good gracious, yes—here was a nice thing for a man to face! "What?" he questioned her again, this time distracted, appealing. He wondered if he ought not to do something—get water, offer her a cigarette—under circumstances like this, any man, he was sure, would do something. But Hodges had the feeling that because he was in Paris he could do nothing. If he had this girl home now—safe—safe in honest old U. S.—O Lord! Still uncomfortably hesitating, he stole another glance at the weeping figure.

Behind the girl's lack of dignity in abandoning herself to her grief, the St. Louisan felt another dignity, a dignity which commanded him as surely as words might to go away, not to stand there looking upon her struggling like this.

He paused at the upper end of the lake, tapping the make-believe Roman columns with a critical stick, muttering,

"That's what Paris does to some people —she's had nothing but a rotten little French breakfast; she's got the shocked moral sense and a perfectly ghastly loneliness. Yes, I say, perfectly damnable loneliness."

The St. Louisan cast about in his mind for another explanation. "Homesick, by Jove! *Homesick*—and little old England right across the Channel. She's waiting for some one to tell her what to do—and this the day of the independence of women!"

Hodges frowned up at the negative blueness of the French sky. He communed with himself for a few moments, then walked slowly on.

When he had completed the circle and crossed the picturesque stone bridge of Parc Monceau, the St. Louisan thought to look at his watch. For a moment he paused, half puzzled at his own indecision. He decided to let his luncheon engagement go. The girl with whom he had made it would bite her pretty lip for a moment, then fall to planning how she could make it uncomfortable for him when next they met. Meanwhile, here was another sort of woman, a very troublesome sort—a sort which for capacity for suffering—the Westerner shrugged his shoulders. "Thank heaven!" he communed devoutly, "Thank heaven for all the hard, keen, broad-shouldered, independent females! These "nice women—!" he scowled forbiddingly.

All the while the Westerner had been joyously conscious of the beauty of the spring day. Now it seemed to him that there swam a goldenness in Parc Monceau, a goldenness that floated all around, filtering dizzily up into the purple hazes, hanging in the young tree branches. Lifting a cluster of dewy rhododendrons to his face, he saw goldenness in the flesh-pink flower cups; listening to the song of a merle, he felt it ringing in his ears. Suddenly, like a child sent off into another room to await a surprise, Hodges wondered impatiently if it weren't time to go back now.

The St. Louisan thought he knew the park paths pretty well, therefore he was surprised when the path he took on leaving the bridge, instead of leading him out to the lilac chairs by the lake rim, brought him out by the bench where the two little lovers sat. Hodges was even more surprised to find that the two little lovers were no longer occupied with kisses; he marveled to see them sitting straight up, resentful, flushed, yet with an air of being rather impressed as they reluctantly answered the questions of a tall foreigner who stood in front of them. The tall foreigner had her back to Hodges. She looked, he thought originally, like a "nice" woman. As the St. Louisan passed he stole a wondering glance at her; suddenly he came to an abrupt halt.

"What the dickens?" began the Westerner, commandingly. Then remembering himself, "I beg your pardon, what is it; can I do anything?"

The tall foreigner turned quickly on him. Relief gladdened her face. He noticed her gesture—impulsive, eager, commanding his help.

"They—they have been quarreling!" Eleanor Melton explained breathlessly. "He tried—he tried to leave her; she wouldn't let him—they were like two animals—I *had* to interfere. Oh, do speak to them, ask them—I can't remember my French!"

Gilbert Hodges turned his astonished look on the little French soldier, dramatically glaring back at him. The St. Louisan shifted his gaze only once; that was to smile reassuringly at the girl. Then he asked rapid questions in an authoritative voice. His French was disjointed and purely commercial, but he got to the point.

The little soldier threw his arm over the girl's thin shoulders and talked volubly, his eyes filling meanwhile with French tears. He explained that it had arrived at this: that he must go with his regiment out of Paris or be penalized. That would not do, even for "The Little"—The Little did not understand, of course; did women ever understand?

He appealed to Monsieur himself. Then the French tears vanished, up went the little catfish mustache in a superior smile. "What would you? They had had a pretty little struggle, *et puis alors*, Madame had interfered."

Hodges did not smile back. Instead he screwed gimlet eyes into the long-lashed, wine-colored orbs; he estimated the potentialities that lay back of the rabbit forehead, the olive softness of the emotional face. "Mademoiselle, then, has no home in which to await your return?"

"Ah, Monsieur, *figurez-vous*. Her people are—*comment dirai-je?*—people of prejudice; she is considered no longer as a daughter on account of me. Stupid, isn't it? It is true"—the little soldier twisted the catfish mustache meditatively—"It is true that one would say it is I who have the responsibility. The situation isn't brilliant for me, you see."

"Then you haven't married her?"

"*Mon Dieu!*"—the buff shoulders shrugged—"but what good would that be? We have no money, she would still be homeless. She can find. . . ." But here the young girl suddenly put her hand over his mouth. For the first time as she sat there enclosed by the arm that did not shield her, she spoke, looking with the calm eyes of a child straight at Eleanor Melton.

"That," she said with dignity, "is not for a girl who loves him as I do—for other girls, perhaps, but I am the same as his wife." The tired child's eyes looked with eager clearness into the older woman's. "You understand, Madame," she said simply, "It is a great thing to feel like that. That a thing is yours to make something wonderful of it. But yes, it is like a song, like the *poésie*."

There was a quick little sound from Eleanor Melton. Hodges did not dare turn and look into the English girl's face, but he saw her hand go quickly out and touch the thin hand of Angèle; thus encouraged, the latter turned and smiled up into her lover's selfish face. "Therefore, Marcel, I will kill thee," she cheerfully announced, "but I will not let thee go."

Marcel of the catfish mustache ap-

SHE TOLD THE PRIEST WHAT SHE WISHED DONE

pealed once more to Hodges. He drew from out his dusty trouser pocket a tiny penknife. "You heard, Monsieur?" he magisterially inquired. "It is true. Regard then this knife—Well, I vow, women have always loved me like that." The French soldier lightly spat, concluding, "Oh, la la! but it is tiresome!"

The clatter of bells and hoofs in the Parc avenue, veiled by the delicate spring green, kept up a flippant comment on this state of things. Hodges saw his Parc Monceau soap bubble, in which the two young figures of love had clung to each other, expand into that duller, less opalescent sphere of reality in which responsibility, tradition, and duty had thrust severe presences. He dug his hands into his coat pockets and stood, walking-stick pointing up, wondering if something ought not to be done and if he ought not to do it? Vaguely he considered whether he had enough money with him to see it—this indefinite something—through? But quickly as his sympathies worked for little Angèle, they had not kept pace with Miss Melton's. The English girl had evidently decided upon something. Energy seemed to revitalize her former listless manner; she was suddenly galvanized into Briton purpose as she turned and faced her friend. For the life of him Hodges could not keep his mind from reverting to the single word "nice."

"Quick," pointing out of the avenue, "there goes a yellow taxi. Hail it, they're the cheapest!"

Smiling broadly at the Britonese, amused with this sudden turn of things, Hodges obeyed. Waving his stick, he hailed the yellow taxi; he stood by, and with increasing interest and a look of wonder, saw Eleanor Melton take the little buff-legged soldier aside and speak to him in French that came in soft tangles. The wine-colored eyes looked bright appreciation of her beauty while they showed whimsical appreciation of her being *Anglaise*. Marcel, however, had the true French air of luxuriating in his own politeness. He played his little part with a sentimental swagger. He bowed to everything, he acknowledged everything, he agreed to everything. Eleanor Melton said very little to Angèle, but when she went and looked earnestly into the ardent face, the latter suddenly threw her arms round Eleanor's neck and breathed her secret to the violets on Eleanor Melton's breast. When the English girl turned back, Hodges saw the blur in her eyes.

The Westerner was struck by the mingling of timidity and assurance in her voice and manner. They had to have a legal marriage first, she said doubtfully. "But I don't know how to go about it."

"Will you give the *cocher* this address?" scribbling a name and number on her card. Then, noticing the St. Louisan's expression, this incomprehensive and "nice" young Englishwoman laughed nervously. "I know, I know," she said. "Of course he is Roman Catholic, but—he's my friend—I—I was going to him anyway after you went away, I—I—I—he is the only person in Paris that *can help us make a poem*."

Hodges did not look at her. His eyes were fixed on the taxicab whirling up to the curb. He set his teeth strong on the inside of his cheek. The Westerner had grown suddenly distrustful of things, distrustful of "nice" girls, afraid because of that spring goldenness still dazzling his vision which kept him from seeing straight, hearing straight. A *poem!* What could she mean, what—what did everything mean?

"*A poem?*" he stammered stupidly.

But it appeared that Miss Melton had no time to answer him. She was squeezing herself and the little French couple into the taxi, at the same time trying to flap down the extra seat for Hodges' use. The St. Louisan gravely relieved her of this effort.

"It—it is good of you to help me!" the "nice" girl said formally.

The yellow taxi had its hood down. The spring air touched their faces as they lurched into Boulevard Courcelles, then

whirled into one of the smaller streets. They trailed through a maze of narrow Paris thoroughfares until at last, in an obscure section, the taxi stopped before the low, arched entrance to a damp cobblestoned court.

As the little French maiden saw the number she stared, started, and whispered a scared, "Oh, *Mon Dieu!*"

Moisture broke on Marcel's rabbit forehead, the catfish mustache drooped a little, but the liquid eyes shot obedience to this generalship.

"How is it that you have known—Monsieur, Madame?" he marveled in a tone either truly awed or in pious pretense of it—which, Hodges could not tell. "This is the home of Father René, who prepared Angèle for the confirmation."

Marcel seemed slightly apprehensive at the thought. Once he looked around him nervously, once edged away as if to bolt. But Miss Melton, to Hodges' huge dismay, smiled seductively at him.

"I depend upon you, Marcel," she said sweetly. "You are not going to desert *me?*"

Marcel, quivering down to his dusty trouser legs, bowed loftily. "What? desert a woman like that, beautiful—appealing? *Jamais!*" The catfish mustache soared once more, the liquid eyes gleamed their dramatic French loyalty.

Yes, the concierge knew Father René—but yes, he was at home at the moment. The concierge, it appeared, also knew Angèle. He put his head out of the door of his cavelike little apartment and stared after her and her companions in bewilderment. The four climbed the steep, narrow stairs to the fourth *étage*, where they rang the little rattling old-fashioned door-bell and waited. Hodges spent the few moments talking kindly with Angèle, watching the amazement and wonder growing in her eyes.

"THE WAY IS ALWAYS DARK, EITHER UP OR DOWN"

Marcel was the only truly unconcerned one. Leaning against the wall, he took a half-smoked cigarette from behind one of his foxlike little ears and, relighting its blackened end, puffed at it delicately.

"*Tiens*—it's marriage then!" he observed sheepishly to Angèle. "They regard that as the end and aim of all things, the English; whereas we French—we understand life better!" Then, realizing that this remark might give offense, the little soldier turned swaggeringly to Hodges to explain. "Is it not strange that the women cannot exist without marriage? As for me, I regard it as an inconvenience. But she is of a tenacity—this

little Angèle. Monsieur, your wife is not so serious, I take it—a little more of lightness! Ah, the women, the women!"

Hodges glared in such black displeasure that Marcel perceived some further offense where he had truly meant none.

"Pardon," he softly whispered. Then he struck an attitude and, trifling with the catfish mustache, regarded Miss Melton with unbridled admiration. "*Elle est assez gentille!*" he remarked sotto voce.

The St. Louisan, measuring the stairs behind them, began to consider a certain time-honored method of getting rid of objectionable acquaintances. His dark expression encountered an understanding look from the English girl. "Please, please," she implored, "I truly *don't* mind!" Then explaining: "Don't you see, it—it isn't really anything—it's only 'by-products'—you said so yourself—it's only part of the poem."

Hodges was dumb.

At last the door opened. Father René in black cassock, wearing his rosary, appeared on the threshold of his bare room. Behind him one could see a great image of the Crucified stretched in pallid reminder on the dingy wall. The priest looked calmly on the quartette before him. "I was in prayer," he gravely apologized, "therefore I could not open to you sooner!"

Suddenly he recognized Miss Melton's straight English gaze and smiled. Gilbert Hodges, rather awkward and embarrassed as he followed the party in, saw the girl smile back. The Westerner pondered on these two smiles. No one, he knew, but a "nice" girl could smile like that. It seemed to him that he had seen a white fire kindle itself in these two faces, as one mystical lamp of the spirit lighted the other.

"It's that kind of thing she's lived all her life!" grumbled the St. Louisan. "Consecrated smiling, I'd call it; certainly no ginger in it!" Then he bit a humorous lip.

After that Hodges, to his amused embarrassment, suddenly felt left out of it. The priest, in turn, commanded them all to be seated. He made the English girl sit by him, and Hodges watched his deep-set eyes, calm with understanding and control, take confession from the Watts-y face as authoritatively and paternally as if Father René and the young Englishwoman were not representatives of two age-long opposed forces.

She told what she wished done, the priest acquiesced. Only first, he explained, there must be a civil marriage to precede the marriage of the church—that was the law—he would see to it all. Angèle's family would care for her proudly—fondly, if she were honored with marriage. His dark eyebrows went up with his priestly shoulders at the announcement of the sum Miss Melton meant to provide for the two to start life on. Angèle and Marcel, sitting hand in hand like two happy and important children, did not hear the amount; Hodges did and all but sputtered.

"*Edition de luxe*, this poem!" growled the St. Louisan, "More expensive than the 'Ballad of my sporty cousin's studio'! Browning in half-calf—that's Marcel—and gold tooling—that's Angèle—and she insisted upon my getting that yellow taxi—'they're the cheapest,' she said. Rule Brittania!"

The priest turned to Hodges. "I had thought, Monsieur, your friend was English," he said significantly smiling, "but I now see that she does things in the American manner. You are very practical, you Americans." The Father René bowed respectfully; in his face was the benignly conjectural expression of that Parisian who has never seen the New World upon which he glibly comments.

The tall St. Louisan, the color a little deeper in his cheek, bowed in return, "We are all of the same blood this morning, Father," he said gravely. "Marcel, little Angèle there, Mademoiselle, you and I. It is spring, the *Mi-Carême* confetti still lies in rainbows on the ground, the fountains are playing, the tulips blowing. It is spring, it is

Paris, we are all lovers, all poets, and—yes, if you will permit me—we are all priests!"

Eleanor Melton turned wide eyes on the speaker. The girl's surprised gaze and the keen scrutiny of the foreign priest might have been too much for the St. Louisan but for the perfect sincerity with which he had said what had come into his head.

Hodges humorously told himself that from now on he would not be responsible for anything he might do. The St. Louisan felt the goldenness on Parc Monceau still permeating his being, and that keen gladness of a little boy who sees a yellow chicken peck its way out of the shell still made his head swim. The man was solemnly, senselessly happy, and it came to him that he wanted the priest to know it. And Father René, with a divination that would have been uncanny but for its dignity, smiled again. With a look of significant sadness his eyes traveled over the firm swinging ease of Hodges' figure as he and Miss Melton turned to go.

"Though we are 'all priests,' my children," the priest said half humorously, "I am your senior, therefore your Father. So take my blessing."

After that the St. Louisan and his companion had only to tear themselves away from the two little French storms of gratitude. This was soon done, for Marcel and Angèle soon forgot their benefactor in a new interest in life. They fell into each other's arms with that old naïveté they had displayed under the lilac bushes in Parc Monceau.

With Father René guiding them, the other two soon stood at the stair landing. Miss Melton, as she tore herself away from her protégés, made some final low-voiced stipulations. The "nice" girl put her hand in Father René's. The priest held it for a moment, then he did a thing that seemed not strange: he took the slender hand and laid it on Hodges' arm. "Let Monsieur guide you, Mademoiselle," he said gently. "The way is always dark, either up or down."

The priest stood there, a tall grave figure at the top of the stairway, watching the two until they disappeared below. Downstairs out into the little damp cobbled court they passed.

Now that they had left their protégés behind them, now that they had nothing more to do, silence came between Hodges and Eleanor Melton. As they crossed the cobbled court neither of them spoke. The yellow taxi, waiting at the door, seemed to intensify their feeling of awkwardness.

Hodges tried to be gentle: there were many words tripping on his impatient tongue—he tried to follow some intuition that he must not immediately say them all. For this—Hodges told himself admonishingly—this was a "nice" girl! Lord help him! The goldenness of Parc Monceau was enveloping him; conscious that it was submerging him, he spoke blindly through it.

"Can't we have lunch, drive—anywhere? The—*the first ride together?*" he stammered, groping for his helper, Robert Browning.

She was silent.

"I—you see, I want to stay in the 'poem,'" pleaded the St. Louisan. Then, twinkling in his old manner, "It's your poem, I know; you made it, your first one in Paris. But I"—wistfully—won't you let me stay in it?"

A NEW WAY WITH OLD MASTERPIECES

I—*William Shakespeare*

BY ERNEST BOYD

(This is the first of a series of six papers which will resurvey the great periods of English literature from Shakespeare to Hardy. It is an effort to rescue our great classic writers from that academic veneration in which they have been enshrouded and then neglected, and to show their enduring interest and appeal when sensibly approached.—*Editor's Note.*)

NOTHING but the spread of popular education could put culture so effectively upon the defensive as it has been ever since intellectual illiteracy was substituted for the beautiful old custom of making one's mark. As that education has been essentially literary, it is upon literature that its full effect has made itself felt. Consequently, it is without surprise, if not without embarrassment, that I find myself engaged in this meditation. Is there, I ask myself, any honest reason, apart from the educational superstition of the age, why normally happy men and women should be troubled by the immortal glories of literature? We accept so much on trust that one may well hesitate to complicate life by suggesting the innovation of cultural self-determination. The blessings of intellectual democracy, like those of political democracy, obviously consist in the vast weight of responsibility which is taken from the shoulders of the individual who, as the phrase goes, "instructs" his representatives to act for him. In return, his representatives act first for him and think afterwards.

Literature has its catchwords no less than politics, and "the instruction" from the people in this case goes back to the instructors in departments of English, to the schoolmasters, to the lecturers, and even to the critics, from whom it came. It is so clearly unnecessary to have read Shakespeare in order to talk about him, it is so demonstrably impossible to read him under the conditions usually prescribed by educators, that many people prefer to leave him "marked as read." This risk they would not take with the latest novel in which synthetic gin and petting are mixed in the correct proportions, or with the most elusive psychological murex fished up out of the subconscious by the momentarily most popular exponent of the New Salaciousness. It is possible, thanks to the march of progress, to savor the prose of, let us say, Mr. Cabell or Ethel and Floyd Dell without having trembled at Marlowe's equally idiotic but mightier lines.

Almost as happy as the nation which has no history is the author who has no annotator—a state in which the defenceless dead rarely find themselves for long, unless they are worse than dead. Even then they may be resuscitated, like the author whose name is at the head of this chapter, and whom the French, for reasons best known to themselves, always refer to as "poor Will"—perhaps because they have seen him performed by actor-managers, or edited and bowdlerized (with an Introduction and Notes) by an English or American professor. Living authors and dead have commentators; some living authors enjoy the dubious honor of scholarly annotation, but the sign manual of classical glory for a work of literature is to live on at the hands of successive annotators. The commentator may be a learned critic or an articulate enthusiast.

The annotator is the teacher of literature who gets his notions of style from newspaper editorials but reads Shakespeare for his syntax, for his use of the supernatural and the split infinitive, or for his geography. If he were not a relatively recent acquisition of the human race, modern literatures would be as much the prey of the professional scholar as the literatures of Greece and Rome. Only here and there a few isolated amateurs would survive, who actually read with ease and for pleasure the text that launched a thousand grammarians. The obsolescence of a living author begins from the moment the pedant's ferule is pointed at him with instructive intent. People would probably cease to read at all if current literature were not too vast to be inclosed in college courses, and if almost every author alive to-day had not been ignored or denounced by his contemporary pundits precisely in the degree of his originality.

The first assurance which the average person suffering from modern education has a right to demand is that the immortal classics are not as depressingly perfect as our pastors and masters have insisted. Do they enjoy the suffrages of the hidebound pedant because they are as dull as he would show them to be? Are they so far superior to the books which he borrows from the drug store in his secret moments when he needs relaxat'on? Have they no points in common with those subversive volumes which his daughter tries in vain to save from his indignant innocence? Assuredly not. There is as much heresy in the works which no gentleman's library should be without as in the most recent batik-sided, large-paper, signed, *de luxe* edition of the civilized minority's idol of the moment. There is as much platitudinous wisdom as in a New Thought book or a syndicated editorial. There is nearly as much incoherence and fustian as in the works of those æsthetes who make no compromise with the public taste. But there is something more. Hence my charitable belief that by facing English literature steadily and facing it whole, one may combine the vices of contemporaneity with the virtues of immortality.

Shakespeare in our time plays many parts: he comes in handy at college entertainments; he enables advocates of the theater of to-morrow to experiment beyond even their accustomed limits, and champions of the theater of yesterday (or the day before) to restore to the stage for a few nights the vestiges of a simpler and purer epoch. He is a recurrent malady with actors and actresses who have become stars by less strenuous undertakings, and he enables eminent elocutionists to demonstrate through a half century of virtuous theatrical life in small towns that the noblest achievements of histrionic art are not at all incompatible with a blameless and perfect domesticity. In England he has procured knighthoods for those who knew how to shape his rough-hewn ends to meet the requirements of admirers of "East Lynne." In general, wherever they speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, "poor Will" serves divers and exceedingly diverse ends. Societies invoking his name used to read his works—with such deletions as mixed company required—in the provinces before the brighter dawn of the movie era; professors edited him; experts on the Elizabethan playhouse gave him a prominence which he never enjoyed in those theaters which they have so meticulously described; Americans proved that he never existed; the Germans simply had him superbly translated, and still insist on performing him as successfully as if he were the author of a bedroom farce. The one thing that has almost never been achieved for him in English is the actual performance of his own work.

Inevitably he is still the greatest ornament of the stage, and even more inevitably he is the supreme glory of English literature. Only races tinged with dolichocephalism—this last of the great plagues—are notoriously blind to

his grandeur. The French, in particular, have recorded their convictions of him in terms reminiscent of Dr. Stuart Sherman's appreciations of Theodore Dreiser. Voltaire claimed to have been the first to discover him in France, but he finally declared that the author of "Hamlet" was "a drunken savage." In case this judgment be attributed to professional jealousy (for Voltaire was in the classical drama business himself) and in order that the word of an atheist should not stand alone against the reputation of a great English genius, let the eminently Christian Count Leo Tolstoy be heard: "All Shakespeare's characters speak a language which is not their own, but Shakespeare's, and always the same; pompous, bombastic and artificial, a language which not only could not have been spoken by the characters in these plays but could never have been spoken anywhere by any human beings." Wherefore the creator of Anna Karenina concluded: "the works of Shakespeare do not satisfy any of the demands of art, and moreover, their tendency is most immoral."

However, it is true that both these worthy men had the common misfortune to be barbarians, in the complete sense of that word; they were not English. What of "this blessed plot; this earth, this realm, this England," this "other Eden, demi-paradise," as William himself confidingly called it? Are the records of British opinion more reassuring? David Hume was so magnanimous as to say of Shakespeare: "His total ignorance of all theatrical art and conduct, however material a defect, yet as it affects the spectator rather than the reader, we can more easily excuse, than that want of taste which often prevails in his productions." Ben Jonson's praise of him is unique amongst contemporary testimony, and against it may be set Robert Greene's: "An upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you." Even Dryden, who may claim credit for the earliest effort to rescue Shakespeare from neglect, had his doubts, and felt it his duty to rewrite "The Tempest" for the stage. On the first of March, 1662, Mr. Pepys went to see "Romeo and Juliet," and his diary records: "It is a play of itself the worst ever I heard, and the worse acted that ever I saw these people do." At "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he saw "the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. I saw, I confess, some good dancing and some handsome women, which was all my pleasure." After two attempts his verdict on "Twelfth Night" was that it was "silly, one of the weakest plays that ever I saw on the stage."

Nearly eighty years passed before "Romeo and Juliet" was again revived in London, and then by David Garrick, the man who was to do most for Shakespeare before he was finally canonized and thrown to the professors. Garrick profited by the prevalent indifference to set a precedent for all subsequent actor-managers worthy of the name. "I have," he wrote, "brought 'Hamlet' forth without the grave diggers' trick and the fencing match," without what he termed "all the rubbish of the fifth act." He also did some repair work on "Romeo and Juliet" in order to improve the fifth act—with the result, as a first-nighter of the period reports, that he "rendered the catastrophe the most affecting in the whole compass of the drama." Evidently fifth acts were Shakespeare's weakest point. Garrick was encouraged by the creation of a Shakespeare Club of earnest ladies who bespoke each week some play by their (now) "immortal poet." Editions of Shakespeare's works began to follow one another, edited by eminent hands—Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hammer, Warburton, and Johnson. For one hundred years after his death only six editions of his collected plays appeared, but in the next fifty there were twenty-three.

At once this evidence of appreciation

caused apprehension; it seemed as if an Englishman of genius were really going to be taken seriously, contrary to the laws of nature, so to speak. Thus the good Mrs. Barbauld, in a letter written in 1776, declared, "I am of your opinion that we idolize Shakespeare rather too much for a Christian country." He was advancing from the stage to the library, with consequences which were to justify this dear lady's fears, but in a sense which she can hardly have anticipated. Very soon "mystical Germans," in Gilbertian phrase, were to arise and call Shakespeare great without qualifications; Huns like Lessing, whose æsthetic necessities knew no law of the dramatic unities, and who, as Coleridge says, "proved to all thinking men"—even to Shakespeare's own countrymen—"the true nature of his apparent irregularities." A real turning point was reached almost simultaneously with the bi-centenary of Shakespeare's birth. In the year of grace 1818, Dr. T. Bowdler made his own name immortal by publishing an edition of the works "in which those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family."

At this point "poor Will" may be observed in such circumstances as might seem to guarantee his place in the affections of all weak and finite mortals. Inferior persons have emended and patronized him, the ladies have discovered him, and the moralists have denounced and bowdlerized him. In the literary market place to-day one alone of these factors would make an author irresistible. Nevertheless, having parsed him and studied footnotes on him, most of us take the rest for granted. When at intervals the David Garricks and Mrs. Siddonses of the moment clear out some "rubbish" from his plays—and from their theaters, incidentally—and give us one of those hectic Shakespearian revivals, we are happy when fond memory brings a nod of recognition to phrases preserved from our oblivion by constant editorial and oratorical usage. Those who have not enjoyed to the last drop the resources of popular education, who have not been "taught" English literature, are deprived of even that flicker of familiarity with the great. Those who have enjoyed it strive without much difficulty to forget it, and are unmoved when John Masefield and others cry out in their anguish:

> There is no theatre in London set apart for the performance of Shakespeare. There is no theatre in London built for the right production of Shakespeare. There are not in the empire enough lovers of Shakespeare, or of the poetical drama, or of poetry, to take the British stage from the hands of ground landlords, and make it again glorious with the vision of the pageant of man. . . . Man's true empire is not in continents or over the sea, but within himself, in his own soul. Here in London, where a wordly empire is controlled, there exists no theatre in which the millions can see that other empire. They pass from one gray street to another gray street, to add up figures, or to swallow patent medicines, with no thought that life has been lived nobly and burningly and knightly, for great ends, and in great passions, as the vision of our great mind declares.

It would seem, then, as if Shakespeare had in him all the elements which should endear him to the plain people, and none of the dreary virtues with which the mandarins of literature endow the objects of their jealous idolatry. Shakespeare idolatry, however, is a strange cult; a thoroughly Judaistic æsthetic which says: "Thou shalt have none other gods before me," but at the same time inculcates that Jewish suspicion of image-making to which Mr. Masefield alludes in his meditation upon the capital of the British Empire. Thus a twofold phenomenon is created by this curious religion: one is asked simultaneously to worship Shakespeare and to join in the conspiracy to make him unintelligible, unenjoyable, and inaccessible. To this end it is essential that he shall be annotated more than any other

writer in the world, that he shall be hedged about with fictitious virtues, and that he shall never be acted as he wrote. So remarkably has this been achieved that people of a naturally credulous disposition will hardly believe Shakespeare can do anything that their favorites of to-day can do. He can offer humor as healthily elementary as that of the Marx brothers; he can wave the flag—British, it is true—with the effective gusto of Mr. George M. Cohan; he can psychoanalyze as subtly as Marcel Proust. He can portray girls as sweet as any in the pages of Ethel M. Dell and more fascinatingly wild than the flapper heroines of the jazz age. He can combine James Branch Cabell's all-too-human imagination with the austere beauty of the poetry of Robert Frost. In brief, he is everything that is denounced to-day in the popular objects of his academic champions' wrath, together with all that they have never noticed in living genius and have rarely extracted even from his own works. Shakespeare, in other words, is much more entertaining than his classroom champions indicate, and the reproaches of his more candid friends have this quality in common with St. Augustine's *Confessions*—they "Make the reader envy his transgressions" as Byron succinctly put it.

On the one hand he is rendered inhuman by the Bardolators, who resolutely refuse to know anything of his life and ideas because whenever a fact stares them in the face it upsets their conception of him as the incarnation of a syndicated newspaper sermon. On the other hand he is abused by reformers and by exponents of the Higher Illiteracy, who have no use for the humanities in education, who prefer a ton of Freudian theory to an ounce of Shakespearian practice. "What a crew they are," cries one of these indignant Moderns, "these 'Saturday to Monday' athletic stockbroker Orlandos, these villains, clowns, drunkards, cowards, intriguers, fighters, lovers, patriots, hypochondriacs, who mistake themselves (and are mistaken by the author) for philosophers; princes without any sense of public duty, futile pessimists who imagine they are confronting a barren and unmeaning world when they are only contemplating their own worthlessness. . . . Search for statesmanship, or even citizenship, or any sense of the commonwealth, material and spiritual, and you will not find the making of a decent vestryman or curate in the whole horde. As to faith, hope, courage, conviction, or any of the true heroic qualities, you find nothing but death made sensational, despair made stage-sublime, sex made romantic, and barrenness covered up by sentimentality and the mechanical lilt of blank verse."

Compare that outburst with this: "Each book, with its bewildering mass of detail, is a ferocious argument in behalf of a few brutal generalizations. To the eye cleared of illusions it appears that the ordered life which we call civilization does not exist except on paper. In reality our so-called society is a jungle in which the struggle for existence continues, and must continue, on terms substantially unaltered by legal, moral, or social conventions. The central truth about man is that he is an animal amenable to no law but the law of his own temperament, doing as he desires, subject only to the limitations of his power. The male of the species is characterized by cupidity, pugnacity, and a simian inclination for the other sex. The female is a soft, vain, pleasure-seeking creature, devoted to personal adornment, and quite helplessly susceptible to the flattery of the male."

The one is the comment of an ultra-modern dramatic critic on Shakespeare, the other is an indictment of Theodore Dreiser by an ultra-conservative professor. The American novelist has been made by such indignation as this, but his opponents are chary of applying similar tests to the classics. Yet Carrie Meeber and Jennie Gerhardt, whose weaknesses excite the scorn of Dr.

Stuart Sherman, are not of that type which Shakespeare so often described, in language which I prefer to that just quoted:

. . . Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirit looks out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling reader, set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game. . . .

The mandarins who have so keen an eye for the ribaldries and the disconsolate veracities of contemporary fiction evade these issues when presented in Shakespeare. William had a low sense of humor which impressed the Dr. Bowdler hereinbefore mentioned, but his successors gulp hastily when they come to such passages and murmur soothing nothings about the coarseness of the age. But they do not explain why Spenser before him, and Bunyan immediately after him, were not infected by the spacious atmosphere of Elizabethan frankness. Mr. Frank Harris, whose autobiography is not permitted to contaminate this simple American civilization, is outraged by the freedom of Shakespeare's "salamanders," those dreadfully free young women, like Helena and Beatrice, whose technic and language are essentially in the tone of our latest flapper fiction. "All's Well that Ends Well" begins at once with a conversation between Helena and Parolles which will remind the American reader of to-day of a studio party in Greenwich Village. What a professor calls "the sacred boldness" of this emancipated and shameless creature is in the latest tradition, which disturbs the guardians of our morals and provides endless occupation for societies that specialize in vice. Like her contemporary type, Helena protests—

I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest
That I protest I simply am a maid.

But her pursuit of the male is as Dreiserian as her physiological meditations are authentic Floyd Dell. For all that, there are more eager patrons for *Flaming Youth* and *Janet March* than for "Much Ado about Nothing."

While this side of Shakespeare's works is ignored or explained away, much academic praise is lavished upon his platitudinous "philosophy" and his smug homilies:

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

The suspicion that the "worthy master William Shakespeare" was a middle-class English humbug becomes irresistible on reading such lines as these, which have all the conviction of a politician's endorsement of Prohibition. He even went so far as to complain—in 1600 or thereabouts—that servants were not what they used to be:

O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.

Presumably the working classes had become demoralized, as usual, by high wages in munition factories during the war with Spain.

The familiar sweet accents of Edgar Guest are discernible in

If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

It is no wonder that Bernard Shaw has said "if nothing were left of Shake-

speare but his genius, our Shakespeare-olators would miss all that they admire in him." His statesmanship generally remains about the level of after-dinner political oratory:

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:

Again—

Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

So far as general ideas are concerned, Shakespeare can stand comparison with any of the choicest platitudinarians who adorn the councils of Democracy or engage the plain people of these States through the far-scattered wisdom of syndicated editorials. There is no serious reason why people who like that sort of thing should not get it from the wood, so to speak, rather than encourage the bootlegging of the obvious—that synthetic fustian which is retailed in journalistic phials with deceptive labels. He can say these things so much better. We have heard it all before, but it sounds well when we hear:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

As soon as the music of his craft possesses him, Shakespeare forgets his role as the well-connected bourgeois who has seen better days; he never ceases to talk platitudes when he tries to be serious, but the words carry him away into admissions that surge up out of the depths of his being. One yawns listening to the attempted profundity of Hamlet's "To be or not to be," for "poor Will," if he had small Latin and less Greek, had not much more philosophy. Seriously serious people, like Emerson, have not been deceived by his ability to give his public "what you will." Emerson regretted "that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement." But out of that profanity and obscurity of his life come all that enchants the ear in his writings. What is the pseudo-philosophy of Hamlet's soliloquy on death beside Claudio's terrorized cry in "Measure for Measure"?

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed wordly life,
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

As a very solemn and very Early Victorian art critic, Mr. Ruskin, pointed out, in none of Shakespeare's thirty-seven five-act plays in blank verse is there a single hero—which is probably the best commentary upon life that can be drawn from his writings. He has been congratulated by the professors upon his knowledge that we have each of us our station in life and should stay there; that the bee is a model for all right-thinking citizens; that Calvin Coolidge is the ideal man:

. . . spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood. . . .

that "our remedies oft in ourselves do lie"; that the qualities we should look for in our rulers are such

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

Very naturally the writer who could turn out this sort of thing by the yard, and do it much better than his contemporaries, "the Elizabethan blank-verse beasts" to whom Charles Lamb was addicted (in the words of Bernard Shaw) as he was addicted to gin—the writer who could do this would flourish in the theater. Anatole France has pointed out that verses spoken in the theater are always padded out with redundant and meaningless lines, which are put in to fill up the intervals while the audience is digesting the words that are significant. Too much sense would overstrain the minds of the play-goers. Hence the enduring success of those Shakespearian plays—"Richard the Third," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "As You Like It," and "Much Ado about Nothing"—all of which lend themselves to exploitation by actor-managers and are cheerfully butchered to make a theatrical holiday from the usual trivialities. Works like "Troilus and Cressida," "All's Well that Ends Well," and "Measure for Measure" are rarely seen, as the records in England show, although doubtful rubbish like "Pericles" is included in the repertory of two of the chief exponents of Shakespeare in the modern British stage.

Thus dramatic criticism prior to the rise of the Modern Drama with Ibsen, Shaw, and the rest was not a criticism of plays (as it has since become) but of acting. Between these two stools of criticism Shakespeare has fallen to the ground, where the pedants have him at their mercy. Meanwhile his merit is diminished by the revival of the cult of the Elizabethans, whose violent, sanguinary, and obscene ranting enjoys a reflected glory from Shakespeare's preëminence. He should be read, therefore, if only as an antidote to the æsthetic posturings of the devotees of Marlowe, Webster, Tourneur, or even the occasionally poetic but never dramatic Jonson, Marston, Middleton, and Chapman. "Titus Andronicus" is a specimen of Shakespeare's contribution to The Tragedy of Blood; it is one of his worst plays, but it is a masterpiece beside Webster's bedlamite "Duchess of Malfy," Marston's delirious "Antonio's Revenge," or Cyril Tourneur's "The Revenger's Tragedy" (compared by Swinburne to Æschylus) with its eighteen violent deaths and its slaughterhouse atmosphere of lust and crime.

Shakespeare must not be read because he is the brightest star in the Elizabethan pleiad, as the enthusiasts insinuate (from Charles Lamb and Swinburne to their echoes, Mr. T. S. Eliot and Rupert Brooke), but in spite of that. That "golden age" of the British theater was actually a period when the foul, the extravagant, and the horrible flourished—thanks to the hocus-pocus of blank verse, in which the record of bombastic futility was achieved. It was a period when the British theater was in a state of barbarousness compared with which the theater of France and Spain stood in the same relation as the American bathroom to a Tudor cesspool. It was, however, into this uncouth society of ranters and brawlers that Shakespeare came to learn his trade as playwright and from which he was gradually to emancipate himself—though never entirely.

The modern man can, therefore, enjoy him on condition that he be regarded as a natural genius handicapped by the conventions and conditions of an age when brawn was more respected than brains. Shakespeare does not open up the glorious world of Elizabethan literature but rather closes it by showing us the best that the times could produce. He has no message for mankind and his humor is frequently so

feeble that a bad burlesque show is brilliant in comparison. Where he is unintelligible it is rarely worth while to decipher him, for the actual defects in the text have long since been repaired and the rest is merely the arid diversion of professors. If he is irresistible it is because he is a musician of words so lovely that the English tongue is forever illuminated by his use of it. Into the mouth of a savage he can put such lines as—

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd
I cried to dream again.

At the same time his attitude is essentially that of the man or woman of this skeptical age of transition, so terrifying to timorous minds. Shakespeare is hedonistic and happy in disillusion; he is Hamlet and Falstaff, both figures that admirably represent the point of view of the civilized minority to-day. In the most wonderful love poetry in the world he has expressed just that combination of sensualism, passion, and cynicism which peculiarly irritates the stern mentors of our latter-day morals. He can write to his mistress:

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak; yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

The tone of disillusioned intensity is exactly in the key of the verses written to-day by a generation from which the standard bearers of tradition retreat in order to annotate another edition of the classics—Shakespeare for preference. His own defiance of such tests as are applied—if not to him, to all in him that lives again in contemporary literature—is expressed in such phrases as

No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;

Orthodox Shakespeareology demands a note of deferential, reverent agnosticism in the appreciation of "poor Will." By strenuously ignoring the facts one has all the more indignation left for the faults of contemporaries. "Others abide our question—thou art free," was Matthew Arnold's apostrophe; and while these Colossi bestride the narrow world of traditional pedantic criticism, we petty men who do not take our Shakespeare sadly peep about to find reasons for that conviction which we share with him:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

Because he was of men all-too-human and of English poets the greatest, he has his place in "the wide world dreaming of things to come."

THE LOST KINGDOM OF PRESTER JOHN

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

SOME years ago, having missed a steamer connection, I found myself condemned to spend several days in Aden, that sun-scorched rock at the lower left-hand corner of Arabia which is one of the chain of watch dogs that guard Britain's sea-road to the East. Running short of funds, I presented my letter of credit to a famous Indian banker, Cowasjee Dinshaw by name, who has rendered financial services of one kind and another to most of the royal houses between Suez and Singapore. As there was some delay in obtaining the currency in the required form, Mr. Dinshaw courteously suggested that I wait in his own apartments which, as is the custom in the East, were above his business premises.

The room in which he left me was a revelation of Oriental luxury: the floor strewn with priceless Persian carpets, the walls hung with Kashmir shawls and Indian embroideries, the massive teakwood furniture carved by cunning Chinese craftsmen; and *objets d'art* in gold, silver, ivory—most of them, I gathered from the inscriptions, gifts from grateful sultans, emirs, and maharajahs—scattered everywhere, so that the place resembled a museum rather than a drawing-room.

In a vain attempt to keep out the terrific heat of midday every door and window had been tightly closed and, as a consequence, the atmosphere was stifling. So, hoping to get a breath of fresher air, I unbolted and threw wide the ponderous iron-studded door which gave upon a broad lattice-inclosed gallery. As the door swung open I received one of the shocks of my life for, standing on the opposite side of the threshold, not four feet away, was an enormous Nubian lion. The great beast was so close that I could feel its fetid breath upon my face. For a single startled instant I stared incredulously into that majestic leonine countenance with its smoldering eyes and frame of tawny hair. Then I crashed shut the door and leaned against it panting, while from beyond the sturdy panels rose a deep, reverberating roar which seemed to shake the house to its foundations. When my host entered the room a moment later he found me helping myself—with a hand that shook a little, I imagine—from a convenient decanter.

"I'm sorry that you were startled," he said solicitously, "but Menelik doesn't like strangers, though with members of the family he's as gentle as a kitten. The Emperor of Abyssinia sent him to me as a present a year or so ago, when he was only a cub, in recognition of a little favor I was able to do him. But he's getting too large to have around the house much longer and I'm afraid that I shall have to get rid of him, though I hate to do it because the children are so fond of him."

The next day as my steamer skirted the coast of Africa I could discern quite clearly a wall of purple mountains rising against the western sky. Beyond that mighty rampart, I knew, lay Abyssinia. Then and there I determined to avail myself of the first opportunity which offered to visit that mysterious and little-known land. A country whose ruler expressed his gratitude by gifts of lions—just as European monarchs reward those who serve them with gold cigarette cases and jeweled scarf-pins and decorations—was, I argued, bound to be interesting. And the strange stories that

reached my ears from time to time during the years which followed, of the great black empire hidden behind the ranges—stories as fantastic as were ever conceived in the brain of a novelist—served still further to whet my curiosity and stimulate my imagination.

I had been told that in visiting Abyssinia I should enjoy the unique experience of drawing back the curtains of time for a dozen centuries, of passing at a step from the modern world into the Dark Ages. Word-pictures had been painted for me of a land where feudal nobles rode abroad followed by retinues of squires and men-at-arms, where men went into battle carrying spear and shield, where priests in golden crowns danced before the Ark of the Covenant to the clash of sistra and the throb of drums, where warriors ate raw steaks cut from the flanks of living animals and washed down their sanguinary meal with goblets of mead, where the Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was still literally observed, where the hands and feet of criminals were hacked off by public executioners in the market place, and where the trees bore human fruit. So I set out on my journey hopefully. Hope was all I had. There was no certainty, but I knew that if romance and adventure persisted on an earth which is fast becoming utterly prosaic, they must be found in this mystery-enshrouded land.

Two weeks to a day after the gilt Virgin of Notre Dame de la Garde had lost itself to view amid the mists above Marseilles, there rose out of the Gulf of Aden a slender yellow band—the coast of French Somaliland. I have seen that shoreline many times but it never fails to bring me a thrill of mystery, of anticipation. A low, treeless, sandy coast, it is nevertheless the seaboard of the Africa of Speke, Burton, Baker, Livingstone, Stanley, and Gordon; of Mahomet Ali, Cetewayo, Lobenguela, Tippoo Tib, Menelik, Raisuli; of explorers, slave traders, gun runners, and ivory hunters; of nomad, pygmy, cannibal, and bushman. To any man with a spark of romance or adventure in his soul it spells starlit nights on the desert, the wind on the high veldt, quaint byways in ancient Arab cities, the clamor of the dim bazaars, canoe journeys down jungle-bordered rivers, the full moon above a forest clearing, the feel of the

SENESCHAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR MENELIK

He combines the old and the new by carrying a shield and a pair of field-glasses.

hot sun on one's back, the snarl of camels, the smell of sweat-soaked leather, the creak of saddle gear.

Our port of debarkation was Djibouti, the port of French Somaliland and the gateway to Abyssinia—a collection of low buildings, white and rectangular as so many pieces of cut sugar, scattered along a yellow foreshore upon which the great combers rolling in from the Indian Ocean break in thunder and lacy foam. On a little rise above a U-shaped bay a bougainvillea-smothered bungalow, which I rightly assumed to be the palace of the governor, peered seaward from amid a small cluster of acacias—this solitary patch of verdure affording the only relief to eyes dazzled by white-washed walls and sun-drenched sand. Behind the town, beyond the broad semicircle of orange-and-black desert which hems it in on the landward side, range upon range of purple mountains piled themselves against a hot blue sky with the unreality of a backdrop in a theater.

THE EMPRESS AND PRINCE REGENT OF ABYSSINIA

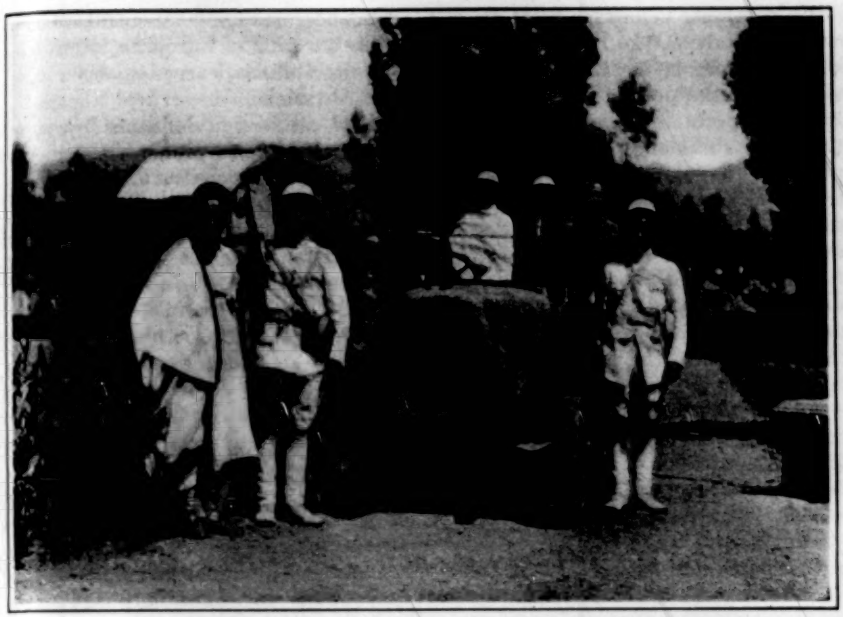
It is slightly less than eight hundred kilometers by the Franco-Ethiopian Railway from Djibouti to Addis Abeba, the capital of Abyssinia, and owing to the predilection of the Somali and Danakil tribesmen for raiding the line and stealing the rails and telegraph wire (which makes it unsafe to operate the trains at night), and to the fact that to reach the Abyssinian plateau the train has to climb eight thousand feet, the journey occupies three days. At Daounlé where a concrete pillar and a small hill-fort mark the boundary between French territory and Ethiopian, the hot and dreadful desert that is French Somaliland is left behind and thence onward the journey is one of unremitting interest. It is an amazing country. Torn and twisted by convulsions of Nature, its barren ridges covered with thick blankets of volcanic scoria through which run deep, long furrows, it looks as though the Devil had attempted to plough this African inferno but had given up the task in despair.

Twelve hours after leaving Djibouti our train came to a halt before the rather pretentious station of Diré-Dawa, a pleasant little town situated in the midst of a prosperous coffee-growing section and the nearest point on the rail-

way to the important city of Harar. The scene of confusion which marks the arrival of the semi-weekly train at Diré-Dawa is indescribable. It is a cross between a Dublin riot and a Democratic national convention. As the train came to a stop it was engulfed by a mob of jostling, shouting Abyssinians (nearly every man armed with a rifle or a spear) come to welcome relatives and friends, to obtain employment as porters, or from idle curiosity. Half-a-dozen burly fellows, who claimed to be porters from the local caravanserai, invaded our compartment and, ignoring my orders to clear out, began tossing our luggage through the windows to their fellow-brigands outside. But just as I was about to resort to more drastic measures I heard above the tumult the *thwack, thwack, thwack* of rhino-hide whips falling upon bare shoulders, and the next moment a tall, dignified Abyssinian, wrapped in the white *chamma* which is the universal dress of the country, and carrying a rifle, two knives, a revolver, and an enormous sword, and followed by a detachment of soldiers who were distinguishable as such only by the red-green-and-yellow rosettes upon their khaki helmets, appeared at the carriage door. He was, he explained in halting French, the vice-governor of Harar, who, it appeared, had been notified by telegraph from Addis Abeba of our impending arrival. This official, to whom everyone paid the utmost deference, promptly took us in charge and, preceded by a long line of porters bearing on their heads our luggage, and surrounded by a cordon of soldiers who literally cut a pathway through the milling mob with their whips, we set off on foot for the hotel a quarter of a mile away, for there are no wheeled vehicles in Diré-Dawa.

The second day's journey took us along the foot of the Tchertcher Mountains to the suspension bridge which spans the mighty chasm through which thunders the Hawsh, that strange river which traverses half of Abyssinia only to die in the sands before it can reach the sea. To the north the great peaks of Assabot and Afdam rise in purple majesty against a cloudless sky. Twisting in and out through gloomy glens and over lonely gorges, the train toils slowly upward, now breaking through vegetation that brushes the sides of the cars, now crawling timorously along a narrow shelf cut from the face of the cliff, "with a drop into nothing below you as far as a beggar can spit." That night we spent in the rest-house at Hawsh, inappropriately named, however, for rest was made impossible by the barking of hyenas and the eerie laughter of jackals scavengering just outside the compound, while occasionally, from beside the river, came the bass voice of a lion.

As we approached our destination the traffic on the dirt highroad which parallels the railway enormously increased—droves of donkeys laden with the products of farm and forest, long strings of pack mules, interminable files of swaying camels, natives afoot and on horseback and astride of gaily caparisoned mules, the sun glittering on the tips of their spears and the barrels of their rifles. The throngs along the tracks steadily became denser, for the arrival of the semi-weekly train is distinctly an event in Addis Abeba, until we were running through a lane formed by human beings, all clad in spotless white. So tranquil was the demeanor of the people (despite their show of weapons), so peaceful the setting that I began to wonder how much truth there was in the grim, fantastic stories I had heard. But these doubts were quickly resolved when, leaning from the carriage window as we were forging slowly through the outer precincts of the city, my attention was arrested by a curious wooden framework, not unlike the children's swings erected in public playgrounds, its gaunt outline silhouetted against the crimsoning sky. As we drew nearer I could discern, hanging from the cross-bar, a rope with a noose at its end. Those who swing from that beam do not do so for pleasure.



THE FAVORITE MOTOR CAR OF THE ABYSSINIAN REGENT

Two of his ministers are in the rear seat; the guards are armed with American machine guns.

I have seen all, or nearly all, of the world's capitals, but not one of them is more picturesquely situated, to my way of thinking, than Addis Abeba. Built on the slopes of a great green valley, hemmed in on every side by tremendous mountains that sweep up range on range to meet the sky—so completely is the city embowered in eucalyptus trees that comparatively few buildings are to be seen, the only ones which catch the eye from afar being the octagonal church of St. George and the wall-encircled collection of palaces, offices, barracks, and stables atop of a commanding hill which is the *gibbi* of the Empress and the seat of government. Everything else is hidden beneath a mass of gray-green foliage.

Addis Abeba is one of those places of which it is almost impossible to draw a satisfactory word-picture. Certainly it is like no other African town that I know, though it is vaguely reminiscent of certain other cities without actually resembling them. Thus its vast market place inevitably reminds one of the *maidans* of Tehran and Kermanshah; the narrow, tortuous, ill-paved streets, lined with the stalls and booths of Indian and Arab merchants, are suggestive of India and Mesopotamia; the dense groves of eucalyptus, the stretches of brilliant greensward, the winding roads, the gorgeous gardens recall Montecito in California; the white villas of the Europeans are those common to the Mediterranean; but the *tukuls*—the mud-walled, thatch-roofed huts of the natives—are distinctly African. Straggling over an enormous area, possessing few substantial buildings and none of any architectural merit, destitute of pavements, sidewalks, water, lighting, or sewage system, it looks like a city that has gradually expanded to its present proportions from a military encampment. And that is precisely what it is. For Addis Abeba—the name means "the New Flower"—is a new city. Thirty years ago there was no such place.

In 1896, just before his great conflict with the Italians, the Emperor Menelik was encamped in the Entoto Hills near the site of the present city. Charmed by the superb situation, the numerous trees, the abundance of water, and the peculiarly happy climate, he announced that if in the forthcoming struggle victory alighted upon his banners he would return here and establish his capital. After the decisive victory at Adowa, pursuant to his promise, he came back to the spot that had captured his fancy and there established the imperial residence and the seat of government. The chief beauty of the place, its trees, was soon threatened with extinction, however, by the hordes of soldiers who accompanied the ruler and who, with the improvidence so characteristic of the African, began cutting them by the wholesale for building purposes and firewood. But Menelik, who was no ordinary African ruler, saved the situation by a wholesale introduction of eucalyptus or blue-gum trees, commanding that they be planted by everyone, everywhere, thousands and thousands of them, and that cutting was to be strictly regulated. On the Abyssinian plateau these trees grow with remarkable rapidity, sometimes as much as twelve feet in a year, so that in a surprisingly short time what promised to become a treeless, barren hillside was transformed into a forest, the foliage of which lasts the whole year round.

Abyssinia is a trying country for those who despise the colored races. It is no place for a Southerner or for an Englishman who has lived in the East. Those who purpose to visit the country must be prepared to lay all racial prejudices aside, or at least to keep them under cover, and to accept the fact as gracefully as possible that in Ethiopia the Ethiopian is "the top dog" and is perfectly conscious of that fact. The country belongs to the natives; all power is in their hands; the white man is merely an immigrant and, from the Abyssinian standpoint, not a particularly desirable one. Extremely proud of their independence, savagely resentful of anything savoring of European interference (as the Italians learned to their cost), the Abyssinians have kept themselves free of all foreign influence by steadfastly refusing to grant concessions to foreigners or to contract foreign loans; Abyssinia being the only country in the world, with the possible exception of Afghanistan, which has no national debt.

Though the Abyssinians are noticeably dark, often black, it should be remembered that they are not negroes—if by negroes is meant people of Hamitic descent, such as the tribes of Equatorial Africa. Though in many cases there is an obvious admixture of negro blood due to intermarriage with the negroid tribes along their borders, the Abyssinians are of Semitic descent—Caucasians, like the Jews, whom in feature they strikingly resemble. The universality of this misconception was amusingly illustrated some years ago by a visit paid to the Emperor Menelik by a young Haitian of good family—a full-blooded negro. This enterprising young man conceived the happy idea of securing the support of the Ethiopian ruler for a program for the general amelioration of the negro race. To him it seemed extremely appropriate that the greatest black man in the world should become the honorary president of the projected organization. The old emperor is said to have listened patiently to the Haitian's plan, finally replying with that dry humor which was characteristic of him: "Yours is a most excellent idea, my young friend. I heartily approve of your scheme and I wish you the greatest possible success. But in asking me to accept the presidency of your society you are knocking at the wrong door, as it were. For you evidently do not realize that I am not a negro at all; I am a Caucasian."

Of the curious sights which constantly cause the traveler in Abyssinia to rub his eyes and wonder if he is dreaming, the most curious are those connected with the administration of justice, which, in that fantastic land, frequently

assumes the most astonishing forms. One day while riding in the outskirts of the capital I came upon a pair of pedestrians strolling down the middle of the road. Wrapped in the white *chammas* worn by Abyssinians of all classes, they were sauntering in such close proximity to each other that they appeared to be the most intimate of friends. Not until the sharp clatter of my pony's hoofs, as I approached from behind, caused them abruptly to take to the side of the road did I discover that their intimacy was, as it were, enforced: the bond which held them so closely together being not friendship, as I had assumed, but a foot or so of stout steel chain.

"A policeman taking a prisoner to jail, I suppose," I remarked to my companion, an Englishman who had lived in Abyssinia for years.

"Not at all," was the matter-of-fact answer. "A debtor and his creditor out for a stroll.

"In Abyssinia, you must understand," he explained in response to my expression of astonishment, "judgments and foreclosures and similar legal proceedings are quite unknown. Here the law is a short-cut to justice and not a detour to avoid it, as is frequently the case at home. When a man owes a debt and either can't or won't pay it, the creditor applies to a court, which 'gives him the hand' of the debtor. In other words, instead of applying for an attachment against the property of the man who owes him, the creditor adopts the more direct method of attaching the delinquent's hand—to his own. From then until the debt is settled—usually by the debtor's relatives or friends—the two wander about like Siamese twins, the right hand of one linked to the left hand of the other."

THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN ADDIS ABEBA

The penal code of Abyssinia is frankly based on the Mosaic law and very drastic are its penalties. Highway robbery is punishable by the loss of a hand or a foot—"If thine right hand offend thee, cut it off" say the Scriptures—while for murder or manslaughter the penalty is death, usually by hanging. As all death sentences must be approved by the Prince Regent before being carried out, it frequently happens that a number of criminals are executed at the same time After one of these periodic jail-cleanings, therefore, every gallows in the city has a ghastly tassel swinging from it—even the gnarled branches of the giant sycamore that stands before the Church of St. George are heavy with their human fruit.

But the death penalty does not always take the form of hanging, for, according to the "eye for an eye" doctrine, should the family of the murdered person demand it the murderer must be handed over to them to die the same death that he inflicted on his victim. In such cases if the murderer used a knife he dies by the knife; if a rifle or revolver, he receives a fatal dose of lead; if he choked his victim to death, he is himself

strangled. An example of this poetic justice occurred while I was in Addis Abeba, a native having been sentenced to death for having shot a Greek. As the deceased had no relatives to avenge him, the condemned man was conducted by soldiers to the spot in a dry river-bed where the crime had been committed and there the tragedy was reënacted, the murderer this time being the victim.

A literal observance of the Mosaic Law is sometimes not without its difficulties, however, as was exemplified by an amusing case which occurred during the reign of Menelik. A man engaged in trimming a tree fell from the branch on which he was seated and, though himself uninjured, broke the neck of another passing underneath. Though it was obviously an accident, the relatives of the dead man nevertheless demanded the infliction of the death penalty which, as I have remarked, is imposed for manslaughter as well as murder.

"So be it," announced the emperor when the case was brought before him for final decision. "If they insist upon having the life of this man their demand must be granted, for such is the law of the land. But mark you, they must take it according to the law. The accused shall take his place beneath the tree where the accident occurred and a member of the dead man's family shall climb the tree and fall upon him. I have spoken."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the relatives accepted blood money, an alternative which is permitted in such cases.

There is an informality about the administration of justice in Abyssinia which is in striking contrast to the complicated and ponderous legal machinery of more highly civilized lands. Minor civil actions are tried in what might be described as *al fresco* courts, which form a picturesque feature of street life in Addis Abeba and other Abyssinian towns. These singular tribunals are not held in a courtroom or hall of justice, but instead the court sits in a shady spot beside the road, in the open market place, or as Robin Hood sat in judgment beneath the greenwood tree. Still more extraordinary from our point of view, there are no regularly appointed judges in such cases, for any passerby may be called upon to act in such capacity; nor are there any professional lawyers in the country, every man arguing his own case.

Owing to a curious chain of political events there is to-day what amounts to a dual government in Abyssinia. The titular ruler is the Empress Zauditu, a daughter of the late Emperor Menelik, who was given the imperial crown in 1916 upon the deposition of the youthful Emperor Lij Yasu (her nephew and a grandson of Menelik) who was overthrown by his infuriated subjects because of his leanings toward Islam. The real power, however, is in the hands of the Prince Regent, Ras Tafari Makonnen, who is also the Heir Apparent—Zauditu having been forced to divorce her husband and to agree never to remarry before she was given the throne. Though she lives in the strictest seclusion, rarely receiving foreigners, she exercises by virtue of the Menelik tradition a not inconsiderable influence, being regarded as the leader of the reactionary element while Ras Tafari is the standard bearer of the party of progress and reform. This means, of course, two sets of advisers and courtiers, and it also results in a vast amount of intrigue and considerable friction. Though Ras Tafari has the loyal support of the more progressive Rases and chieftains, he also has numerous and powerful enemies, a fact which caused his advisers to oppose his tour of Europe in the spring of 1924 on the ground that his opponents would avail themselves of his absence from the country to precipitate a revolution. But Ras Tafari solved the difficulty by inviting his enemies to accompany him, an invitation which they did not dare to decline.

Though it has been my privilege to have known many rulers, some of them rather intimately, I can recall none who so looks and acts the monarch as Ras

Tafari. Somewhat below medium height, slenderly built, with a full black beard, a clear olive skin, and the saddest yet most penetrating eyes I have ever seen, he is, as a friend of mine remarked, "a black replica of Jesus of Nazareth." Always friendly, always sympathetic, with a keen sense of humor and a quick appreciation of a joke, I can no more imagine him encouraging familiarity than I could the late President Wilson. During the numerous occasions on which I was invited to the palace we discussed pretty nearly everything from baseball to bolshevism. Only once was I embarrassed. In discussing his proposed visit to the United States—a visit which was abandoned because the Department of State failed to send him an invitation—he asked me bluntly how colored visitors were received in America. Now Ras Tafari, though not black, is undeniably colored in the ordinary meaning of the term; so, remembering the attitude of certain elements of our population (notably the Ku Klux Klan), I sidestepped an embarrassing subject by upsetting my coffee cup, thereby bringing that particular line of conversation to an end. Months later, in the illustrated papers I saw pictures of the Ras riding down the Champs Elysées with the President of France and visiting King George at Buckingham Palace. We are a curiously narrow-minded and intolerant people in many respects, we Americans.

Before leaving America I had been told at the Department of State that it is customary for visitors to Abyssinia to take gifts to the country's ruler. Now, though I have been so fortunate as to receive gifts from royalty on various occasions, I had never before found it necessary to myself make presents to the Lord's Anointed. A cigar or cigarette case was out of the question, for I had been informed that at the Ethiopian court the use of tobacco was frowned upon. However, I found later that this is no longer so, the Ras providing his guests with excellent Egyptians and

AN ABYSSINIAN OUTDOOR COURT—WITHOUT JUDGES OR LAWYERS
Notice on the sign the Ear of Justice, the Scales, and the Book of Judgment.

Havanas; but things were not always thus, for the Emperor Theodore commanded that those found using tobacco should have their lips cut off. Field glasses, phonographs, cameras, watches, motion-picture outfits, and the like—all these the Ras already possessed, I assumed. In fact, the storerooms of the palace are piled to the roof with the gifts that have been sent him by European governments or brought him by visitors. So after looking over the field I decided on a Thompson sub-machine gun, a marvelous little weapon with a rate-of-fire of a thousand shots a minute, yet so compact that it can be carried in an ordinary suitcase. When I spoke about it to friends on the General Staff they assured me that it was the last word in automatic weapons.

SOMALI AND DANAKIL TRIBESMEN WATCHING THE TRAIN

On the occasion of our first reception at the palace, after tea had been served, I motioned to one of the chamberlains who advanced bearing the case containing my gift and the packages of ammunition. Ras Tafari appeared extremely gratified and interested, requesting me to explain the uses of the weapon and to demonstrate its mechanism. It was quite evident from the keen interest he displayed that I had been fortunate enough to hit on a gift that really pleased him. Imagine my astonishment then, when some weeks later, upon going to the palace for a farewell audience, I found a guard of honor drawn up at the entrance, every man armed with a Thompson machine gun!

"Where on earth did you get them?" I asked the Master of Ceremonies. "I supposed that the one I gave the Ras was the first of its kind ever seen in Abyssinia."

"Not at all," was the complacent answer. "We received a consignment of them nearly six months ago. His Highness has agents in Europe and America whose business it is to send him the latest inventions in firearms."

Because he wished us to see something of the real Abyssinia, the Ras arranged a *safari* into the western hinterland. As it is used in Africa to-day, the word *safari* applies to any sort of an expedition. You can go on *safari* in automobiles or ox-carts, afoot or on a camel, horseback or astride a mule. We used one of the Ras's motors—there are less than a dozen cars in the whole empire—until the road ran out and the bush began; there we exchanged the popular modern method

SOMALI WOMEN FROM THE PROVINCE OF SHOA

of transportation for the four-footed conveyances which have been used in Africa since traveling began. There is no space here for the story of that *safari*, barring a single episode—our remarkable reception by the monks of Addis Alam.

Addis Alam, a most charming little village in the western hills, is the seat of one of the largest monasteries in Abyssinia, where dwell some two hundred monks and priests under a bishop or *abouna*, a charming old gentleman of ninety-six who had been a friend and adviser of all the rulers of Abyssinia as far back as the Emperor Theodore. Within an hour after our tents had been pitched beneath the spreading sycamores outside the town he came to call upon us, bringing the traditional gifts of sheep, wild honey, and *tej*, the latter a highly intoxicating drink fermented from honey, being identical, it is claimed, with the mead of the ancient Saxons.

Be it understood that Abyssinia is a Christian country. Not only that, but the Abyssinians were practicing the creed of the Nazarene when our ancestors were worshipping Thor and Odin, the nation having accepted Christianity barely three centuries after the Crucifixion. They have a church of their own in Rome, a monastery in Jerusalem, and explorers in the Libyan Desert have discovered Ethiopian monasteries and religious records of extreme antiquity.

I had mentioned to Ras Tafari my disappointment at missing the Dance of the Priests, one of the most curious and colorful religious pageants in the world, which is held in the capital once yearly at the Feast of Maskal. Picture my surprise and satisfaction then when I was informed by the *Abouna* that, acting upon the suggestion of the Prince Regent, the ancient ritual was to be performed the following morning for our special benefit.

The spot selected for the dance could not have been improved upon: a level stretch of brilliant greensward before the monastery church—a curious, cubical structure, its outer walls decorated with elaborate floral designs or primitives illustrating episodes in the Scriptures. Upward of two hundred monks participated in the procession which inaugurated the ceremonies. And what a procession! I have witnessed many picturesque scenes in the quarter-century I have spent in quest of the un-

usual, but none of them equalled this in magnificence of costuming, in gorgeousness of color. At the head of the cortege, beneath a scarlet parasol borne by an attendant, paced the *Abouna*, an old, old man wrapped in an ample cloak of purple satin, his white beard and snowy headcloth recalling the patriarchs of Scripture. After him in single file passed ten young monks clad in robes of silk, of satin, and of velvet, heavy with silver-and-gold lace and literally incrusted with jewels, each wearing on his head a massive golden crown and accompanied by an attendant carrying a gorgeous umbrella. They symbolized, I was told, the Ten Commandments. And after them came an interminable procession of monks and priests, some in garments of amazing colors—burnt orange, emerald green, turquoise blue, crimson, violet, vermilion—and others, the neophytes I imagine, in spotless white with veils over their faces; some bore golden crucifixes set with jewels and others wandlike "prayer sticks" of ebony and silver, and all of them carried silver sistra like those used by the ancient Egyptians, which they clashed in tinkling chorus. After twice completing the circuit of the church—the doors of which had been thrown open so that we could glimpse the Holy of Holies, within which stands the Ark of the Covenant—they formed in two long lines facing each other and the dance itself began. The music was provided by a number of enormous drums, the shape and size of barrels, whose leathern ends when smitten with a sweeping motion of the hand gave forth a sound like distant thunder. Slowly the two ranks approached each other, the monks swaying their bodies from the hips, clashing their sistra, and chanting in Geez, the sacred language. Louder and louder swelled the chant; faster and faster shook the sistra, clashing like the castanets of Spanish dancers; deeper and deeper boomed the thundering drums, more ecstasied became the movements of the dancers, the ritual attaining its apogee in a series of falsetto cries like the whoops of dance-crazed Indians.

And so we left them to their ancient rites—unchanged, no doubt, since the priests of Solomon danced before the Ark of the Covenant in the Great Temple—and rode slowly down the verdant hill-slopes toward the dark forest that lay beyond. Long after we had disappeared amid its trees there came to us, adown the wind, the thunder of the drums of Judah.

MONOTONE

BY DANIEL KELLEY

THE stone has broken with the last slow drop
Of the eaves water; the bent leafless tree
Has fallen in the wind from off its prop;
The dream, by long neglect, grown mute in me.

The stones will go where there is wall to mend;
The wood be cut up for the winter fire;
Since in this life use never comes to end,
Remembrance may, in sleep, again inspire.

Touching these things, hereafter, none will guess
The bit of stone once drank the sweet of rain·
The black log bloomed in far-off loveliness;
And my heart sang, not utterly in vain.

THE ELDER BROTHER

A Story

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

LAST week my landlady said in the midst of the evening meal, "You must see to it that you are early to your dinner to-morrow night, Josef Vitek, for I have a great treat in store for you."

Now hearing my landlady talk thus I felt sure that she was planning some brave dish, and so to plague her I answered:

"I am not sure that I shall be here at all. My Greek friend is to celebrate his name-day and he has said something to me about a feast."

"His name-day!" cried my landlady in scorn, for she cares little for my Greek friend. "And what unmannerly thing is that, I should like to know? In Alsace we have no such foolishness."

"Nor in my country, either . . . . But it seems it stands in place of a birthday. And it falls upon the day called after the saint a man is named for."

"Do not tell me," my landlady cried out, "that such a stupid lout is named for a saint!"

"Well," I retorted gravely, "since he is a Christian what else is left? . . . You would not have him named for the devil?"

At this my landlady put two hands upon her hips and wagged her old head from one side to another. "Christian, indeed! Then why does he not have a birthday like decent folks?"

"Perhaps he does," I answered. "That I do not know. But is there anything to prevent one having a name-day, too? . . . And think how many, being named for the same saint, feast upon the same day? It is almost as good as Easter or Christmas. . . No, I do not agree with you: for my part I think it is a good arrangement. And what is more, I should say that any excuse for feasting serves a good turn."

"To hear you talk, Josef Vitek, one would fancy that you were worn down to a shadow with lean living. . . . I do not know what sort of outlandish fare your Greek friend can provide you, but if you are willing to risk it I suppose there is no more to be said."

I looked at my landlady out of the corner of my eye. Her face was very red and in a moment I thought she might have wept from her disappointment and anger. Yet the longer her vexation, the more happily I knew she would smile in the end, so I said:

"I know some of the things he will serve me: broth of chicken with a taste of lemon and little bitter-sweet olives in the Greek fashion. And like as not, lamb baked with eggplant. And rice fried in butter. And in the end a curd of goat's milk."

"And you call that a feast? Lamb and bitter olives and goat's-milk curd? . . . Shall I tell you what you would have at my table? Well then, a roast duck with noodles for one thing. And a batter pudding with all manner of preserves in the center for another. To say nothing of nuts and raisins and little red apples with your coffee. If you can match that anywhere in San Francisco, well and good. But for my part I would not trade so much as the little red apples for anything you have named me."

Now my landlady had named everything that she knew was my delight and there was so much sorrow bound up in her anger that I put up my finger as if an idea suddenly had come to me, and I replied:

"Now that I think on it, my Greek friend's name-day is a week from to-morrow! So I shall have both feasts!" And I threw back my head, laughing.

With that my landlady gave me a merry box on the ears and cried out gayly:

"Josef Vitek, you are a trial and no mistake! Fancy what a scare you gave me! Here was I, with a duck all dressed and ready for to-morrow's roasting, and noodles freshly rolled and cut into thin strips, and a guest all invited! Well, that which ends happily ends best."

"A guest!" cried I. "Now that is as it should be. And pray what is his name?"

"*His* name! Do you not think that one man at my table is worry enough? Besides I have only a single duck. Nay, this guest which I have invited is a woman. Not just any woman, mind you, but one who has a rare gift. For if everything is as it should be with her, at the end of the meal she can look into your teacup and tell you whatever the future has in store for you."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Can it be that you are asking a gipsy to sup with you?"

At this my landlady's face grew red again. "Do you think I am quite a fool, Josef Vitek? I have not lived a decent life these many years to end by sitting at the same table with a thieving witch."

"Well," I answered, "I am glad of that. But in Bohemia we have gipsies for such traffic. Although there was once an old woman in Polna, where I was born, who could tell marvelous things with a strand cut from your hair . . . In a teacup, did you say? Yes, come to think of it, gipsies look at your palm or they spread out cards before them."

"As my guest can do also if she has the mind for it. Indeed, there are no end to the pleasant things she can tell you, any way she chooses."

"If they be only pleasant things then it is well," said I. "But I remember that once my mother sent the strand from a lock of my sister's hair to the woman I told you of. And she sent back word: In less than a twelvemonth the child will die. And so it was."

"Well, what better can one expect from one who tells a fortune from a strand of human hair?" demanded my landlady. "For my part I should say that such a creature was in league with the devil. Doubtless she bewitched this sister of yours. And you must know, Josef Vitek, that there are such things as vampires."

"Vampires!" I repeated. "And what are they, pray?"

And with that my landlady told me so many stories concerning them that I forgot to eat the apple tart which she had set before me and I had to run all the way to my evening baking.

I was so late to my task that all my comrades were at their places when I entered, short of breath from my running, and my Greek friend who worked beside me looked up and said:

"What is the matter, Josef Vitek? One would think that you had seen your grandfather's ghost."

"Well," I answered, laughing, "and if I had, I should certainly not run from it. For, as I remember, my grandfather was a kindly old man and his ghost would be a very gentle ghost, I am sure.' But," I went on, recalling my landlady's tales, "I could not have run faster if I had met a vampire."

At this my Greek friend turned pale. "Hush, Josef Vitek!" he cried. "It is not good for a Christian to so much as mention such creatures. For you must have heard the dreadful things they do."

"Ah, then you have them in Greece, too! And are they the same sort that my landlady talks of: lost souls who

rise up from their graves at midnight to drain the heart's blood from a man?"

"Yes," whispered my Greek friend, "they are the same in every country. And the worst of it is, you could not guess it if you saw one. At midnight, did you say? . . . Josef Vitek, they may *rise* from their graves at that hour but when they return is another matter. They are abroad at all seasons and they are always very beautiful, so that a man loses his heart to them. . . ."

"Can you mean," asked I, "that there are no ugly ones, nor any men among them?"

"If there are I have yet to hear of it. I have a friend who has great knowledge of them. He is a seventh son and has the gift of discerning things that others cannot see. If one can trust his report, their lips are always red and their eyes two burning coals. And when all other wiles fail they let down great strands of blue-black hair to lure a man with its perfume. And they have little sharp white teeth."

"Barring the little sharp white teeth," said I, "they have a pleasant sound."

"They have, indeed!" replied my Greek friend, turning away with a shudder.

And with that I whipped off my coat and began to toss from the mixing pails enough dough for my first kneading.

All night as I plied my trade I thought about fortune tellers, and seventh sons, and vampires with little sharp white teeth, until these things were all mixed up in my mind like the very dough which finally I pushed into the oven. I wondered what this friend of my landlady would be like: an old gnarled witchlike creature or something dark and flashing in the manner of a young gipsy? And I watched my Greek friend going about his tasks with the bitter smile that is usually on his red lips turned to grave silence.

All this made me solemn also, but in the end I said to myself:

"Josef Vitek, do not be a fool! There are no such things as vampires abroad. This landlady of yours is full of such old-wives' tales. And as for your Greek friend, he is a sly dog and has stooped to many a trick to give himself a laugh at the expense of another. Even now he is probably thinking, 'What sport to watch this simpleton from Polna swallow however large a dish of lies I set before him!' "

And I went home in the early morning light, misty as it usually is in San Francisco, whistling gayly; so that my landlady, meeting me at the threshold, said:

"That is right, my son. Be happy while there is time for it. For no one knows what is in the future."

To which I replied, laughing:

"But to-night, at your table, I shall learn everything."

"So much the more reason," she answered, "that you sing now at daybreak."

"But I thought this friend of yours told only pleasant things."

My landlady looked at me and shook her head. "When you are as old as I am, Josef Vitek, you will learn that bitterness lies at the bottom of every sweet cup."

"If there is only sweetness at the beginning," I said, "I shall be content."

To which she made answer:

"So think we all until the draught is drained."

Now this friend of my landlady who told only pleasant fortunes was neither a gnarled old witch nor a brown gipsy. She was very beautiful, with flashing eyes and bright red lips and hair as sleek and shining as the wing of a blackbird.

Her name was Elena and when she looked into my teacup she said:

"Josef Vitek, there is much sweetness in store for you. . . . And a tear or two!" And she smiled in a curious way that hid her teeth.

But teacup fortunes were not to her taste, so she called to my landlady for a deck of cards.

"Now, Josef Vitek," she commanded, "shuffle these cards and cut them three times and make a wish, and then we shall see what we shall see."

To shuffle the cards and to cut them was no great matter, but when it came to wishing there was much time wasted; for at once a flood of wishes crowded in upon me and, try as I would, I could not tell which to decide upon.

"Come, now," said my landlady impatiently, "you are holding everything back! There must be a thousand things a youth like you can wish for!"

"That is just it!" I cried. "A thousand things to wish for and only one wish!"

But in the end I said to myself, "Josef Vitek, if you wish just to be happy you will do well. For to be happy is to get every wish no matter how many." And I laughed to myself, thinking how clever I was, and straightway I cut the cards three times.

Then Elena spread out the cards before her and from the beginning she began to see marvelous things: journeys by land and water, pieces of money, an envious friend, and much feasting. I kept my counsel until she named this last circumstance and at once I cried out to my landlady:

"See, this is the name-day of my Greek friend which has turned up in the cards. Now if that is not wonderful I should like to know what is!"

To which my landlady replied:

"Not a bit more wonderful than the envious friend. If he is not that heathenish Greek, then I have never heard a fortune told in my life."

As for Elena, she kept on sorting and discarding and turning up cards, and all the while finding astonishing things. But when it came to the matter of my wish she shook her head, saying:

"Sometimes your wish seems in your hand and then it vanishes. . . . No, I have never seen quite the like of it before—to come and go in this fashion!"

"Well," thought I, "nobody can be always happy!" And I remembered Miriam whom I had loved. And I sighed as I had done that first evening when she had let me buy her a sweetmeat in the Greek coffee-house where she had danced.

As I sighed, the woman before me threw away the cards and looked straight into my eyes so that I felt a pleasant chill run over me. And she said again, smiling her discreet smile that concealed her teeth:

"Josef Vitek, give me your hands palms upward. For your real fortune is withheld from the cards as it was from the teacup."

So I gave her my hands palms upward, and she bent them back with her cool touch, and again that pleasant chill ran over me, and again she turned two burning eyes upon me as she said:

"You have a cold heart, Josef Vitek. And there are many women who will weep because of you. But there is one woman that stands out from all the rest: she shall sit at table with you one night as I do here. And she shall hold your hand thus and her heart will beat fast, as mine does!"

With that she brought my hands up to her breast and I felt the beating of her heart, and at once the pleasant chill which had swept me changed to fire and I felt my cheeks burn as I heard my landlady saying in a cold voice:

"Come, drink your coffee, Josef Vitek! . . . We have had enough of fortune telling for one evening."

Now as soon as my landlady had spoken thus I remembered that it was time to go to work and I rose from the table. And at once Elena rose also, saying:

"If you are going in my direction, Josef Vitek, I shall walk with you."

At these words my landlady frowned, motioning me with her head against the invitation. But I thought to myself, "What concern can it be of hers whom I walk with to my work? I am no goose to be herded hither and thither!"

So I answered without looking at my landlady:

"Whatever is your direction is mine!"

And I waited while she covered herself in a cloak colored like a flame.

We went out into the night, but my landlady did not so much as follow us to the door. I felt ashamed to see her treat a guest so, and at the foot of the stairs I said to my companion:

"My landlady never follows anyone to the door at night. The chill air is not good for her."

"Night is for youth, Josef Vitek!" she replied. And I felt her hand touch mine.

I felt her hand touch mine and it was as if Miriam had touched me, only with a difference: this touch set me shivering. Yet I did not feel cold. And while I was still pondering this strange circumstance, she said:

"Josef Vitek, which way shall we walk?"

"Wherever you will!" I answered, scarcely knowing what I said.

We turned our steps in the opposite direction from what should have been my course. But somehow my night's task at the bakery where I work seemed very far away, like a tale that had been told. And presently we stood upon the top of a hill in a little public square with a plume of cypress trees upon its crest. And San Francisco lay before us, twinkling its thousand eyes.

Then Elena said to me softly, "Josef Vitek, you are a cold youth and no mistake . . . Come closer."

But instead of obeying her, I drew back as if a cold wind had touched me. And with that she gave a toss of her head as one does who is displeased and her blue-black hair fell in a dark shower over her shoulders. Her blue-black hair fell in a dark shower over her shoulders and a strange perfume filled the air and I heard her say again:

"Come closer, Josef Vitek, there is nothing to fear!"

And at that moment I felt two burning lips against my throat.

I came home at my appointed hour, in the chill of morning, and as usual my landlady was waiting for me at the head of the stairs. Her face had a stern look and she said coldly:

"Josef Vitek, already your Greek friend has been here asking for you. He came almost at daybreak and there was nothing to do but lie concerning you. So I said, 'He is sleeping now after a night of pain.' And he went away with an unsatisfied look upon his face as if he knew that I had deceived him. If he comes again I shall bring him to you."

And having said her say, she went into her room, closing the door.

As for me, I went into my room also, and my heart was very heavy. For in all the time I have lived with my landlady she had never spoken so coldly to me. Yet in my room everything was as it always was—a plate of fruit on the table before my bed, and a little mound of spice cakes near it such as are my delight, and the coverlet turned down. And I thought:

"She must love you still, Josef Vitek, or she would not put apples and spice cakes upon your table. She must love you still, Josef Vitek, or she would not tell a lie for you."

And I remembered my mother, almost as I had last seen her on that day I fled my country—standing in the door with an Austrian officer opposite her, saying, "No, my son Josef Vitek is not here. . . . Only this morning he went out into the fields with his father"—while all the time I was peering at her from a huge chest in which she had once stored her linen.

And thinking it all over, I said aloud to myself, "My landlady is not my mother and my Greek friend is not an Austrian officer. And the lie that was told this morning was not to save me from fighting for an enemy. But it was told to spare me unpleasantness, and in that they were both alike. . . Yes, Josef Vitek, there are beautiful lies just as there are beautiful women." And as I said this I shut my eyes and the vision

of that public square, plumed with cypress trees, rose before me and I smelled the strange perfume of unbound hair.

As I stood there a knock came on my door, and before I could answer my Greek friend pushed his way into my room.

Yes, before I could answer, my Greek friend pushed his way into my room and his little glinting eyes traveled from the cap upon my head to the untouched bed, and he said bitingly:

"Ah, Josef Vitek, and have you been in such pain that you could not rest except upon your two feet?"

I drew myself up proudly. "I have not been in pain at all, my friend. . . In fact, everything has been as it should with me. You see, my landlady was mistaken."

At that my Greek friend smiled a knowing smile. "Josef Vitek," he said, "there are three things that keep a man from his daily task: being sick, or drunk with wine, or under the spell of a woman . . . . Now your own testimony sets at naught the first circumstance, and the testimony of my eyes sets at naught the second. There remains only the third excuse . . . Well, we are all human, Josef Vitek, and you are young in the bargain. I was once so myself."

And for a moment a shadow crossed his face and I knew that he too was thinking of Miriam, for had he not loved her also? . . . As for me, I felt the hot blood rising to my cheeks and the laughter of my Greek friend filled the room.

When my Greek friend had departed I threw myself on my bed, but my sleep was filled with strange dreams; so I awoke at my appointed time feeling as tired as when I had first lain down. And instead of going into my landlady's kitchen for the evening meal, I tiptoed out into the night, thinking:

"To-morrow she will be better humored. . . Besides, I must be beforehand to my task, to make up for my absence. I shall not even take time to eat." For, if the truth were known, I did not feel hungry.

But it seemed that I was not to go to my task that night, for as I turned the first corner whom should I see but Elena, standing with her flame-colored cloak blowing in the wind. And suddenly I felt cold all over and my teeth chattered and I said to myself, "I must go roundabout before she sees me!" But ere I could retrace my steps I felt her eyes upon me and I heard her voice say:

"Ah, Josef Vitek, so there you are! And whither do you go at such an early hour?"

"To my task," I answered as coldly as I could in spite of my beating temples.

"To your task, Josef Vitek? . . . *To your task?* . . . On such a night as this, with the moon just rising and the stars waiting to be fanned into a flame? . . . Come, this is not a night for *work*, Josef Vitek!" And as she spoke my night's task seemed very far away, and yet a voice within me made me answer:

"What are a rising moon and flaming stars to me, who must labor and sweat? . . . A man must eat, and unless he be a rich man or a king, he must earn it."

"Be a king, then, for to-night, Josef Vitek!" she cried, touching me with a finger that burned in spite of its chill. And at that moment all my strength went out of me and I felt my resolution fall as a ripe field before a shining sickle.

On that night we did not climb upward to the public square with its crest of plumed cypresses, but instead we rode out to the sea; for the air was clear and there was no mist to chill us. And we sat in the yellow sand with the perfume of lupines mingling with the wet smell of the ocean, while far off in the west, hanging above the water, the evening star burned so brightly that even the moon could not shame it. And again Elena's teeth flashed in the dusk, and again she let down her blue-black hair, and again her two lips burned my throat. And again I forgot everything

that was or ever had been. For it was as if the sea crept in and covered us.

When morning came Elena rose, shaking the sand from her tangled hair, and she left me without a word. And with her going it was as if the sea fell back also, uncovering me, and I remembered everything that was or ever had been. I thought of my native village and my landlady and my nightly task. But the thing that I thought of more than any of these was the monastery near Polna where once I plied my trade as baker. And I recalled the rose garden in which the pious men walked in the noon sunlight and where the bees grew heavy with sweetness, and the hush and peace that fell on the old gray walls at evening, and the tinkling of bells. Yes, I once had plied my trade in such a place even before I knew that trade perfectly, for my good mother had said, "My son Josef is but a lad—and where better can a lad be than in the shelter of a holy place? Perhaps, who knows, he may end it by being a holy man." And remembering her hopes for me, I wept, burying my face in the sand.

Thus I lay until noon, and then I rose and went back to the crowded town and to my lodgings. But my landlady was not at the door to greet me, neither were there apples nor spice cakes upon my table; and the coverlet had not been turned down.

Again I rose from sleep at the appointed time, thinking to be beforehand to my task, and again I went out softly so that I might escape the ill-humor of my landlady, and again Elena stood upon the corner waiting. And again when she spoke to me and touched me with her cool fingers I felt my resolution fall as a ripe field before a shining sickle.

And thus the days passed, with my nightly task at the bakery where I work growing farther and farther away, like a tale that had been told. And in all this time I saw nothing of my landlady: for in the morning she was not on hand to greet me and at night I stole out without breaking bread at her table. Only my Greek friend came with news from my comrades, and yet I cared for no word he uttered. It was as if nothing in life mattered except the coming of night and Elena in her flame-colored cloak. Not even when he said to me, "Josef Vitek, you cannot go on thus forever . . . presently you will return to find your place taken at the bakery," did I feel the least uneasiness. If the truth were known, I but laughed at him, and the next day he said:

"If you do not work, Josef Vitek, how shall you live? . . . Who will pay your landlady if you earn no money, and where will you find lodgings?"

"Once I thought of these things," I returned, "but what are food and lodgings to me now?"

And looking at me sharply, he said: "Josef Vitek, you are talking like one already dead. It must be that a woman has bewitched you . . . Come, is she more beautiful that Miriam?"

"She is different," I answered. "When Miriam was near I felt a *sweet* pain in my heart."

He turned away with a hard laugh and presently he said:

"To-morrow is my name-day, Josef Vitek. Have you forgotten that you are pledged to my feast?"

"I cannot come without Elena," I answered.

"As you will," returned my Greek friend. "At a name-day feast there is always room for whatever guests come at the eleventh hour."

So he departed with my promise. But once he was gone, I thought:

"What will Elena say to a feast? Perhaps she will not like the idea."

And I was disturbed. But that night when I told her of it, she said:

"A feast, did you say? And will there be men there?"

"Yes," I answered, remembering my Greek friend's last name-day, "scores of them."

A strange ravenous look came into her eyes and her lips smiled a discreet smile, concealing her teeth.

"Come let us make haste, Josef Vitek!" she breathed softly. "For if there is one thing I like above anything in the world, it is a feast."

And with that her lips grew fuller and more red.

Truly, in spite of many faults, my Greek friend is a brave giver of feasts. Even if my landlady had been minded to provide fare for threescore guests she could not have done better. For the most part it was all as I had prophesied: broth of chicken with a dash of lemon, little bitter-sweet olives, lamb baked with eggplant, and at the end a curd of goat's milk. Only there was chicken as well, fried in sweet butter, and sea bass for those who wished it. And with every course strange and warming drinks: mastica, and mavro-daphne, and retzina, and cognac. And between the courses melancholy music to which the men danced, holding one another's hands in a long line, with the women sitting at the snow-white tables looking on. Yes, between the courses the men danced together, and Elena at my side said:

"What a strange custom! Do you do thus in Bohemia?"

"Nay," I answered, "in my country we dance to gay music with the skirts of our partners flying in the breeze."

"Then let us dance together, Josef Vitek," she cried, "when all this sad gliding is finished."

"As you will," I replied. And as soon as they had finished I threw a coin to the musicians and I called to them:

"Can you not play us a gay tune? Come, play us a gay tune and *we* shall dance for you!"

With that the feasters broke into a laugh and clapped their hands and the head musician, striking his bow against the strings, began a wild tune that set my pulses leaping. I looked down into Elena's eyes and I said:

"Are you ready? Are you ready to dance with me, knowing nothing of a single measure which I shall tread?"

For answer she rose, pressing her body against mine, and I heard her say between closed teeth:

"Dance, Josef Vitek! Dance and leave such things as measures to Greeks and fools!"

So we danced, and to this day I cannot say what steps were traced by us. For we were like two leaves blown in the wind and I could not even say who led or who followed. But at once I thought:

"It is thus that witches upon broomsticks dance!"

And I felt the hot breath of Elena in my face and I said to myself:

"Josef Vitek, this is not a gay dance! This is not a gay dance for there is something terrible in it!"

And thus we whirled and leaped and swayed and presently the music stopped and I heard the company crying out their pleasure. And with that we stood still . . . We stood still, with the company crying out their pleasure, and presently a press of men swept us toward our table and I felt the hand of my Greek friend upon my shoulder, and I heard his voice saying:

"Come with me, Josef Vitek, for I have something to say to you."

And though I was loth to leave Elena even for a moment, I went with him and stood apart.

"Josef Vitek," he said, "such dancing and such a woman are not for you."

I felt the blood warm in my face. "You are right!" I answered in my pride. "But for that matter there is not a man among us who can measure up to her."

He looked at me sharply and this time he laughed. "Josef Vitek, you are a child and no mistake. . . At your age all men are fools!"

I was about to speak when a laugh like silver broke in upon me. Elena stood at my elbow.

"At his age, did you say? . . . Tell me, pray, at what age then are they wise?" And she threw a glance of fire at my Greek friend and I felt my heart grow cold.

She threw a glance of fire at my Greek friend and his little eyes became two points of flame, and he reached over to a near-by table and poured amber wine into an empty glass and gave it to her. She held the glass almost to her lips, then dashed it to the floor. "Give me red wine or nothing!" she cried.

An ugly look came over the face of my Greek friend and I saw him set his teeth together. Yet he did as she commanded, and presently she stood before us, sipping at red wine in a strange manner which left me shuddering. And as she stained her red lips further with the last drop, she said to my Greek friend:

"Let *us* dance together!"

To which he replied:

"I dance only in the fashion of my country."

"And I," she answered, "in the fashion of any who will pay the piper!"

With that my Greek friend tossed a coin upon the platform where the players sat gossiping and at once they caught up their instruments and began a slow melancholy tune. Then Elena and my Greek friend stepped out upon the floor and she danced in *his* fashion with little snakelike glidings, until she seemed herself just such a creature intent on charming whom she would. And as the music quickened my Greek friend leaped before her like some spellbound thing, and her black hair tumbled in a dark shower about her shoulders, and her smile became wider and wider until I saw her teeth unguarded for the first time.

I saw her teeth unguarded for the first time and I turned away shuddering: *for they were small and sharp and pointed!*

They sat all night, Elena and my Greek friend, at a table which had no third seat; while I stood in a far corner of the room—sick with dread and envy and I know not what. And all night long Elena sipped red wine, and my Greek friend, wine the color of amber. And neither turned eyes in my direction.

And at dawn Elena rose, slipping on her cloak of flame, and my Greek friend followed after her. They halted for a moment before the door and I thought:

"Shall I warn him against her? Shall I tell him what manner of woman she is to drain the heart's blood from a man?"

But almost at once I grew bitter and I said to myself: "Has he no eyes of his own?"

And so I let them go together out into the dawn.

For myself, I turned my steps in the direction of my lodgings. The morning air was dank and misty and I felt sick and weary and full of strange confusion. At one moment I longed again for Elena and in the next I hated her. And in the moments that I hated her I thought of my Greek friend, wondering what was to become of him and whether I had done right to let him go thus without protest. But always, in the end, bitterness had its way and I would mutter:

"Does a man who is despoiled warn the thief?"

Thus I came to my lodgings, still at odds with myself. And no landlady stood upon the threshold to greet me. And my room was clean and cold and unadorned, so that I thought of my cell back in that monastery near Polna where I had once plied my trade. Yes, in the gray morning light it seemed as if it might well be that very place, except that here there was no peace. And shivering, I lay down to wait the appointed hour for me to go to my task.

I rose at evening, still sick at heart, and I went softly out into the dusk lest my landlady should hear me. And as I turned in the direction of the bakery where I work—whose shadow should cross my path but the shadow of my Greek friend! For a moment I drew back, but he said quickly:

"Ah, Josef Vitek, I have been waiting for you! . . . Come, let us go to our task together."

I felt my heart beat fast, but there

was nothing to do but go with him and thus we walked in silence, and I thought:

"Is he laughing, Josef Vitek? Or does he repent the wrong he did you?"

And looking at his face, as dark as a shuttered house, I could not answer.

But when we reached the bakery, entering the narrow wash-room where the men gather, I felt his hand upon my shoulder. I felt his hand upon my shoulder in the fashion of an elder brother, and at that moment every one pressed forward full of questions concerning my absence, and I heard my Greek friend say:

"Do not bother him! Cannot you see how pale and spent he is? For a week or more he has been in the hands of the devil. Yes, for a week he has been in the hands of the devil and it is only by a miracle that you have him with you to-night."

And suddenly, looking at my Greek friend, I understood everything, and I said to as many as could hear me:

"Comrades, he is only half right. . . For a week or more I *have* been in the hands of the devil. But it was not a miracle that saved me. Instead, I was saved by nothing so truly as by this friend of mine, himself."

And with that my Greek friend broke out into his old laugh, half bitterness and half scorn, but his fingers gripped my shoulder in a way which told me that my words had pleased him.

When morning came my Greek friend walked back with me to my lodgings, and I thought:

"Yes, he has become like an elder brother, indeed. Even now he will not trust me to danger. I might be a child in my first week at school."

And the thought pleased me because I had always fancied this Greek friend of mine a man without affection. And walking home in the cool gray dawn, I said to him:

"Did you not mark her red lips last night when you danced with her?"

"Yes," he answered.

"And her eyes like two burning coals?"

"Yes."

"And her blue-black hair with its perfume?"

"Yes."

"And at the end, her little sharp white teeth?"

"Yes."

"Then, did you not fear that she would drain your heart's blood?"

My Greek friend shook his head. "There is little wine in a cracked jug, Josef Vitek."

At that moment we both looked up and I felt my Greek friend's hand in mine: a cloak of flame was billowing in the morning air and Elena stood waiting on the corner near my lodgings.

For a moment my heart beat fast. And I heard my Greek friend say between his teeth:

"Courage, brother!"

And we passed her swiftly and her taunting laugh floated after us.

My Greek friend halted at the foot of the stairs to my lodgings and I said farewell to him. But he did not go at once. Instead I saw him standing, as I mounted upward, like the keeper to some forbidden gate.

I entered the house and at the door to my landlady's room I stopped and beat upon it.

"Who is there?" I heard her cracked voice call out.

"It is Josef Vitek," I cried back.

"Well?"

"I have come home again," I said, and I went swiftly to my room.

I went swiftly to my room and laid myself down, closing my eyes. And presently I heard the door open gently. I lay quite still, pretending I was fast asleep; and between my half-opened lids I saw my landlady creep gently in and place spice cakes and red apples and grapes upon my table.

As she left again, closing the door softly, a single tear dropped upon my pillow. And I gave a happy sigh and fell into a deep sleep.

A BOY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Recollections of My Father, General Grant—Part II

BY JESSE R. GRANT

In Collaboration with Henry Francis Granger

WE were living in Washington, on I Street, when father was nominated and elected eighteenth President of the United States. He was then forty-seven years of age, the youngest man to hold that office.

Of the campaign before that election I recall but one circumstance. I accompanied father upon a brief tour through New York State. At Utica we met Horatio Seymour, father's political opponent. To my amazement father shook hands with him. I stood watching, round-eyed in fascinated horror. I do not recall that anyone had ever spoken to or before me of Horatio Seymour. My impressions of him had been formed by the cartoons of a fiercely partisan press. I believed him to be a terrible man. And through the consternation that held me in mingled terror and perplexity there filtered the first words of Mr. Seymour's greeting—words which but added to my bewilderment:

"I fear you will have slight cause to remember me as your political opponent, General, but I am very glad to have this opportunity to meet you."

I recall nothing further of that tour, not even of the stop at Utica.

Of father's first inauguration my memory holds but one incident—that a man of very considerable weight stepped upon my foot. I remember the exact place, too; the northwest corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth Street. I am certain that I could put my foot now, fifty-four years after that event, on the same spot and in the same position. It is now a larger foot.

All my life I had been accustomed to frequent movings, and the habit—if it is a habit—still clings to me. I have never yet lived in any other home as long as I lived in the White House. But while I have no recollection of the actual moving from I Street to the White House, I remember that I was very unfavorably impressed by the dingy, shabby furniture and carpets in this new home.

There has been little change in the interior arrangement of the White House since then. The only change, beyond refurnishing, of which I have knowledge is the remodeling of a very ugly staircase mounting from the west end of the main hall—the only way for the family to the back living rooms. The President's offices then occupied about one-third of the second floor over the East Room. For several years my own room was on the northwest corner, but later I transferred to the room across the hall on the southwest corner. I was seldom in either except to sleep. My days were filled with outside interests and my evenings spent in the library with father and mother.

The small boy has no perspective. The things of his immediate concern fill his life and are momentous or trivial in the degree that they interest him. Of the undercurrents moving about me, as of the matters of greatest public interest, I grew to understanding only with advancing years.

The earlier years of my life in the

White House were to me, then, not eventful. I attended school but not with great regularity. I gathered around me a new company of boys who lived in that section of Washington and we became great friends. The White House lot was our playground in good weather and the big airy basement, or ground floor, was reserved for rain and storm. I never considered that my position as my father's son entitled me to any special consideration, and I know that no playmate ever accorded me deference because of that fact. They flocked to the White House because there was the largest and best playground available. And mine was the life of an ordinary freckled-faced small boy in good health and fine spirits, who adored his father and mother, his two brothers and sister, and was in turn much loved and petted by them.

Willoughby Cole, whose father was Senator from California, became my dearest chum. He lived near us on I Street and later the family moved to a home not far from the White House. Later still we were roommates at Cornell University and we kept up our brotherly intimacy to the day of his death, several years ago. I have never known a more even-tempered, more lovable character—never once did we have an off day. I saw his father, ex-Senator Cole, when he came East last year: a fine looking man one hundred years of age—hale and hearty, too.

Again, as at Vicksburg and City Point, the Army had been "father's army," the White House was now "father's house." This acceptance helped to complete my abstraction in my own affairs. The constant stir, the coming and going of all sorts of people, the frequent pageantry of formal and semi-formal gatherings were but life as I had always known it and of little concern to me compared with my personal interests.

There were delightfully odd characters among the old White House employees. I often think of one old colored man whose name I have forgotten but whose Sabbath personality will never fade from my memory. By title he was the Furnace Man. I saw him first one Sabbath day in the White House library, attending to the open coal fires, and for a long time I imagined he came on duty only on the Sabbath. Several times each Sunday in the early fall before the furnace was started, throughout the winter, and in the raw days of early spring he would come to the library, always dressed in a double-breasted frock coat thrown open to display a massive gold—or gilt—watch chain, and carrying a shiny plug hat and a gold-headed cane. On week days the Furnace Man was indistinguishable, but on Sunday he was a personage.

And there was another—Albert, our coachman. Albert was not of the established White House retinue, for we brought him with us. The White House stables were not as large as those on I Street but Albert was just as busy keeping them perfectly clean. He apparently never left them. If anything could have made Albert unhappy I imagine it would have been a day away from his horses. I do not recall that he suffered such an affliction during the ten years he remained with us, and Albert was the most thoroughly contented man I have ever known. He was pleased with everything, including himself. Father had bought from Brewster a great heavy carriage, and the event of the day for Albert was when he reined up his four-in-hand with it in front of the White House. The four wonderful horses dancing and chafing at their bits, the gleaming harness, the great polished carriage, and Albert—his white teeth glistening through the smile that all his struggle for dignity could not banish from his ebony face—made a picture which held every eye. And in some mysterious way Albert could stop the prancing and fretting of his horses at will. The moment mother appeared the dancing four would stand like statues.

At the end of father's second term as President mother sent for Albert.

PRESIDENT AND MRS. GRANT AND JESSE

From a photograph taken before the veranda of their cottage by the sea in 1872.

"I have recommended you to Mr. Hayes as an excellent coachman, Albert, and he wants you to remain with him," she said. "I want to tell you this because I have often scolded you."

"La! Mis' Grant," broke in Albert. "Albert never minded yo' scoldin's. Dey jes' went in one yeah an' come out t'other."

"You rascal!" said mother.

Many years later I last saw Albert. His wool had turned to cotton then, but time had not withered the smile on his wrinkled black face.

"Sho, Misto Jesse, Mis' Grant certainly did like me as a driver," he said proudly. "Why, th' las' word she said to me was, 'Yo' rascal!'" And Albert laughed at the memory even as the tears ran down his black face.

The first four years I knew Albert he had my unbounded admiration, and ever since he has commanded my unbounded respect. What is finer than a faithful, competent, contented man?

It was in the early days at the White House that the only sorrow I ever knew there came to me. I possessed all the normal small boy's fondness for a dog and acquired several in rapid succession, only to have each in turn die. Over each demise my grief was bitter.

Then some one presented me with a magnificent Newfoundland. When this dog came father called up the White House steward. He asked no questions, made no accusation.

"Jesse has a new dog," he said simply. "You may have noticed that his former pets have been peculiarly unfortunate. When this dog dies every employee in

the White House will at once be discharged."

"Faithful" was the name I gave this dog and he, with one or two more I acquired later, lived during the remainder of our stay in the White House. Faithful never had a press notice; to the outside world he was no better known than was John Smith's dog, but he lacked no attention. I have never owned a dog more deserving.

Other than dogs I had few pets in the White House. At one time I was filled with the desire to keep pigeons, but it appeared that at an earlier time Tad Lincoln had been fired by the same ambition and the caretakers of the Treasury and other public buildings were still striving to exterminate the hardy survivors of Tad's breeding. For me pigeons were taboo. But I still had my pony, Rebbie, only now I was outgrowing him and he was loaned to a succession of smaller boys until, his work done, he was retired to end his days in idle comfort.

HANNAH SIMPSON GRANT
Mother of General Grant.

The steward, to whom father spoke in reference to my dogs, was the source of much mingled vexation and amusement to mother. He did not remain long in that position and I do not remember that I came into close contact with him, but for years afterward his eccentricities and self-satisfied gaucheries were recalled with amusement. He was a worthy man—to this undeniable fact he owed his appointment. During the war he had been an excellent Quartermaster Sergeant, and father argued from this that he would make a desirable steward. For a long time father supported his choice staunchly. I recall one conversation between father and mother apropos of some delinquency of the steward.

"If the steward had enough forethought to do so-and-so it would have been so much better," said mother.

"But, Julia," smiled father, "if he were as wise as that he would not be a steward. You must not expect a Roscoe Conkling in that position."

To the ex-sergeant the White House table was a sort of super-mess. His idea of quality found expression in quantity. To him the *pièce de résistance* of a dinner was, necessarily, either roast beef or a turkey, and improvement upon this could be effected in but one way—by a larger roast or a bigger bird. When the wearisome sameness of his cuisine aroused mother to protest he would respond cheerfully in increased quantity.

Then one day mother insisted that the table must be improved.

"Improved, Madam!" exclaimed the ex-sergeant. "Why, we have been living on the pinnacle!"

Shortly after that father found another position for the ex-sergeant.

But although my pets were comparatively few, my other interests were multitudinous. It was in the early days of my life in the White House that I became interested in stamp collecting.

Boys never change. I am convinced that the first cave boy was a collector.

The mania for stamp collecting came upon me with the thrill of a great discovery and for a time it held me in a fervor of enthusiasm that overshadowed every other interest. No one had ever imagined such a stamp collection as I would gather!

Then I came upon the advertisement of one Anthony J. Foster, of Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts. This advertisement offered a large assortment of foreign stamps for five dollars. I had never possessed five dollars at one time, and to me it was a vast sum. It did not occur to me that there was any possibility of acquiring such wealth except by saving it. So I said nothing of my ambition to anyone, save to a cousin of my own age. He and I at once decided that there would be no more candy or soda water until we were possessed of the price of that assortment of stamps.

JESSE ROOT GRANT

Father of the General, after whom the present biographer, his grandson, was named.

And at last, at the cost of much self-denial and after an interminable time, the five dollars was amassed and on its way to Boston. Then, with impatience that reckoned not of distance or train schedules, I looked for the arrival of the stamps, and in my anxiety and fear I consulted my staunch friend Kelly.

Kelly was a big-bodied and bigger-hearted member of the Washington police force, detailed on special duty at the White House. In my eyes Kelly, next to my father, was the greatest man in Washington.

"Sure, ye better tell your father about it, Jesse," was Kelly's advice.

And so I took my trouble to father.

"What do you wish me to do, my dear boy?" asked father, displaying nothing but sympathetic interest.

I had been thinking about this too.

"I thought you might have the Secretary of State, or the Secretary of War, or Kelly write a letter," I suggested.

"Hum-m," mused father. "A matter of this importance requires consideration. Suppose you come to the Cabinet Meeting to-morrow and we will take the matter up there."

Promptly on the hour I presented myself at the Cabinet Meeting. Hamilton Fish of New York was then Secretary of State, and William W. Belknap of Kentucky, Secretary of War—both great friends of mine.

"Jesse has a matter he wishes to bring before you, gentlemen," said father.

Breathlessly I told my story, ending with the suggestion that either the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, or Kelly write a letter.

"This is plainly a matter for the State Department to attend to," said Mr. Fish.

To this Mr. Belknap promptly took exception, declaring it his intention, as head of the War Department, to act at once.

There followed a general debate in which the other Cabinet members stood solidly for Kelly. I shall never forget

with what interest I listened to impassioned speeches in which Kelly's virtues, his power, and influence were extolled. He was declared to have wider powers than the Constitution bestowed upon either the Department of State or of War, and his personal ability and influence were proclaimed to be greater than that of the Secretaries who sought to usurp his prerogatives. Then the question was put to vote. Mr. Fish and Mr. Belknap voted for their respective Departments but the rest of the Cabinet voted for Kelly. Then the decision was formally announced and I went downstairs to find Kelly.

I can see Kelly now as he sat doubled over at a small desk, writing that letter on the stationery of the Executive Mansion—so headed at that time—the sweat standing out on his forehead, his great fingers gripping the pen.

At father's suggestion I made a copy before mailing the original letter. It read:

> I am a Capitol policeman. I can arrest anybody, anywhere, at any time, for anything. I want you to send those stamps to Jesse Grant at once.
>
> (Signed) *Kelly.*
> Capitol Policeman.

A dozen times the following day I was about making anxious inquiry for the reply to Kelly's letter. In due time the stamps arrived. As I remember, that five-dollar assortment exceeded our expectations. For a considerable time after its arrival my cousin and I were philatelists to the exclusion of all else. One of us conceived the idea of writing to the American Consuls for specimens of the stamps of the country to which they were accredited. These requests often fell on fertile ground and many Consuls were kind enough to send us full sets.

But my joy in these receipts was considerably dampened by mother's insistence upon my writing a personal letter of thanks to all who responded. I think the drudgery of compliance with this requirement had considerable to do with my subsequent loss of interest. Or perhaps the disease ran its course. Certain it is that we lost interest and the collection was forgotten. I suppose it is now among the books in the White House library.

My Grandfather Dent lived with us from the close of the war until his death. When we were in the White House this dear old gentleman was still a staunch Jacksonian Democrat and would brook no argument upon politics, or, for that matter, upon any other subject. His pronouncements were not debatable. He and father were devoted to each other, and I am sure father never opposed or sought to convince him, however widely at variance their views. Grandfather Dent was wont to explain, in strict confidence, "The General is really a staunch Democrat, but he doesn't know it."

Grandfather Dent held a daily reception in one of the rooms of the office portion of the White House, and all the prominent people of the day who had business there would drop into grandfather's room for a chat before leaving. And grandfather's courtesy was unfailing. He always rose from his chair in greeting each newcomer and he was ever a pleasing and attractive companion.

Of the tales Grandfather Dent told, those of particular interest to me were the incidents of his several trips East from St. Louis in the real pioneer days. Always in telling of these journeys Grandfather Dent would end up by saying:

"Yes sir! In those days only gentlemen traveled, and a journey was an event. What happens now? You jump in a train and are whisked through the country, and you meet all classes! Why! A damn Yankee bagman offered me a cigar!"

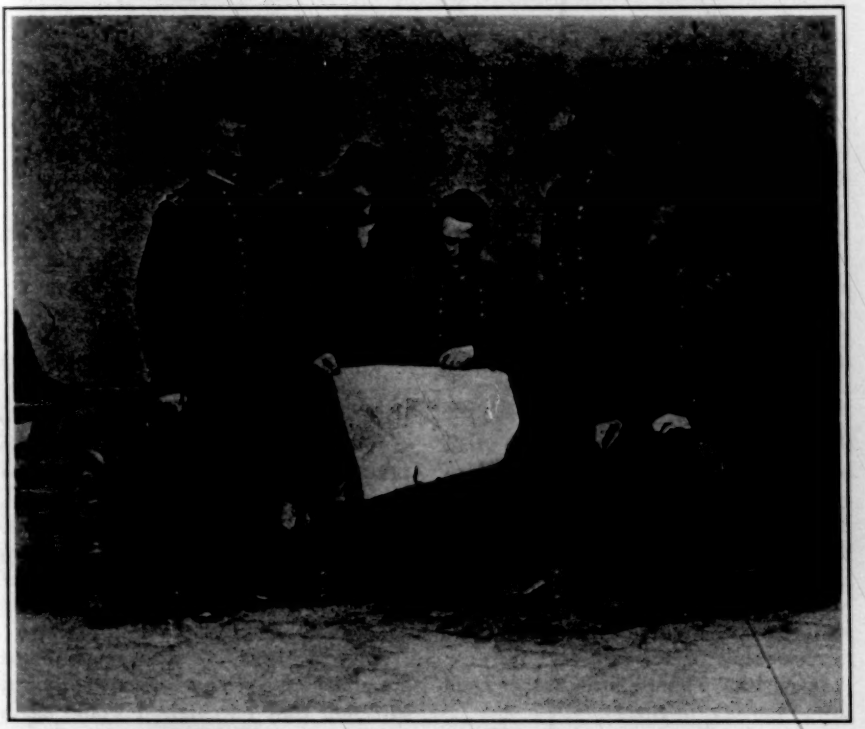
That was always the close of his story. I never saw any flaw in this dear old gentleman, but I can now see that he was not a progressive.

One trip which we often took during those years was to the home of Grandfather and Grandmother Grant, who then lived in Covington, Kentucky.

Father's mother, who had been Hannah Simpson, was a woman of remarkable vitality and keen intelligence. It was father's opinion that his sagacity—or, as he was wont to say, "such as I possess"—was an inheritance from his mother. But while remarkably active and keenly interested in every problem of the day, never once did Grandmother Grant visit us at the White House. All of father's frequent efforts to induce her to come to us met with refusal. And so we often went to her. Never were such ginger-snaps as Grandmother Grant made. She lived to be more than eighty-five years of age, her death occurring but two years before father's.

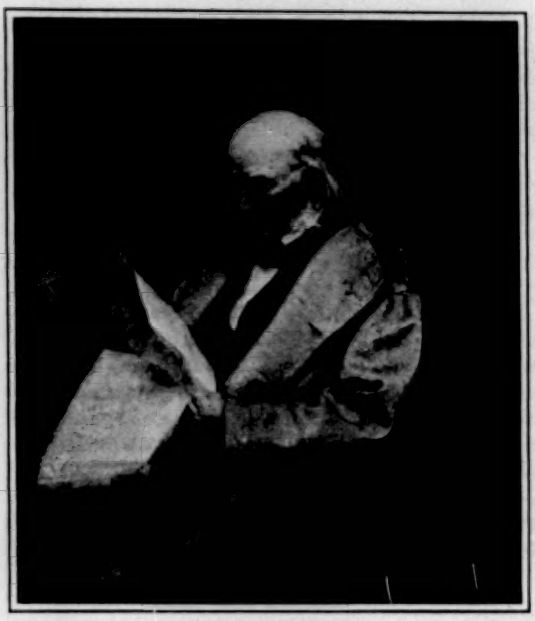
But although grandmother would not accompany him, my grandfather, Jesse Root Grant (after whom I was named) frequently visited us at the White House. Small boy that I was, my sincere affection for my two grandfathers was tinged with amusement when they were together.

Grandfather Dent was a courtier, with all the *savoir-faire* of the Old South; while Grandfather Grant—at heart no less kindly and considerate, and never repellent—was by nature a taciturn, self-contained man. Perhaps the single infirmity which he would acknowledge intensified his natural reserve. With advancing years he had grown deaf. To me this was a curious deafness, for I was his confidant and knew that he commonly understood much that he was not expected to hear. But to Grand-



"I COULD HAVE DRIVEN THE FRENCH OUT OF PARIS"

General Phil Sheridan (left) with General Custer (seated at right) and other Federal Officers.



HORACE GREELEY

This photograph of the distinguished editor-statesman, and the other pictures here reproduced, are from the collection of Frederick H. Meserve.

father Dent this deafness was the infirmity of extreme old age, and he always treated Grandfather Grant as one feeble and vastly his senior.

Grandfather Grant would come into a room to find Grandfather Dent ensconced in an easy chair before the fire. Instantly the latter would spring to his feet.

"Accept my chair, Mr. Grant."

Grandfather Grant would never hear. Stepping as spryly as the other he would seize the stiffest, most uncompromising chair at hand and draw it up to the fire. He always sat stiff and straight, never lounging in his chair. And Grandfather Dent would hover anxiously over him, urging upon him the more comfortable seat, which Grandfather Grant would never accept.

Often I have heard Grandfather Dent say to mother, in effect:

"You should take better care of that old gentleman, Julia. He is feeble and deaf as a post, and yet you permit him to wander alone all over Washington. It is not safe; he should never be allowed out without an attendant."

And Grandfather Grant, who was supposed to hear nothing, would say aside to me:

"Did you hear him, Jesse? I hope I shall not live to become as old and infirm as your Grandfather Dent."

To-day the thought of Grandfather Grant brings back a disappointment through which I came to a happiness that remains one of my dearest memories. I was more than nine years old before I attended school. This to Grandfather Grant was reprehensible neglect upon the part of my parents. Often grandfather protested to father, only to meet the quiet assurance, "School must come soon enough." But one day, apropos of the old school question, Grandfather Grant said to me:

"When you can write me a letter, Jesse, I am going to give you this gold watch." And he drew from his pocket the enormous hunting-case watch he had carried for years.

Under the stimulus of this promised reward I applied myself so diligently that a month later I wrote a letter to grandfather, reminding him of his promise. That first letter brought a reply but not the expected watch.

"You are still too young to own so handsome a watch, Jesse, but as soon as I am convinced that you will not play quoits with it, you shall have it."

A year later I still remembered grandfather's promise and mentioned to father that I thought I would again write to grandfather about it. It was then but a few weeks before Christmas.

"I would not write," said father. "Wait until you see him again."

And father at once went to Galt's and purchased a small gold watch. He brought this watch home before dinner that evening and exhibited it to mother and Nellie, pledging them to secrecy.

"This is Jesse's Christmas present," he explained.

Then, when we were at dinner, father drew the watch from his pocket and handed it to me.

"Here is your watch, Jesse."

"Why Ulys'!" exclaimed mother. "You said that was his Christmas present."

Father turned to me with his slow, understanding smile:

"Jesse doesn't want to wait until Christmas, and neither do I," he said.

I have received many gifts during the years that stretch behind me, many others from father and mother; but not one, not even the gift of Rebbie, brought and held the thrill that came with this present which father could not keep until Christmas. It brought me then something far sweeter than satisfaction in the gift, something I felt without understanding—and it remains with me now in understanding, a joy that can never fade.

As I turn back to those boyhood days some disconnected, fragmentary incidents flit across the field of memory.

There was, for example, the time when Horace Greeley came to dine at the White House, with one trouser leg stuffed in the top of his boot. Boots were no novelty to me, for many statesmen wore them, but I glimpsed that caught-up trouser leg before we went in to dinner, and there followed for me an interminable period of anxious debate. What should I do about it? Should I call Mr. Greeley's attention to it or should I quietly pull down that trouser leg? In my uncertainty I did nothing. But when dinner was over and our guest gone, I spoke to father about it. "What should I have done?"

"You did quite right, my boy," said father. "If you had pulled that pants leg down you would only have put Mr. Greeley to the trouble of tucking it up again."

And I recall one memorable afternoon—although I cannot fix the exact date—when General Phil Sheridan, back from his assignment as military observer for the United States in the Franco-Prussian War, came to the White House to make his report to father. We were in the library—father and mother, General Sheridan, and I.

Much of the talk was technical, dealing with military maneuvers, causes, and conditions beyond my capacity to follow. Then came a question and an answer which I have never forgotten:

"What was your strongest impression of the whole situation?" asked father.

General Sheridan hesitated, a slow smile spreading over his face.

"One thought came to me and remained, growing stronger as I studied conditions. That was, that given either your army, General, or Lee's, I could have driven the French out of Paris and the Germans back to Berlin."

A GROUP OF EPITAPHS

BY COUNTÉE P. CULLEN

FOR JOHN KEATS, APOSTLE OF BEAUTY

NOT writ in water, nor in mist,
Sweet lyric throat, thy name;
Thy singing lips that cold death kissed
Have seared his own with flame.

FOR PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR, NEGRO LAUREATE

Born of the sorrowful of heart,
Mirth was a crown upon his head;
Pride kept his twisted lips apart
In jest, to hide a heart that bled.

FOR JOSEPH CONRAD

Not of the dust, but of the wave
His final couch should be;
They lie not easy in a grave
Who once have known the sea.
How shall earth's meager bed enthral
The hardiest seaman of them all?

FOR AN ATHEIST

Mountains cover me like rain,
Billows whirl and rise;
Hide me from the stabbing pain
In His reproachful eyes.

FOR AN EVOLUTIONIST AND HIS OPPONENT

Showing that our ways agreed,
Death is proof enough;
Body seeks the primal clay,
Soul transcends the slough.

FOR A MOUTHY WOMAN

God and the devil still are wrangling
Which should have her, which repel:
God wants no discord in His heaven;
Satan has enough in hell.

THE CREATIVE SPIRIT AND ART

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

DESPITE all reluctance to rob numerous grave people of a cherished topic of conversation, I venture to declare that American "materialism" is not the sole enemy of American art. As a matter of simple fact, no enemy of the arts is preventing them from enjoying various degrees of progress; and as for materialism, they progress not only despite it but sometimes, as we shall see, because of it. Incidentally it might be observed that even were the case otherwise, art possesses no magic power by which it could transmute this materialism with one swift gesture.

There are, however, two obstacles which just now prevent progress from being much more rapid, and they come logically within the domain of art for consideration. For these hamper all efforts made by the organized forces of art to quicken the creative spirit widely, and they hamper them from within.

The first of these two obstacles is the cult of degradation. It would be interesting but very dangerous to say where this cult probably had its origin. One might speculate on the subject for a decade and always be wrong. But from whatever hands its members received the torch, they do not now hold it high, but low, in order that no sewer may escape them.

Now a man's desire to explore a sewer may be greatly to his credit. Certainly, not one hindrance should ever prevent him from exploring a sewer to his heart's content. He may even be praised for wishing to clean out a sewer. But when he begins to take pride in feeling at home in a sewer, and when his friends become evangelistic in proclaiming that a sewer is the one great haven where the unfettered should come to rest, there might reasonably be some question about the man's spiritual health and about his relation to artistic progress.

Without the slightest musty sentimentalism over America, it must be said that this cult seems exotic among us. We may not be the least bit better than any other people on the face of the earth, but we have plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and we have accumulated only a limited amount of sordidness; we have not been in America long enough to have it otherwise. But those of the cult of degradation laugh at the thought of anything invigorating or wholesome in America. Life is not even a bad dream; it is just chaos. Life is not even a good joke; it is just gray dirtiness. Life is not hell for the unfortunate; it is hell for everybody. And art in America! Bah! So they turn in hope to Europe, as all of us do when art comes to our thoughts. But how interestingly they reason! In Europe, they argue, there has been a great art. There has been also no little dirtiness of one kind or another. So if we will but import the dirtiness, great art will necessarily follow. In the meantime no subterranean passage at home must be left unoccupied if it will help a man to feel debased.

Now it is strictly on the basis of art that I have a quarrel with this cult. Inevitably its adherents must produce much bad art themselves; for one of the conditions on which good art is produced is that the artist shall find a relatively disinterested significance in the material he treats. As soon as he grows too eager to use his material as propaganda,

his artistic relation with his material ceases to be an honest one. So we have ramping pagans overemphasizing in their stories their particular dogmas of morals. We have anæmic, pimply whippersnappers professing to write the great American novel or play or poem, or paint the great American masterpiece, by bringing into high relief the sordidness in which they find their greatest comfort. Their fellow cultists slap them on the back in congratulation and turn to a mystified public to proclaim that, at last, real artistic genius has appeared in America.

In this turning to the public with the propagandist's zeal lies the chief injury which the cultists do to the cause of a more virile national art. They are understood and perhaps properly evaluated by their fellow workers in the artistic field. But with the public the case is different. People may be wholly unlettered in the ways of art and yet be in possession of a perfectly sound emotional outlook upon life. So when they see this work of the cultists they feel its essential dishonesty as certainly as they feel the difference between Abraham Lincoln and a ward politician. Before it they experience nothing of the disinterested exaltation which one enjoys before a work of art that has been conceived in high honesty. When they venture to protest they are told that they "don't know art when they see it"; they are made to understand that the sewer is sacred ground. People who regard it in any other manner are narrow. So the artist in the rough who is everywhere in the public—the one who is the forerunner of the man who will do the "great American" art if it is ever done—turns away sadly or contemptuously. Men who feel something of the mighty struggle, the desperation, the experiment, and the romance of American life in the large will not enlist when they are appealed to in the interest of an art which they feel to be not only degraded but dishonest.

See, then, how this cult of degradation makes the way hard for every honest experimenter in art. Some one must always blaze new trails. Some one must explore seemingly arid fields. Some one must make incursions into the sewer, even—when he feels sure that art is lighting his hazardous path. But who will be inclined to give any experimenter a fair chance when those who unshrinkingly proclaim themselves to be the only true experimenters always round up in the same dirt of life? For the interested public the simplicity of the adventure becomes too great! Always there is temptation to look behind experiment for a motive that is not the artistic one. So the honest crusader, when he does appear, is always confronted with a public predisposed to disregard his honesty of intent. He is treated as though all "new" art were necessarily inconsequential, often nasty, and always abnormal.

The second obstacle to a widely quickened spirit of artistic expression is the museum habit of mind; that is, the habit of scrupulously associating art with some kind of inclosure for exhibition purposes. How this habit of mind has become well-nigh universal in America is not difficult to see. Our national culture is a creation, not a growth. In order to have any art at all ready to hand, we had to huddle it together in strategic places. Then we began to educate the people in the appreciation of art—by means of examples from the museum. Naturally enough, most people thought of art as something remote from the everyday world; few people—few towns, even—could afford a museum.

This habit of mind, the natural outgrowth of a righteous zeal in the interest of art, has come to be an unbelievable force in causing art to be regarded as extraneous to life. One important artist, whose passion for years has been to have many people enjoy art and produce art, has gone so far as to advocate the closing of museums to all except artists and students of the history of art, in

order that the people might come to think of art aright. Of course the danger would be that they might cease to think about it at all. Yet there is much ground for his contention. A young man goes from a small town, or from the country, to see some art. He enters the museum, an able custodian in brass buttons sells him a catalogue, and he plunges into the maze of form and color. Once in ten thousand times he will be so much of an artist at heart that not even this overwhelming array can daunt him; in the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cases he will be suffocated, confounded, or filled with an inferior resentment. But he does not come to town often; this is art that he is seeing; it is in a museum; and for social reasons, if no other, he ought to like it. Everywhere about him he sees people who do.

And should he tour Europe he would see the galleries there in precisely the same spirit. He finds art only in conglomerate huddles. He looks at it not to lose himself in rapt contemplation, not to be lifted from the routine of his daily life into disinterested ecstasy but to identify, as a schoolboy identifies flowers for a lesson in botany. So he returns from this supposed liberalizing experience more confirmed than ever in his habit. He probably did not think of numerous chateaux and village churches, when they flew by him on his journeys, as art at all. Art is something for exhibition purposes at a fixed price per person.

Now this habit of mind would not be so harmful if it resulted only in the regarding of art as a part of a museum. But the converse is just as true. It regards things outside a museum as not being art. Outside a museum there is no label to guide one. If the museum-minded person were to come upon an unlabeled Tintoretto in a dingy cabin in Snake Hollow or on Bristle Ridge, he would be unable to say whether or not it was a work of art. Should any question at all concerning it arise in his mind, it would be as to whether or not this picture were an original or a copy. Probably the simple question of his liking it would not arise; and if it should do so he would be obliged to give himself an evasive answer. How is he to know? Certainly no one would expect him to be attracted by it as a child is held rapturous by anything which affords a high degree of emotional integration.

This is the artistic habit of mind in America outside the larger centers. And sometimes one need not go outside the larger centers to find it! It makes of the so-called cultured classes a group of passive appreciators. It influences institutions of higher learning so that most of them do not attempt to offer courses that unfold the creative spirit and make art vital by making it a matter of participation, but instead, courses in the appreciation of museums. It influences the man in the street so that he bewilderingly observes, "Well, I like to go round and look at that picture once in a while—just stand and look at it. But I don't know whether it is a work of art or not." Its entire influence, so far as the uninitiated are concerned, is to make art seem remote. Art springs from somewhere, to be sure; but not from anywhere close to their own daily lives.

Not that I would belittle the museum! Would that we had numberless additional ones, and that they might be better than any we now possess! Their function could be extended without undue effort so that some of them might serve chiefly in showing the people how they could use artistically such modest materials as they may have at their disposal. But thus far their influence upon the creative spirit has been most properly that of an historical record, and as a workshop for the initiated. This influence, though definite, is restricted to a relatively small number. And sometimes it has not been so efficacious in moving people to new

and vigorous expression in art as in determining social supremacy at the dinner table. Art is sought as a hallmark of culture, as something fine to be busied with, as a cudgel to be used in commanding respect. Small wonder that so many think seldom and little of a widely disseminated art impulse such as might help to convert men's spirits and the world into something of which we need not be ashamed!

When we turn to consider the arts which have stimulated the creative spirit importantly, we find that they are the ones which have least encountered these obstacles and have been looked upon by a great many people as a normal activity which has sprung from some yearning of everyday life. Conversely, the ones which have appealed little to creative-minded persons the country over are the ones that have been very consciously thought of as art, as something removed.

It was, for instance, long taken for granted—and in most rural communities is still taken for granted—that the study of art meant the study of painting. Sometimes it included sculpture, but not often and not importantly in the art schools which young ladies attended in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century; for sculpture requires the study of the nude, and the schools might have been closed—certainly if they were connected with colleges—by the irate parents of these young ladies had the word gone abroad that they were doing nude figures. Painting was more simply managed, as anyone can see by referring to the catalogues and illustrated circulars sent out by the less cosmopolitan and more academic schools of that time. In the numerous "art departments" where it was taught, it rarely developed any strong virtues or any robust vices that would cause people to take it seriously. It was "just art."

As a result of this feeling and practice and the only half-open doors to young ladies who wished to enter the more "masculine" fields of academic study, the young ladies painted pictures. Go to the attics of tens of thousands of Middle Western homes to-day—and in many instances to the stuffy, unused parlor—and you can collect carloads of such paintings. Go to the dingiest household in the seclusion of the Ohio or Indiana hills and you will find there the same kind of "art." That family had no daughter in an art school, but "an artist" painted pictures in the show window of the largest store in the town not far away, and allowed everyone who would to observe him at his work. He painted his picture upside down in order to mystify still further his public who stood outside the window. When he had finished he flopped the picture gracefully over on the easel, and there stood a noble deer looking across a silvery lake at mountains which stood up as regularly as inverted ice-cream cones. And the public bought his "works of art" at one dollar and fifty cents a picture, frame included.

Those who view the dusty highways of life from a comfortable office in the top of a skyscraper are always in danger of forgetting that just such trivialities in education have given the rural and small-town Americans—and that means most Americans, even yet—whatever background of artistic tradition they possess. When it is remembered that these communities have provided that middle-class life so often appealed to in the name of art, it can be understood why the mythical but very real average American has never looked upon art as a matter of life and death. And when he is often helped by the cult of degradation to see that art is not only trivial but unwholesome, his relatively sound prejudices direct him elsewhere for emotional experience.

Two arts, however, have established a right foundation for rapid and permanent growth. These are architecture and the drama.

By good fortune all of the preliminary requirements for an architectural renais-

sance in America have been met. We have had the necessary material prosperity to encourage both business and individuals to build to their liking; we have had a sufficiently long period of training in the fundamentals as they are taught in other countries; we have developed powerful and efficacious schools of structural engineering; and as parts of the most vigorous universities and schools of technology, we have at last many high-grade schools of architecture. So we have everything happily working for an architecture which is sound in tradition, yet which springs from the necessities and the temper of American life. Men want buildings and they want them high; but they also want them good-looking. They intrust their ideas to an architect who proposes a towerlike skyscraper which, despite all the scoffing of Europeans at the characteristic American skyline, must in its recent developments be regarded as an object of beauty and majesty. Singularly enough, the American business man seems to feel little of his universal genius when he contemplates building; he is usually ready to give the architect something approaching a fair chance. These same business men want houses in which to live. Frequently one man and his family must have three or four! Here again the commercial genius stands ready to recognize not only the competence but the necessity of the architect's advice. So the architect has ridden on the tide of material prosperity to a position where he can actually express idealism in his work.

Fortunately, too, he does not restrict himself to planning skyscrapers and mansions for millionaires. He designs school buildings and hospitals for cities and towns; he designs chapels for villages —though none too frequently; and he places his services at the disposal of tens of thousands of farmers and modest laborers who would build and who have come to think a little about building as beautifully as possible. Sometimes the architect has gone so far as to override the politician and design beautiful government buildings! His way is not a triumphal procession, of course. Yet he occupies the position of an idealist who makes the materialist like idealism, and who makes him pay for it. His dream is not too far separated from the materialist's life. There it is, vast and brilliant, towering to the skies.

And best of all, the architect's evangelization is reaching every corner of the country, so that architecture is becoming more and more a normal part of everyone's thinking. Not only hundreds of thousands of readers, but millions see periodicals each month which print drawings and elevations of all types of houses which might interest a prospective builder. These plans, to be sure, are not always the best possible ones; and if all of the readers were to adopt them when they built, the uniformity would be noticeable. But these matters are more or less beside the point. The people are thinking architecture; and from all of this thought there must spring more and more houses which are not only habitations but in some slight degree works of art. Daily their occupants may look upon them—must look upon them; and around them must center all the most intimate associations of a lifetime. This, in truth, is making art a part of the life of the people. Incidentally it is developing among the people a feeling for the one art that helps all the others to attain the architectonic significance without which art remains only a kind of fancywork.

The record of the drama, the second art that has so rapidly come to be looked upon as a normal kind of activity in America, is scarcely less encouraging. No one could deny that the career of the American people has been dramatic in the sense that it has been adventurous, picturesque, full of demands for resourcefulness, and—it must be said without shrinking—full of demands for the kind of "acting" that will get a

man "by." Yet in the main, only producers of plays of no high social standing, and such vivid interpreters of American life as Buffalo Bill, dared to think of this material as the stuff of which drama is made. The sophisticated commercial theater oscillated between burlesque and "imported masterpieces"; the sophisticated college communities read Shakespeare, and occasionally, if the religious denomination in control were not too hostile, performed "The Merchant of Venice." Youth is always ready to become dramatic; but because the theater so frequently scandalized the people—notably in the smaller centers—who turned to it for amusement, there was often an open hostility toward anything that pertained to stage production. When we reflect that students in American colleges were disciplined for having gone to see so recent a play as "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," we may appreciate how slowly denominational colleges relinquished their hold on the dramatic inclinations of their students. And today I know of at least one vigorous college where Shakespeare is the only playwright who has the honor to be represented on the college stage.

Nevertheless, some of the colleges did begin to think of drama as something that might have a place outside the recitation room. And American colleges are so constituted that if the champion of a new cause can only prove that some other college has espoused it, no matter where or under what circumstances, he can enlist virtually all of them. So, under the pressure of the dramatically inclined students, institutions of learning began to accept the drama as a matter of some importance. They were cheered on their way sometimes by finding that some college professor had actually written a play that would "work" on the stage—such as, for instance, William Vaughan Moody's "The Great Divide."

So those few who persisted in asking why we might not have an American drama found themselves supported in an unexpected quarter. Here were bodies of young instructors and students in colleges and universities who saw in the writing and producing of plays more than a mere opportunity to laugh at local celebrities who appeared in the glare of the footlights.

In this college movement for a drama of national life many tireless men and women have given their intelligence, their utmost energy, and their long-suffering patience. Professor George P. Baker has done more, unquestionably, than any other college man of his time. He also bears the distinction of being, so far as I know, the most maligned man who ever attempted to do anything for American art. When he decided to try the experiment of play production in an important way he was railed at by commercial producers, he was denounced by the professional critics, he was sneered at by his academic colleagues. Some of his critics found it so difficult to express an adequate contempt for him and his work that they had to draw upon the resources of foreign tongues. Newspaper reporters in New York and elsewhere manufactured interviews in which he was made to say the most absurd things imaginable about play production and playwriting. Men who had never seen one of his performances or read one of the plays written by his students, glibly made sarcastic remarks about this man who was "trying to make dramatists by formula." It became the thing to do; it revealed one's superior artistic standing. Most of all to be regretted, some of those who were privileged to be guests at his "Workshop" performances did not see the serious significance of what he was attempting.

But he persisted. And now, after fifteen years of fighting for what often must have seemed a lost cause, few men could have greater satisfaction in the fruitage of their labors. We have, as a direct result, a number of young playwrights who have higher standards of

technic and clearer vision of what the dramatist may attempt than they otherwise could have had. This, I believe it should be said to his credit, has been his smallest contribution. We have, in the second place, a group of professional producers who are less unready to believe that something may sometimes be learned. We have—and this seems to me to be his greatest contribution—an entire nation dotted over with his disciples, and with the disciples of other college men to whom he gave comfort when they were less strategically situated than he was, who have undertaken all sorts of dramatic experiments. Go to New Mexico, to Minnesota, to Kansas, to Illinois, to California, to New York State, to Dakota, to North Carolina, to Texas—and you will find his followers in new centers of dramatic activity. Their followers, in turn, are taking the drama—a better drama than otherwise would have been possible—to small towns, to church festivals, to consolidated rural schools. One of his students has been directing the production of plays—good plays—at county fairs; and he has had success. Men and women who never before had seen a play worth seeing (and probably none at all) have, right at their own agricultural fairs, caught something of the significance of drama.

Now when we see how such work as this—and Professor Baker is only the most distinguished pioneer in a large and goodly company—must inevitably carry new and direct interest in the drama to all sorts of people in many places, it is not difficult to understand why young men and women are everywhere attempting to express the life they know, a really dramatic life, in the form of a play. Not only that; they are producing these plays, and the very people about whom they write are discovering that there is something dramatic and elevated in their own lives. It was about the plays written by one such group of young men and women and acted before the mountaineers of their own state that one of the dramatic critics of New York recently said, "He (Professor Frederick H. Koch, who directed the work) is probably doing more to develop an American drama than all the producers and importers in this city."

Other subsidiary activities have grown from this community experience—masques and pageants and interpretative historical processions. And related to this movement, in spirit if not in origins, is the interesting career of the non-academic Little Theater, by means of which not only young actors but young playwrights have encouragement in a kind of theater which is not commercial yet which is more and more nearly approximating the best commercial producers' standards of skill.

This, to be sure, is a simplified presentation of the case. No one believes that an American drama is made. There is much groping, much floundering; but there is also much intelligent effort which promises something in twenty or fifty or a hundred years. In the meantime, whatever may be the explanation, it is possible to say that the center of the theatrical world has been shifted to America. Certainly no one who has been in London recently can say that it is any longer there. We have begun to think drama, to feel drama; drama has become a passion; it seems to be a very normal means of expression. And when any art is thus looked upon it develops a substantial vigor which can never be found in the art that is looked upon as an exotic.

This singling out of two of the arts for specific mention does not imply that the others are not without life. Poetry, which stands next to these on the right groundwork for a national growth, has become one of the important arts among us with such unobtrusiveness that we are in danger of forgetting its vigor. A dozen years ago so few persons read contemporary poetry that most publishers shunned manuscripts of verse as though they were books of perdition

—which, financially, they usually were. To-day a young poet may have the good fortune to sell ten thousand copies in one year. And the young who are expressing themselves in verse with sincerity and beauty, and often with distinction, are numerous. If anyone inclined to be skeptical of all things contemporary should wish to see whether or not we are more fortunately established to make progress in poetry than we were twenty-five years ago, let him turn back to the magazines, the weeklies, and other periodicals then current, and spend an hour among the undistilled conceptions and jaded adjectives; then let him read the verse, not of those whose place has been accepted in American letters for many years, but of the young poets who have appeared within a decade: Edna St. Vincent Millay, Du Bose Heyward, Hervey Allen, Elinor Wylie, Muna Lee, Herbert Gorman, Joseph Auslander, Maxwell Bodenheim, Robert Hillyer, Foster Damon, Allen Crafton, Eloise Robinson, and others that can be omitted only with unfairness. Or if he wishes to get the perspective of a longer period, let him turn back, for instance, to the Forget-Me-Not books of 1826 or 1828, read there the verse of such young writers as Longfellow, N. P. Willis, George D. Prentice, and James G. Percival, and determine whether we have not in a hundred years come to a more genuine practice of the art of verse. Some one may protest—some one always may—that we need more writers with breadth of vision. To this it may be replied that the conditions are now beneficent, and if they remain so for a time, the impartial laws of chance will give us poets with all variety of outlook. The important matter is that we have arrived at the stage where poets, and all sorts of non-commercial magazines of verse, can actually get a hearing.

An excellent case could be made for the other arts. Painting is still looked upon as something exotic; but with such interesting enterprises as "circulating libraries" of paintings in New Mexico and elsewhere, added to the distinguished work of many American painters, painting will gain in favor. So will music, although we have the distinction just now of hearing the best performers in the world and of doing far less in musical composition than in several of the other arts—possibly than in any of them.

But architecture and drama point the way, because they have induced artistic stirrings among the people who most need art and who, in turn, will make artistic expression most robust. This problem of building the arts upon the life of the country as it is must be faced by all of the arts. When it is faced frankly the provincial-minded politician need not be concerned whether the young American artist goes abroad to study or remains at home. With many at work in the required high fervor of spirit, American art—which is only another way of saying good art—will everywhere be more in evidence.

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part IV

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

XIV

ST. MALO guards those seas which lie on the west of Cape de la Hague, in the gulf which Normandy and Brittany make together. They were part of his bishopric of wild waves, their islets are crowned with the ruins of his monasteries; and in legend he himself sits upon the Ortac Rock, watching the fisher craft go by, lifting for them his intercessions against the storms.

On a May morning the colorless sky hung low over St. Malo's sea, and a great stillness and cold held everything. There was no life upon the water, no wind, only a great stillness and cold.

Far away in the southwest, where sky and sea were woven together in mist, an eye shone—flashed—and disappeared. Daniel, sitting on his bag on the second-class deck, asked a sailor what it was.

"That?" said the sailor—"that's the Casquet light."

"A lighthouse?"

The sailor looked at him commiseratingly.

"Never heard of the Casquets?"

Yes—he had heard his mother speak of them.

"That's where the boats go down," said the sailor—"there's a current pulls from them rocks, and in a storm the craft goes into them like moths into a candle."

He went off about his work, leaving Dan staring into the fogs with their golden eye. Now he could distinguish a tall purplish column—that must be the lighthouse . . . he could see the rocks beneath it now, the rocks on which it stood—huge, smooth, helmet-shaped rocks, like the heads of some monster coiled under the sea. . . . The Casquets were falling away into the east, as the *Cesarea* throbbed past them through the calm sea . . . the sky was turning red behind them, and they and the column of the lighthouse were purple against the glow. The orange light winked in a crimson-and-purple sky. Color had suddenly taken possession of the sky, and ran out over the sea . . . the sea was blood-red—the Casquet rocks were black. The orange light became smoky, furious . . . it seemed to fight the kindling sea and sky . . . it gave one last flash upon its pedestal, and went out.

A town lay asleep between two horns. On the end of each horn was a castle, which also seemed asleep, and behind the town rose a wooded land with one high tower above the trees. The decks were crowded all round Daniel—people pushed about him, swinging bags and cases against his knees. Bells rang—sailors cried "By y'r leave"—great coils of rope ran out into the sea; voices shouted from the harbor side and from a little boat riding beside the buoy. Grasping his ticket in one hand, the handle of his bag in the other, he slowly pushed and jostled his way ashore.

This was Guernsey, and a fine place it looked—houses, churches, streets, and castles too. But in the cold

morning hour of sunrise and moonset it seemed foreign and unfriendly. The tall houses with their steep French roofs were not the houses of home . . . and yet it was here his father had met his mother—in a little house in Bordage, she had told him. . . .

He was on the quay, following the stream of people towards the turnstiles. A great crane was hoisting luggage from the hold of the *Cesarea*—he must wait here for his box. He felt a sudden warm attachment to his box, for it was all that he had of home with him. It held everything he had in the world, except a few clothes in his bag—it was a part of Daniel Sheather in a strange land.

Ah, there it was—he sprang forward to claim it, then did not know what to do. He asked a porter how he was to cross to Sark—where was the Sark boat? Confusion started—the porter said there was no boat to Sark that day, another porter said there was—nobody seemed to know. A little paddle-steamer was pointed out to him as the Sark boat, and one of the porters was for carrying his box on board; but in the end the Noes had it, for her Old Man was reported to be over at Pleinmont at his sister's wedding.

"But there will be a motor-boat crossing to-night, for visitors have arrived for the Bel-Air and are to be fetched," said another porter.

It seemed as if Daniel would eventually reach Sark, though it was just as well he was not in a hurry. His box and bag were left on the quay, and he set off into the town to find a meal.

He ate his breakfast in a little shop in Hauteville Street, and then set out to see the town. It did not interest him much. He saw that it was beautiful and restful and sunny, but his heart was sick for Newhaven Bridge and the weedy, mussel-smelling mouth of the Ouse; for the little tilted rows of slate-roofed houses that swarmed over the lower slopes of the Downs; for the street—start of the great white road that led up the valley towards home.

He went into the Town Church and sat there for a while—but even the church was foreign. He was tired after his long journey and dozing night on the second-class deck and, uncomfortable as he was in his hard pew, he fell asleep. He woke to find himself being shaken by the verger, who told him that Church was not the proper place to go to sleep in.

Well, where else was he to go? What could he do till four o'clock, when the motor-boat started? He wished he had never come to this unfriendly place where even the Church refused him a lap to sleep in. He would be happier at home, even with Belle living just across the road as Mrs. Munk and the mistress of the Crown. At least he would have his family at home—here no one seemed to care. Cousin Philip had not even answered his mother's second letter, saying that her son was crossing by Wednesday's boat—someone might have come over to meet him in Guernsey, to tell him how to get to Sark. There lay Sark, a dim distant land, beyond the nearer coasts of Herm and Jethon.

The day had grown very hot at noon, and at four o'clock the stones of the Albert Pier were warm with the sun. A white motor-boat bobbed on the tide, and the men within her shouted to one another in an outlandish tongue. They were loading her with crates and packing-cases and some luggage which had been brought down to the end of the pier. She must be the Sark boat, and Daniel asked if he could cross in her. In a few minutes she was chug-chugging out of the harbor, past the lighthouse and Castle Cornet into the Little Russell.

Daniel sat tired and silent on his box, watching the calm beauty of the sea roll past him and the castles of the rocks. Sark was coming out of the sea; it looked like a sea-monster, sleeping on the tide. They drew nearer, and its flanks broke into bays; passing under

Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

THE FISHERMEN'S LANGUAGE WAS A FOREIGN ONE TO DANIEL

l'Etac, the bays broke into caves and creeks and pinnacles—the island of Brenière stood out, fierce and eaten with caverns. . . .

"You never been to Sark before?" asked the boatman in charge of the engine.

Daniel shook his head.

"You go to see friends?"

"I'm going to stay with my uncle Philip le Couteur. Do you know him?"

"I know him? Oh, my Gar! Yes."

"Do you know if he's expecting me?"

"Oh, yes, he is expecting you. He say you come along some day."

Young Sheather looked up at the towering cliffs carrying their seamed brownness up against the glitter of the dustless sky. Could anyone live on this desert place—hard, fierce, scored, and scaley as the hide of a dragon?

"Are there houses on the top?"

"Oh my Gar, yes! Plenty houses," and the boatman laughed.

The boat dodged her way through the deep channels into the harbor. The tide just allowed her to creep in. Daniel climbed up the green oozy steps on to the quay. He looked round in vain for some signs of a greeting. A few boatmen and fishermen were leaning against the harbor walls, and a cart had come down from the hotel to fetch the visitors' luggage, but no one seemed to have come to meet Daniel Sheather. He felt chilled and lonely. This island was unfriendly—a strange land, though the land of his birth.

He went up to an old man and asked him if he could tell him the way to Philip le Couteur's house; but this led only to a fresh balk. The old fisherman could speak no language but his own: the harsh, disfigured remnant of the speech his Norman ancestors had left him—as they had left him their red hair and sea-blue eyes. It was a foreign language to Daniel, though he must have often heard it; indeed, must have spoken it as a child. Luckily a younger man came to help him, and he gathered that the Pêche à Agneau was at the remotest end of the island, across the Coupée in Little Sark.

"How am I to get my box there?"

Nobody seemed to know. But everybody seemed very much amused—they seemed to relish the prospect of Dan being left in the Creux Harbor with the big corded box he wanted to carry to the Pêche à Agneau.

At last it was discovered that La Belle Hautgarde had sent their mule cart to fetch stores which the *Philip Carré* had brought over. The great lurching mules came through the tunnel in the midst of the discussion, and after a good deal of argument with the driver it was arranged that Daniel should be taken in the mule cart as far as La Belle Hautgarde, from which it would not be difficult for the le Couteurs to fetch his box.

He accordingly drove off. With a great clatter and clank of hoofs and wheels the cart went through the tunnel—and then suddenly the landscape melted . . . fierce brown cliffs, rocks, columns, and caves gave place to gentle banks smothered in cow-parsley, campion, and bluebells. Trees bowered overhead, their leaves spattered with filtering sunlight. A soft air blew, thick with the scent of flowers.

Then he began to remember: scents became familiar—that scent of evening and flowers and warm sweet grass . . . he remembered thatched roofs with queer crinkled edgings of tiles . . . cows with sleek, mouse-colored skins . . . an avenue of trees . . . a windmill. . . . He had forgotten the cliffs of Sark, the barriers which, as a child, he could have seldom or never seen, but he had remembered the heart—the deep lanes, the trees, the flowers, the daily sights of the child who had played with the lobster's claw. . . .

The road narrowed. The island narrowed. Sark was only six feet wide. On either side the cliffs fell away, down into sinister bays, hundreds of feet below. Dan was frightened at last—he grasped the sides of the cart as it

lurched over La Coupée and then up the steep hill beyond it into Little Sark.

Once more the island spread and the fields were full of trefoil, cropped by cows. Thatched roofs ran alongside the lane. They had come to La Belle Hautgarde, and Dan must dismount and go on his own legs to the Pêche à Agneau.

"What about my box? Where can I leave it?"

"Leave it—where should you leave it, if not here?" asked the driver, who had deposited the box in the lane. "The sons of Philip le Couteur will come and fetch it some time."

"But is it safe?"

"Yes, it is safe. We are honest in Sark—we are not English."

Dan did not know whether he ought to take offence at this last remark, but he had not much spirit left and, risky and grotesque as it seemed to leave his box lying in the road, he submitted to the inevitable and walked off to find as best he could his way to his uncle's house.

Perhaps the driver was right in his distinctions between Sark and England, for the box was still lying unharmed and apparently unnoticed in the lane when Daniel and two of his cousins called for it after supper. Dan and they were still in the stage of suspicious investigation—Peter was not unlike his English cousin, with his black hair and eyes, though instead of Dan's flat Saxon features he had the sharp nose and chin of the Guernsey-diluted le Couteurs; but Helier belonged to the Norman type of his Hamon mother, and had thick curly red hair and blue eyes and a ruddy freckled skin. Luckily, both boys could speak English fluently, though the Saxon drawl and the French clip nearly built Babel out of the conversation.

"There your box—it is safe," said Peter. He seized one end and swung it up—Dan laid hold of the other and could scarcely lift it. This was humiliating.

"Let me," said Helier, and swung up the other end. They both swung the box to their shoulders and signalled to Dan to come round to the side and take his lesser share of the burden.

"We carry it like a coffin," said Peter, and they both laughed.

The Pêche à Agneau was only a couple of furlongs from La Belle Hautgarde, below the brow of the hill, looking out nearly west towards the Moie de la Bretagne. Like most dwellings in Sark it was a collection of small separate cottages gathered round a well. Philip le Couteur and his family lived in one cottage, Eugene le Couteur and his family in another, and the third cottage was inhabited by a daughter who had married back into the Hamons and whose husband was in partnership with Philip and Eugene. There must have been more than twenty souls in that little desolate group of houses on the cliff edge, and it was not surprising that accommodation was scarce and Daniel had to sleep in the same room as his cousin Peter.

He found the mass of his cousins exceedingly confusing; they were so numerous that they seemed to have exhausted the supply of Christian names on the island—Eugene and Philip le Couteur each had a son called Philip, and the community also contained three Eugenes and two Peters.

Add to this a strong family likeness, born of generations of intermarriage (which did not seem, however, to affect the hardiness of the stock), an incomprehensible speech, and the complete promiscuity of all three families, and the result was bewilderment for poor Daniel.

However, they had given him an excellent supper of fish, bread and butter, and *gâche*—a soft sweet cake full of currants which he liked very much. When supper was over and the box had been fetched home they left him to himself and the welcome freedom to go straight to bed.

XV

He woke early, to find the room full of sunshine and stir. The stir came from the sea, which moved in a solemn roar over the rocks below. He sat up and listened to it—how the murmur swung! —as the wind drove it landwards and then let it fall back into a sigh. His heart quickened with a love of the sea . . . after all, had not his fathers sought their bread upon the waters for many generations? . . . He slipped out of bed and began to dress quickly and noiselessly. The sea was drawing him out to it—he must go down to it, close enough to smell it, to feel its spindrift on his face. It was queer that the sea had never stirred this emotion in him before.

He ran out of the house as soon as he was dressed. His footsteps rang on the cobbled stones of the courtyard, in the midst of which the well was wreathed in climbing roses. Round it the little houses and barns, their thatched roofs sprouting with stone-crop and scabias and colored mosses, had a charming look of Arcady asleep; but Daniel had ceased to rest in the rustic beauty of the island's heart—he wanted the edges —salt and rough, seamed, worn, cavernous, spiked, and deadly—the workshop of the sea.

He found a path that wound over the brow of the cliff, and then stopped short above a slide of rock. The descent looked easy—the rocks were granite, rough, and easy of foothold, and were moreover broken up into blocks and ledges. He let himself down, and as he had a strong head, found little difficulty in the scramble. He was soon only a few feet above some flat rocks full of pools into which the sea was breaking.

Looking down from above he could see the rich green life of the pools, their purple fringes of seaweed and their great red-and-green jewels, which he supposed must be sea-anemones. Below the slabs the tide was roaring, sending up lashings of foam. He would swing from his hands and let himself down—it wasn't much of a drop.

It was more than he thought—a matter of seven feet. He was now well below the level of high tide and the rocks were covered with thick greasy seaweed—the vraic which makes a livelihood for the lonely men of Pleinmont. . . . His feet slithered on it and he found it best to crawl about from pool to pool. His throat tightened as he looked down into those little gardens of the sea—their rocks, their trees, their flowers, their tiny inhabitants swimming in their alleys. He had never seen anything so lovely, so complete—he forgot that he had come out to watch the splendor and fury of the waves below. This was fine—he could mess about here all the morning, but he supposed his uncles would want him to do some job or other with the boats. My! but they'd have to teach him a few things—if he was to work in a boat; he who had always worked in a bar!

The waters of the little pool swirled suddenly as the sea poured into them. It was a pity the tide was coming in. . . . Losh! but it had come in a good way since he'd been on the slabs . . . things moved quicker here than at Burling Gap . . . He'd better . . . But he couldn't. He had dropped off the rock, which now curved outwards above him, shutting off his escape that way.

He looked round for other ways but could see none. The sea was all round the slabs, breaking over them—there was only the way he had come, and that was impossible from below. What a fool he had been! He might have realized that the rock curved inwards at the root. . . . Perhaps the tide would fall back before it reached him. No—for the seaweed was above his head, hanging from the eaves of the rock seven feet above the slabs.

He felt his skin go rough, and then cold and sweaty. He found himself shouting for help, but the sea was drowning his voice in a great roar. He was afraid, mysteriously, of more than

death. There was something horrible and malevolent in this submerging coast—the very smell of brine and seaweed was sinister with its hint of corruption. . . . "Help!—Help!" he could not die here—he would die anywhere but in this place.

A loud laugh sounded from the rock above.

"Peter!"

"You cry 'help'?"

"For God's sake get me out of this."

"Idiot!" Peter laughed again. "You be drowned if you stay there."

"I can't get up."

"I cannot get down. I go to fetch a rope."

"But won't the tide be up before you're back?"

"Oh, my Gar, no!"

He walked off with maddening deliberation.

"Peter, don't leave me here!" Dan called after him foolishly, but Peter did not stop to listen.

Once more he was alone, and once more the horror was like a hand upon his throat, choking the breath of his body. His tongue parched and his eyes swam. He tried to think of other things—far off homely things of the Ouse valley, of nature cloaked and veiled and decent—but they were as shadows on glass and could not hold his mind's eye from its terror, from the dreadful strange things all round him, from nature indecent and exposed, shocking and horrifying him as he crouched there on his rock.

Peter returned just as the slabs were coming awash. He brought with him a rope and two Philips, and they soon had Daniel up beside them among the pink stars of the thrift. He was trembling all over, which amused them very much, and the next moment was violently sick, which amused them more than ever. Their English cousin was very funny—Oh, my Gar, yes!

Daniel was rather ashamed of himself and of the terror he had shewn. He did not like the way his cousins laughed at him—the way they had of saying for days and weeks afterwards, "You go down to-day to Rouge Caneau? You like it down there on the rocks." But he never could bring himself to look upon his terror as quite unreasonable; during the next few weeks he felt it again more than once—down in the bays, below the high-tide level, among the hanging seaweed and cold slipperiness of the rocks.

But he was not always afraid, for there was also the warm flowery heart of the island with its farms and its windmill and its ilex-sheltered lanes. There was the loveliness of the Dixcart Valley, where the ferns stand four feet high beside the stream; there were the marguerites pouring over the edge of the cliffs, and the foxgloves making purple flame at Les Orgeries and on the headland which the English call the Hog's Back and the islanders call Château des Quenévés. The coasts were lovely too—as long as you kept away from their roots—with their columns of rosy rock, their promontories like horned beasts, and above all with their distant view of islands and the golden coast of France.

Daniel soon learned to know this new complete little country—to know with thoroughness its five or six miles of road; with less assurance its twenty-five miles of coast. He was right in thinking that his cousins would want him to help them in their boats, and he learned to be useful quicker than either he or they had expected. Fundamentally adaptable and with seagoing blood in his veins, he soon learned, in spite of his initial terror, to handle a boat whether propelled by oars or engine. His uncles owned quite a little fleet—a cutter, two large motor-boats, a small motor-boat, and several rowing-boats. They used these for fishing, taking goods and passengers to and from Guernsey and even Jersey, and also for taking visitors on pleasure trips round the island and to visit those caves

which could be reached only from the sea.

Daniel was happy enough on the sea—for those were the days of summer calm, when the teeth of the coast were harmless as the teeth in the jaws of a sleeping animal. He loved the soft, wind-driven glide of the boat over the still waters of Havre Gosselin, he loved the gentle rocking beyond La Pêcheresse, or those moments at anchor off La Genetière when he and his cousins let down the lobster-pots to the bed of the sea, or drew them up after old-man lobster had had time to fulfill his certain folly, and would be found sitting gray and disconsolate in his wicker prison.

His uncles never went a-fishing. Philip had charge of the Guernsey trade and went to and fro about five days out of seven, either with goods or passengers; and Eugene, who was about ten years older and had been beaten by the winds into still older looks, nowadays spent most of his time on land, attending to the farm with his son-in-law Hamon, though he was fond of boasting the exploits of his seafaring days.

XVI

The summer rose to the solstice and all the island smelled of hay and flowers, with heavy smells of brine upon the coast. Daniel was not unhappy. His transplantation had been in some degree effective and his old sorrows no longer seemed so actual to him—they belonged to another life, to another landscape. Besides, his work in the boats absorbed him, drawing his thoughts away from the past and fixing them in the present moment with its demands and preoccupations.

His English correspondence was not of a kind to hinder much the good work of forgetting. His family were not letter-writers, and neither, for that matter, was he. He heard once from his mother and once from Len, with scrawls and scratches inclosed to Uncle Dan from Leslie and Ivy. His father did not write at all, nor did Ernley, nor did Belle. The country of the Ouse Valley soon began to live for him only in a few stilted phrases in stiff handwriting on cheap notepaper. By this means he heard that Belle and Ernley had come back from the long honeymoon which had followed their marriage in London—a marriage that had taken place before Dan left England and only a few days after their reconciliation. He could now, if he liked, picture Belle at the Crown—but the picture was again only a shadow on glass. He was like a man standing with his back to a firelit room and staring out of a window through which he sees sea, sky, and islands bright in sunshine; only now and then the movements of those behind in the room become reflected like ghosts in the pane—what he really sees are the sea, sky, and islands outside in the sun. This did not mean that he never suffered for Belle, for the thought of her often troubled him very much. After all, he was still inside the room of his love for Belle and only looked outside, through the window, at the sea, sky, and islands of Sark. None the less, he had turned his back on her and saw only her shadow reflected dimly in the new landscape that filled his horizon.

Other events in the Ouse Valley troubled him still less, though they were events which would have disturbed him considerably if they had not, as it were, happened behind him. Apparently, under his father's unguided rule—for Chris only lounged and scoffed and Kitty only scolded—the George was going quickly along those evil ways Daniel had so often preached against in the old times. "He have those wicked men from Lewes giving horses' names to the sailors," wrote his mother, "and the sailors such fools. We shall have the police upon us." He searched her letters in vain for any of the tenderness which had been his first comfort in his sorrow, and which had flickered intermittently through the month that had

gone by before his leaving for Sark. But even this lack did not trouble him much.

Later in the summer Daniel was promoted to going out with the visitors. He would take charge of the engine while one of his cousins steered, for though he was growing daily more expert and familiar with the coast, his sea-lore did not extend to the navigation of those crooked channels which were the avenues of the caves—with their treacherous stud of rocks, the "*grunes*" and "*demies*" of stealthy disaster.

Daniel liked the visitors. They were a relief after the le Couteurs' rather primitive companionship. It was good to meet these people with their English talk and their English ways. The visitors liked him too, for his adaptable humility and pleasant manners—they gave him tips, sometimes very handsome ones, so that during August he was able to send a pound home every week. The le Couteurs did not, like Dan, approve of the visitors in their hearts. They feared lest any of them should want to settle down on the island—"and we have more English." Already several of the farms handed down from the original Forty Tenants were in English hands, and the local families were being driven more and more to the edges, into the second estate of the fishermen, who were unrepresented in the *Chef Plès* and therefore powerless to withstand the invader.

Autumn came and the visitors went. The seas and caves were a playground no longer but a business of storms and fogs. First came the equinoctial gales—a smashing of wind against the cliffs, with rain like knives. The sea no longer foamed only at the edges where the great *baveuses* slobbered the tides—it was a boiling whiteness as far as l'Etac.

The le Couteurs pulled up their boats. There might be some occasional fishing in calm intervals, but no real business. The Guernsey steamer came only twice a week, and sometimes she was unable to land her cargo and mails. The outer world seemed to recede immeasurably far.

Then, at the passing of the equinox came the fogs. These were more terrible than the storms. The storms were at least a spectacle, but the fogs were one continual white blindness on the land. Those were days in which sight, touch, and smell were sunk in one clammy salt whiteness, and the only sense which lived was sound.

There was not much for him to do in those days—no work in the boats and very little on the farm, and all the crowd of them to do it. His uncles and cousins smoked and snored beside the fire, and Dan sat with them, bored and lonely. Sometimes he played with Alice Hamon's children—funny little things, with their queer French talk: they amused him, and when he played with them he felt at home. But you could not be always playing with children.

What else could you do? You could go to the Bel-Air and get drunk. It was not a very good thing to do, but you did it sometimes because there was nothing else. Dan was not really fond of drinking, but it was easy to drink too much *armoniac*—it soon made his head heavy and then light. Then a strange thing would happen—he would change. He would cease to be Daniel Sheather of the George at Bullockdean and would become Daniel le Couteur of the Pêche à Agneau, yarning and quarreling in debased Norman French, discussing Sark politics, "*le seigneur*," "*le ministre*," and disparaging England and Guernsey. Some buried local instinct would revive, stripping him of all his years in the Ouse Valley, of all his line of Saxon forefathers, leaving him only his inheritance in the Norman Isle. His very face would change—his features would appear sharper, his eyes brighter, as his mother's blood quickened with the drink that had fired his mother's father. He was good company

then, was Cousin Daniel—Oh, my Gar, yes! When he had slept off his excitement and awoke a Sussex man again, he would feel ashamed. He would reproach himself not only for these transient disloyalties but for the whole slow system of his forgetting. There was no good pretending that he felt either for his home or for his people the same as he had felt when he first came out to Sark.

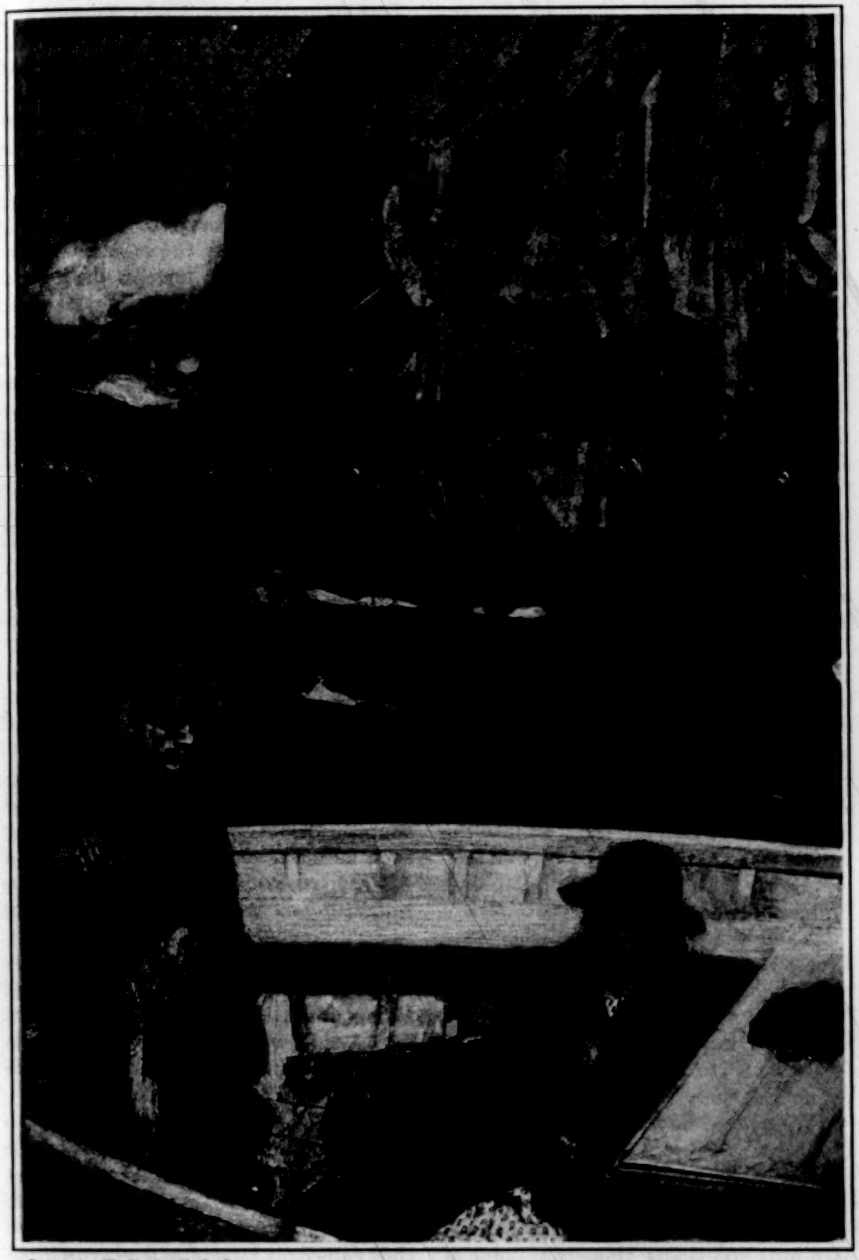
At Christmas he had some letters which brought him back to Bullockdean for a day or two. His mother sent rather spiteful good wishes to her brothers at the Pêche à Agneau, but no present to her son, for she had reason to believe, she said, that "good things sent to Sark never arrive there." His father, on the other hand, came out of his retirement to the extent of a gorgeous Christmas card of painted talc, adorned with two clasped hands and verses about "the heart which yearns for thee at this glad tide." Len and Emmie sent cards too, and the ghastly fruit of Ivy's first brush-painting lessons at school. His family was prolific in its seasonable wishes, yearning hearts, and memories of his bright eyes, but it withheld the more satisfying gift of news. This was unexpectedly supplied by Jess Harman. She had not written to him since he left home, and he had seen very little of her during the weeks before he came away. But now on this first Christmas of his exile she wrote him a long letter, full of news. That letter nearly stopped his Norman drift. Not that Jess's pen was agile enough to bring before him all the life of the Ouse Valley, colored and lit up to dazzle his eyes. She revived his ardor by the simple process of feeding it with facts—long strings of facts. Each sentence contained a separate and independent fact. Since he had left England Dan had never had such a string of news.

"Old Gadgett is dead. Maudie gets twenty-five shillings a week now. Auntie has bought a new bonnet. She has given her old one to the old gyppo women that sells clothes-pegs. Mrs. Penny has sent Susie to school and looks after Miles herself, so I do for the Rector now. I get fifteen shillings a week. I have bought a silk jumper. Mrs. Pont has had the face-ache. Mrs. Ernley Munk has a dear little baby girl. I should like to be her nurse, but she has a proper one. It was born in Brighton in a nursing home. They have visitors at the Crown for Christmas. They are going to make their own electric light. We are having White-Wilcox in C. for Christmas. The ladies' choir will help them out."

XVII

The winter passed, vanishing slowly through a succession of fogs, and once more the seas began to sleep and men to work. There was only what might be called one winter casualty—an Englishman who had taken a house near the Clos Jaon in May, and had so loved October, with the pale lights on Derrible and the yellow calms of the sea, that he had vowed Sark to be a heaven one could be happy in all the year round. The result was that early in February he had been thrown aboard the Guernsey steamer, rolling on her paddle-boxes beside Les Burons—accompanied by such of his personal belongings as did not miss the deck and fall into the sea—and in April had sent for his furniture to be brought to the Gallic civilization of Jersey.

The le Couteurs had the contract for the removal, as he preferred to take the bigger risks of the quicker way rather than the involved and age-long process of sending by Guernsey and the English mail. All three motor-boats were required—the big *Allonette* and the new two-cylinder *Philip Carré*, as well as the little *Baleine*. Uncle Philip was to have been in charge of the party, but he had a bad attack of rheumatism shortly before the day fixed for sailing and delegated his command to his eldest son, Philip Junior. This very much pleased the cousins—"We have a good time in



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

WHAT HAD MADE HIM SO MAD AS TO BRING THIS GIRL AWAY?

St. Helier," said Peter to Daniel. "Oh, my Gar, yes!"

On a fine soft morning of late March the run was made. The wild hyacinths on the cliffs were as blue as the sea, and the gorse in the Dixcart Valley was like a mirror of the rising sun. Daniel was in the small boat with his cousins Peter and Eugene, carrying packages and crates of china and soft goods. He had been eagerly looking forward to the run, after the long imprisonment of Winter with all its dullness and introspection. It was good to feel the motion of the boat, running out like a hare into the Déroute. He was looking forward to seeing Jersey, too. For nearly a year he had seen her dim whale-like shape lying in the south: and he felt that it was high time that he set foot on her shores.

They were to land at Gorey, for Mr. Cleeve's new house was at La Rigondaine, so the little merchant-fleet of the le Couteurs steered straight on the Dirouilles and then on La Coupe by Rozel Bay. The Jersey coast spread out before them in a panorama of sands and cliffs and woods, while inland the sun was glittering on the glass-houses.

The crossing had taken five hours, and there followed three more hours of unloading and packing the stuff into the vans waiting to take it to La Rigondaine.

"Too late to go home," said Cousin Philip cheerfully.

"There will be a moon to-night," said Ernest Hamon.

"We go back to-morrow," said Philip. "I have not been in Jersey for twenty month. I want to see the place."

"I want to see St. Helier," said young Eugene.

"We go and have a drink first," said Philip.

They went and had some drinks at the Rozel Inn. Dan was beginning to feel excited at finding himself in a town, with inns and shops, though in point of size Gorey was not much more than twice as big as Bullockdean. His cousins began to talk about St. Helier, which sounded almost metropolitan.

"Let us go there," said Eugene and William. Ernest Hamon thought it better not. "He has a wife," said William. They all laughed. In the end Ernest went with them, and Daniel found himself in a railway train for the first time in a year.

It stood in relation to other trains very much as Gorey stood to other towns; nevertheless the experience was exhilarating after so long an abstinence. He had drunk a couple of brandies at the inn, and brandy was stronger than *armoniac*. He sat in the little jogging train, watching the first stars appear in the gray sky through the smoke of his cousins' pipes. The coast was beginning to light up—the lighthouses were kindled and great eyes shone solemnly across the narrow tides of Grouville Bay from the Ecureuil and the Azicot. There were other lights, too, out at sea, and the coast of France twinkled afar off, with lighthouses and beacons and the dazzles of towns. Then at last they were in St. Helier, with the harbor and the pier and the castle and the streets and the trams, all alight and joyful.

They went first of all to an eating-house and had supper—a wonderful supper of steak and kidney pudding such as never was seen at the Pêche à Agneau, where in winter one lived continuously on the ormers picked up under Saignie and Tintagev, with a little tough mutton on Sundays. There were some Breton sailors who knew Philip and Helier, and they came and sat at the le Couteurs' table. It was they who suggested that afterwards they should all go and dance.

Daniel had only a very dim idea as to where they actually went. The Bretons knew the way and led them in and out of a multitude of little alleys, by wharfs and warehouses and marine taverns till they came to a kind of hall where a great many people were dancing to a mechanical orchestra. There were sailors of all kinds from the ships in the harbor,

fishermen, a few townsmen, a soldier or two from the barracks, who vanished soon and suddenly at a rumor of the military police, and an inadequate number of women and girls.

These were in great demand, as the male dancers were so much in excess of the female. Some of the men were dancing together—Daniel noticed a big, dark, solemn-faced Breton dancing with a sailor off one of the Great Western Railway Company's boats. His cousins at once deserted him in pursuit of partners, and he sat down on a bench against the wall, feeling rather forlorn and shy.

The air was full of dust and noise, the scraping of feet, the clack of tongues in French and English and the four various patois of the four largest islands. There was a bar at the end of the room and most of the partnerless men were drinking there. One of the Breton sailors who had come with the le Couteurs signalled to Daniel and offered him a drink. He could speak no English and Daniel's nearest approach to French was a lame following of his cousin's bastard Norman, so there was not much conversation; but Dan had his first glass of absinthe, which had the effect of making him think he could dance.

Evidently the other understood the language of a tapping foot and a dark eye roving in the direction of the dancers. Two girls had come up by then, pretty pale creatures, arm in arm. The Breton stood them both drinks, and in a few minutes had paired off with one of them, leaving the other with Daniel's arm round her waist.

"You want to dance?"

"Eh?"

He stared at her stupidly. He could hardly realize that he had been spoken to in English.

"You want to dance?"

"Yes—I should like to."

"You come on then."

She was a little soft thing—soft and light—and it was quite easy to swing her round in spite of his not knowing the steps. But he had an uneasy consciousness of bumping her about rather badly, owing to his defective steering. When the music stopped they were both breathless and glad to sit down.

"How did you know I was English?" he asked.

"I guess."

"Do I look English?"

"No—but I hear you speaking to your friends and you speak different."

"How do you know I speak different?"

He had spoken only the Sark patois, which she, being a Jerseywoman, would scarcely understand.

"Because I know how they speak in Sark. My father came from Sark. I am a Falle—though here we call it Fälla."

"Oh, you know Sark?"

She shook her head.

"I was never there, but my father was there. I was born in Jersey—in the parish of St. André. My name is Rose, after my mother, who die when I was a baby."

"Do you live with your father?"

She shook her head again.

"No, my father is dead—he die last summer."

There were tears in her eyes and Daniel felt sorry he had asked the question. It was a relief when the sudden bray of the mechanical orchestra drowned all possibility of further talk.

They danced together the whole evening. He had no one else to dance with, nor apparently had she, and rather than be alone she submitted to his clumsiness. His cousins had found partners and were lost. He gave her two more drinks at the bar, but they did not seem to affect her as they affected him, perhaps because she had not had so many already. He felt bemused and unsteady. After a time it made him giddy to dance, and they sat down together hand in hand. His cousin Eugene came up to him.

"We meet to-morrow at Gorey Pier—eight o'clock—see?"

"Where are we going to spend the

night?" asked Daniel, making a feeble snatch at reality.

Eugene laughed.

"I leave that to you."

Daniel half understood. He looked at Rose Falla, and then angrily at his cousin, but Eugene stepped back among the dancers and was lost. Dan was furious. How dare that Sarkie swine insult him and his girl? He must have seen that she wasn't that sort . . . then suddenly he realized that, after all, Eugene had a certain justification. After all, only one sort of girl was likely to come to a low-down sailors' joint like this. This girl looked young and gentle, but she could not be so ignorant as to imagine she was in a respectable place. She must have come deliberately, knowing what it was. In fact, she must have come for the same purpose as the other girls—to pick up a man, that was it—and he was the man she had picked up. He was a fool not to have realized it. It wasn't at all the sort of thing he wanted. He rose unsteadily to his feet.

"I'm going out. I'm going home."

She stared at him, and at his rough words he saw the tears come back into her eyes. At once he grew more gentle.

"Don't be angry. I'm not saying anything against you—but you must let me go. I—I've never been with a girl."

"Nor I with a boy."

For a moment they stood facing each other in a corner of the noisy, crowded room. Then he exclaimed:

"But why are you here?"

She began to cry in earnest.

"Why are you here?" he repeated, raising his voice so that she could hear him above the jangling din of the orchestra.

"I come with my friend Simone."

"But why?"

"Because I must live."

His indignation nearly sobered him. But the fire of his absinthes and cognacs was still in his head, driving thought and action together. He took her by the arm and pulled her towards the door.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Outside. I can't talk to you properly in here."

"You aren't angry with me? You won't leave me?"

"Don't you want me to leave you? I should have thought you did."

She wept—"No."

He had shepherded her out into the road which ran by the sea and guided her to a seat against the wall of some marine stores. Here they sat down again, he still holding her close to him for warmth, for the air blew keenly.

"Now tell me why you've come here—you aren't that sort—and why don't you want me to go?"

"You mustn't go. If you go I've no one."

"But your friend?"

"She's found a boy—she doesn't want me."

"But where's your home—where do you live?"

"I live with Simone—the last two days. They turn me out of my room in La Planche because I have no money. Simone still work where I used to work."

"You poor little thing—are you out of a job? Have you no one to take care of you?"

"My father die after a long illness that take all our money, and we not able to pay the insurance, so I get nothing. Then I work for Madame Etienne, in the bodices, but trade is bad and she have to send away many girls. I go and Simone stay. I can get nothing. I have to go out of my room. For two days I have nothing but bread and tea. Then Simone say I come to her, but she have not enough money for both, as she get only half-time at Madame's. So she say I get a boy to take care of me. That is the only way. She say I come with her here to-night and find a nice boy. She say she will find me a nice boy. She say some boys very nice and gentle and kind and not like the others."

Tears choked her breathless flow of

words, and he melted into a furious pity.

"You poor little soul! What a life for you to start on! What a shame!"

"I always been good till now."

"Why, you'd never stand the racket! Simone's a bad lot. You must promise me never, never to go back to that place."

"How can I promise? If you leave me I must go back and find another boy—a rough boy, not like you. When I see you so quiet I felt so glad and I thought I not mind so much. But now you will not have me and I must go back."

"Go back? By God, you shan't!"

His brain was still fiery with drink, and he saw himself as this poor little thing's protector, rescuing her from an evil life, establishing her in ease and virtue. He would save her. There was only one thing to do—take her right away—take her back with him to Sark, to the Pêche à Agneau. Alice Hamon would look after her, she could help in the house and on the farm. So cognac and excitement smoothed out his plan. He saw no difficulties in the way—beyond a sudden vision of his six cousins standing between him and the boat, saying "You no bring her—oh, my Gar, no." He would have to get her across without his cousins' knowing it—that was all . . . He could take her over himself in the little *Baleine*. He could manage the *Baleine* by himself—she was such a small affair. He stood up, dragging his companion to her feet.

"You're to come with me."

"Where?"

"Home. I'll take you over to Sark."

"But—but—"

"I tell you it's the only thing to do. I can't leave you here by yourself or with a girl like Simone. If you come to Sark there'll be plenty of work for you to do in my uncle's house."

"But we can't start now."

"Yes, we can—we must, or maybe that swine Eugene ull stop us. The moon ull be up in half an hour, and the sea's as calm as a lake. I've got a little boat we can easily manage ourselves. Come along at once."

She was evidently of a yielding disposition. Dan hurried her along the sea-road out of the town, too fuddled and elated either to feel fatigue himself or be conscious of hers. They would have to reach the harbor before it was light, and they would have to do the whole distance on foot, as the trains had long ceased running. Nevertheless he was not dismayed.

Rose clung to Daniel's arm, her feet dragging. As long as he led, she would follow. Already he was princely in her sight; and when either fatigue or tears or bewilderment seemed likely to overwhelm her she would lift her swimming eyes to his face and love his short defiant nose and English mouth, and his eyes which were wild with drink and moonlight.

They crossed the desolation of Samarès Marsh and came to Grouville and the golf-course, from which they could see the lights of Gorey Harbor and Mont Orgueil. Daniel wondered if he should have much difficulty in getting hold of the *Baleine*. There would of course be a watchman on the harbor. Perhaps he would not acknowledge Daniel's right to her. He must not let him know he was going to sea . . . he would pretend he was hungry and that he and his companion had come for a feast—he knew there was food on board, some biscuits and tinned beef.

"Hullo. *Qui va là?*"

"Le Couteur—*pour la Baleine*."

"What do you want her for now?"

"We're hungry, and she's got food on board."

The watchman came out of his hut, sleepy and grumbling, to undo the gate for the English le Couteur and his girl.

The sea was plopping against the quay, and out beyond the bar Daniel could see the little white horses galloping from France. He found the three le Couteur boats beside the steps and, helping Rose Falla through the big

Allonette and the *Philip Carré*, he reached at last the little *Baleine*. Here they found a tin of beef and biscuits under a bit of sacking and, crouching together in the bottom of the boat, they ate their meal with a hunger that surprised him, for hitherto he had not thought of food except as a pretext for getting on board. Rose's thin shoes were now in pieces, rags of kid held together by mud. Her little face was dabbled with sweat and her clothes were sticking to her. She was worn out after the dancing and her tramp from St. Helier, and though the food revived her a little she still lay huddled at his feet while Dan prepared for their stealthy putting to sea.

He unknotted the salt, sticky rope that held the *Baleine* to the *Philip Carré*. Gosh! But his cousins would be mad when they found out what had happened. Never mind—he would be over in Sark before they could make any fuss. He took the paddle and silently maneuvred his craft under the quay walls. He would not start his engine till he was well away.

The moonlight, gleaming between the piles, fell on Rose Falla's face, showing him for a moment its dreadful whiteness.

"Are you afraid?" he asked.

"Oh, no—not afraid. I often go to sea with my father."

That was good—she would be able to help him. He ought to make Sark easily. The sea was calm, and both wind and tide were in his favor. He had passed the green light at the harbor's end, steering by the spar-buoy at the Azicot. The moonlight was almost dazzling on the water, and he could see all the rocks standing up out of it, and the spar-buoys at Les Arches and Les Guillemots. For the first time he began to feel a little afraid, as the sea-wind cleared the fogs from his brain. But he reassured himself—they were quite safe in a boat like this, nothing but a converted rowboat of the shallowest draught. He needn't start her engine till they were out past the five-fathom line.

The lights of Gorey Harbor now seemed far away—he was able to see the north side of Mont Orgueil, with the red light of the Archirondel Tower shining on Havre de Fer. He was surrounded by *demies* and *grunes* and the roar of water. The *Baleine* drifted between two rocks and he saw the points of another beneath her. This both terrified and reassured him, for he knew that though her course was dangerous yet her draught was shallow. He would be all right in another ten minutes and could start the engine. What was that red light which had appeared round the point? It might be Le Fara, which they had passed on their way to Jersey.

He had started his engine and drew a tiny ribbon of foam with him out to sea. Almost impudently the little *Baleine* ran out into the mightiness of La Déroute. The wind blew keenly and there was a big movement under the surface of the waves, which gleamed with phosphorescent patches. But the rocks had been left behind and Daniel had lost his fear—or rather it had been changed. He no longer felt uneasy about the physical risks of his adventure, but for the first time he saw that it bristled with dangers of another kind. The sea wind had blown him sober and he began to see his madness soberly.

He looked at Rose Falla crouching for warmth beside the engine, and he wondered what had made him so mad as to bring this girl away. The folly of the voyage was nothing to the folly of bringing her with him. What should he do with Rose Falla? He couldn't keep her in Sark if his cousins would not take her in—and was there anything in his whole experience of them to give him even a reasonable hope of their doing so? Moreover, how did he know she had told him the truth? She might have friends, relations in Jersey, who would have the law of him for taking her away like this. He was properly in for it! . . . That was the sort of thing you got for drinking too much and going to bad places. It served him

right. He'd been well brought up, so there was no excuse. Neither was there any way of getting out of it as far as he could see. He could not put back for Gorey now. He must go on and hope for the best—and in that hour of sober disillusion the best he could hope for seemed that they should hit something and go, the pair of them, to the bottom of the sea.

XVIII

Daniel and Rose did not go to the bottom, but, not very surprisingly, the *Baleine* did. She went aground long before it was light on some outlying rocks half a mile from the Paternosters, and for three hours he and his companion sat drenched and silent, watching the dawn break behind the eastward mystery of France. Rose saw that her deliverer's mood had changed; that he no longer gloried in his championship, that apprehension and regret had taken the place of daring and indignation. But she would not complain. She crouched beside him on the inhospitable seaweed, her arms thrown over his knees—a drenched, draggled, exhausted Andromeda still unreproachful of her Perseus.

At about eight o'clock they were taken off by a steam yacht on her way to Guernsey. The yacht gave them breakfast and the almost terrifying luxury of a hot bath. It dried their clothes and overwhelmed them with amiable inquiries. It was apologetic for its ruthlessness in taking them on to Guernsey when they wanted to go to Sark, and paid their fare home by the steamer from St. Peter Port.

Rose was delighted with the yacht and its motherly behavior. Her native hardiness recovered quickly from endurances that would have smashed an English girl—on the voyage across to Sark in the little paddle-steamer she laughed and chatted gaily. She was no longer the terrified victim of the dancing hall or the collapsed heroine of the Wreck of the *Baleine*. She was a joyful and prattling child with queer little adorable gleams of womanliness. He saw that she must be even younger than he had first imagined, probably not more than eighteen. Her skin had the living freshness of youth, her eyes its emptiness, her mouth its expectation. As he realized her youth he lost the consciousness of his own and began to feel himself old. He was clear-headed and he saw that for better or worse he had appointed himself this girl's protector, and from the decision made when he was drunk there was no appeal now that he was sober. He would have to see her through. . . . Whatever happened, she must not go back to Jersey and to the inevitable life that awaited her there. Somehow he would have to persuade his uncles to keep her, though his chances, already poor enough, had been almost finally ruined by the loss of the *Baleine*—a catastrophe which he knew the families at the Pêche à Agneau would not accept in the spirit of resignation.

No wonder that Rose Falla found him a glum companion; but she was still undismayed. Restored in mind and body, it did not occur to her to fret or even wonder about the future. She did not imagine that this masterful being who had torn her from the dance room at La Folle, swept her out to sea, and had been at least instrumental in bringing about her two hours of fairyland on the yacht, should not be omnipotent in his own domain.

"I love to go to Sark. I love to see Sark. It is my father's place. You know where he was born? It is called La Moinerie."

They were sailing close under the red cliffs of Saignie, and he showed her the jut of Tintagev between Port du Moulin and Pegâne Bay; and above it, he told her, was the Pêche à Agneau where he lived.

"Oh, how lovely—you look out over the sea. Oh, I shall be happy, and I shall learn to talk in my father's way. We will talk together."

He wondered if his cousins would already be home. Probably they would, if they had not wasted too much time at Gorey looking about for him and the *Baleine*. As the *Helper* chugged into the Creux Harbor he saw the *Allonette* and the *Philip Carré* anchored under Les Lâches. So they were back. . . . He looked anxiously round on landing, but saw only two De Cartarets who had come down to fetch stores for La Fregondée. He felt inclined to ask them about his cousins, but on consideration refrained. They stared after him and his companion, and their merriment told him that they foresaw his discomfiture.

Rose was no longer tired on this second walk together. She was delighted with the flowery heart of the island, richer and wilder than the heart of Jersey. She pulled handfuls of bluebells from the banks, laughing and singing to herself in the spring warmth of the afternoon. As they walked over the Coupée into Little Sark, Dan found himself wondering if even his cousins could be harsh to this beautiful singing thing with her hands full of flowers.

He need not have worried. There was but one thought in the le Couteur mind, one reproach on the le Couteur tongue—for the loss of the *Baleine*. Dan might have brought the whole female population of St. Helier in his train without causing half the uproar they considered due to the disappearance of their smallest motor-boat. The *Baleine* had been only an ancient rowboat fitted with a second-hand engine, but the le Couteurs talked often as if she had been a liner.

"Vagabond!" shouted Uncle Eugene.

"Vagabond!" shouted Uncle Philip.

"Oh my Gar!—you make the all the Carrés laugh at us," shouted his cousin Helier.

"You were drunk — vagabond!" shouted Uncle Philip. In the midst of all this commotion Rose Falla's presence passed almost unnoticed. Alice Hamon gave her some tea and *gâche*, and she had slunk away to bed in the children's room before Dan had had to do more than give a perfunctory explanation of her.

But the next day the storm had in a measure subsided, and in a clearer atmosphere the le Couteurs were able to fix their attention on this secondary point of folly.

Rose had been very bright and smiling at breakfast, which she had helped prepare. Afterward she had cleared the cups and plates away, and finally gone off with Alice Hamon to help her make the beds. Then Uncle Philip turned slowly to Daniel and asked:

"What you bring her here for?"

Young Sheather did his best to explain, glozing the fact that he would never have brought her at all if he had been sober. At the end of his harangue Uncle Philip merely shrugged his shoulders.

"I thought you bring her for a wife."

"A wife! Good Lord! But I do not know her."

"There is no need to know a wife. You get plenty time to know them afterwards."

"But anyhow, I'm not in a position to marry. Besides, I don't want to."

"Then what are you going to do with her?"

"Can't she stay here? She could help Alice—make herself useful in the house or on the farm."

"She cannot stay here."

"But why not? There's plenty of room for her."

"There is no room. We do not want her."

"But she can't go back to Jersey. She's absolutely alone, I tell you—not got a relation or a friend worth anything. She'd have gone to the bad if I hadn't taken her. It would simply mean her ruin if we sent her back."

"Then why do you not marry her?" Daniel lost his temper.

"That's not the way we do things

where I come from. I'm damned if I'll marry a woman I picked up at a dance hall—whom I know nothing about."

"You say she is a Falla."

"But, even if—I mean I want to know more about my wife than who her parents were."

"You want a lot, as Englishmen always do. You are lucky to have the chance of marrying a Sark girl. Most girls would say they do not want to marry an Englishman."

"She may say so."

"Oh, my Gar! She will not."

"But I couldn't keep her anyhow. I'm not in a position to marry."

"You earned sometimes thirty shillings a week last summer."

"I sent a pound a week to my mother."

"Then you must give up sending a pound a week to your mother, who has her own husband."

Daniel was exasperated.

"Damn it all! What makes you so anxious for me to get married? It won't do you any good."

"Yes, it will," said Uncle Eugene, "If you marry you will not be an Englishman any more—you will live here all your life and become one of us. *So we get your mother back again.*"

"The devil you do! Well, I tell you I'm certainly not going to marry if it means chaining myself down to this damned island. Not that it means anything of the kind—I could take my wife over to England to-morrow if I wanted."

"In the *Baleine*," said Uncle Philip, and everybody laughed.

"Well, I don't choose to get married. I brought this girl over here because I thought you'd be humane enough to take her in and let her have a chance of a decent life. I never dreamed of marrying her, or dreamed that you'd want me to."

"We don't want you to," said a young Philip—"but we cannot have her here. We are already too many in the house."

"And how many less should we be if I married her?"

"We should be two less. You would go and live at La Colinette, or at La Ville."

Daniel absolutely failed to understand his uncles' and cousins' train of reasoning. They imagined, no doubt, that if he married they would get rid of his uncongenial presence in their house and at the same time bind him irrevocably to their island. He guessed that they were pleased that he should have found a woman in Jersey instead of Guernsey, and especially pleased that she had Sark connections. There were still Falles at La Moinerie, who would probably acknowledge her as a kinswoman.

His own mind was made up. He could not marry this girl whom he scarcely knew, who had attracted him only by her helplessness. His heart was still loyal to Belle, or rather to the shadow of Belle. Besides, anyhow, he did not want to marry—not unless he fell in love again . . . which was unthinkable.

He rose moodily and went out. He was sick of his mother's family. They seemed equally immune from ordinary human decency and ordinary human motives. Bah! they were savages—a thousand years behind the inhabitants of the Ouse Valley. He'd half a mind not to stick 'em any longer, but clear out and go home. His father would be glad to have him back at the George, and he felt that now he could face Belle at the Crown. . . .

He strolled across the back of Little Sark, down to the granite fierceness of its southwest coast, where the old mines stick their broken chimneys through the bushes above Rouge Peirier. For two or three hours he lounged among the buttercups, sucking an empty pipe, staring from the golden ground into the fiery blue of the sea, with its white slobber at the *baveuses* and at the foot of Bretagne Uset. He was angry with his cousins, angry with Rose Falla, angry with himself. In the last lay the sting of it all—he knew that everything was his own fault. Because he had

forgotten his good English ways he had landed himself and this poor little girl in a proper muddle. Not that she would have been much better off if he had left her where she was or if he'd never met her at all; but at least she wouldn't have been hurt so badly as she must be hurt now when he told her she would have to go back to all he had made her flee from. He could see that she liked him, was a bit gone on him, in fact—also that she liked being at the Pêche à Agneau with the children and the big cousins. It would be dreadful to have to tell her that she must leave it all. . . . What a fool he had been! He might have realized that the last thing in the world his cousins would understand was an act of disinterested kindness. . . . No, no—hang it all! He must be honest with himself and confess that he would never have brought her over if his head had not been full of their horrible French drinks. So help him, he would never drink again! But that good resolution wouldn't do much for him now—nor for poor little Rose, either.

For one dreadful moment it struck him that it was his plain duty to marry her in order to save her from a wicked life. But immediately he remembered that her situation in this respect was not of his making, but of her own. After all, he could not forget that she had deliberately consented to go with her friend to the dance and "find a boy." She had not had the moral strength to stand up to so monstrous a suggestion. That wasn't the sort of woman he should care for as a wife.

It suddenly struck him as a possible solution of his difficulty that the Fallas at the Moinerie might consent to treat Rose as a relation and take her in. He resolved to ask them anyhow, and tramped over to the Moinerie before going home. Another thing that had struck him was that the le Couteurs might actually put poor Rose on the Guernsey boat if he wasn't back in time to stop them.

The Moinerie proved as inhospitable as the Pêche à Agneau. Helier Falle was nothing but a name to the present occupiers, as the old man was the wife's father and came from Alderney. After all, it was rather a lot to ask of them—to receive a wholly unknown young woman into their house at the request of a half-unknown young man. Only his desperation could have made the idea seem possible, he realized as he walked away.

The afternoon was now well advanced, and Dan knew that he must walk quickly if he was to be home in time to counter any plot of his cousins with regard to the Guernsey boat. Leaving the Moinerie lane he plunged cross-country to the mill, and soon found himself on the Coupée road, facing the dipping sun. He had come nearly as far as La Belle Hautgarde when he noticed a dark figure swimming in the sun's rays. It swam towards him up the golden river of the road, and then suddenly was clinging to him with little panting sobs of relief and fear.

"Oh, at last you come! at last you come!"

The flower of her face was wilted with crying and the little hands that clung to him clutched and trembled, the fingers digging into his flesh like thorns.

"Oh, at last you come and save me! You won't let them send me away."

"Rose, my dear, don't cry so—tell me what's happened."

Fearing either interruption or observation from La Belle Hautgarde, he led her into a field, down towards Les Petites Côtes. She poured out her tale but he scarcely listened, for he knew what it must be. His cousins had told her she could not stay, that she must go back to Jersey . . . then he suddenly wondered if they had told her of the alternative he had refused. At the same moment he heard her say:

"They say you will not marry me. But you will marry me if it is to let me stay. I will not believe that you bring me over here and then let me go back again. Oh, I will make you a good wife.

I will keep your house clean and I will cook and sew. I will never ask you for anything. You cannot bring me here and then let me go back. For I love you! I love you!"

She threw her arms round him as they stood in the tall buttercups above Les Petites Côtes, and he felt her warmth and sweetness like the sun on grass. Her face was hidden in his neck and her hair flowered golden round his lips—he knew that his arms were holding her and that he was hugging her close in protective pity. How in God's name was he to send this poor little soul back to the hideous life that awaited her in Jersey? If she went to the bad her guilt would be on his head. He had a hateful vision of her on the streets of St. Helier, down at the port with the sailors, at the Lock Hospital. . . . Oh, it was horrible! It was unthinkable—and the guilt would be his. No! No! He could not. He could not marry a woman who was not Belle—he could not bind himself to the Norman island, as he inevitably must bind himself if he married under such conditions. And yet . . . the quivering of her heart against his made him almost sick with tenderness, and his flesh had not so long lost its memory of Belle that he could remain unmoved by the softness of her face against his throat, the softness of her hair against his mouth.

"Oh, you won't let them send me away. I love you so! You are so kind to me! I will make you so happy—you cannot imagine."

No, he couldn't. Yet was his happiness anything that mattered very much now? If he sent her away he would not be happy either—and she, she would be in the double hell of destitution and disappointment. Over his own happiness or unhappiness he had not much power either way—only Belle had that—or rather, even Belle had not that now. Only God had that. . . . Dan thought of God. He felt ashamed. Since he had come to Sark he had left undone so many things that he ought to have done and done so many things he ought not to have done—perhaps God was giving him a chance to make up for his neglect of the good ways he had learned at Bullockdean, and at the same time was punishing him for it by depriving him of them forever. Standing there among the buttercups with Rose in his arms, Dan felt an almost passionate desire to do the right thing as he had been taught. After all, to put himself first and let everyone else go to pot was just being like his cousins—"duty" was a word he had learned in the army. He would be more of an Englishman in binding himself to Sark by marrying Rose than if he had refused to bind himself and let her suffer for his freedom. And they would not be bound forever—when he had put by a little money, they could go home. . . . After all, it was a poor prospect never to marry. All men should marry and if they can't get the girl they want, they must marry the girl they can get—that's all.

Meanwhile Rose stood motionless in his embrace, waiting for her lord's word, while his thoughts wandered from Sark to Bullockdean, from earth to heaven, from heaven to the British army, from duty to comfort, from the abstract to the practical, and finally back to her straits. He looked down at her but could see nothing beyond the flying anthers of her hair and the curve of her ear as she hid her face. Dragged by an uncontrollable impulse in which pity, though dominant, was not alone, he stooped and put his lips to her ear, just under the teasing hair.

With a little shudder she drew herself upright and he saw her face, tear-stained and full of joy.

"Oh," she murmured—"*tu m'aimes.*"

Then suddenly at those words his mother's tongue was in his mouth, and he was gabbling words of love in his mother's language—rough, salt-sounding words between which his kisses flowed like the tide between rocks.

(*To be continued*)

THE LION'S MOUTH

ON DINING OUT FREQUENTLY

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

TO confess that one is an almost professional diner-out is, in this critical age, to put oneself in the unenviable position of being smiled upon. It is as though one naïvely admitted some wrong. Why, I do not know.

Now it is delightful to dine out with some degree of regularity; for it is taken for granted that one dines with one's friends. To be with our friends constantly is a charming occupation. If one dined repeatedly only at restaurants the case would be different; for an existence in restaurants is a miserable makeshift for the life worth living. It must be taken for granted, then, that when a man confesses that he dines out frequently he does so in the sanctity and seclusion of the various homes of his closest acquaintances, and sees little, after all, of the passing show which takes place nightly in the noisy cafés and cabarets of a city like New York.

"We can never get you," is a remark which a so-called popular bachelor often hears. That is hardly fair; for if anyone really wishes to capture a certain person's companionship—given, of course, a mutual desire—the thing may be accomplished. I for one have never been denied the particular society I sought and craved. I have always found it possible to meet the men and women I languished for, even in a thundering and sundering metropolis. It takes no little skill, I must admit; yet it can be and is done. One simply does a little work. For, make no mistake about it, friendship—yes, even friendship in these rushing days of the new order—is a laborious business, since everyone worth while is always exceedingly busy. There must be seeking and planning and deft maneuvering.

My own experience has taught me that the casual invitation—no matter how sincerely extended—is, in great cities, hardly the one likely to be accepted. A little form and ceremony are necessary. When people ask one to "drop in any time" it is as though one should take seriously the cry of the merry-go-round barker who invites "each and all to take a ride." There must be something personal in any call for companionship. It is not enough to let the desired evening take care of itself. The telephone has been a great asset in business; it has become a nuisance and a menace in social life, and I cannot think it was intended to be a short-cut to the other fellow's privacy, the rude intrusion that it has become. If a letter is sent through the post or importantly by hand, a charm goes with it; for there is no obligation on the part of the receiver to answer it in the next second. One likes to fondle, to ponder one's invitations. One likes, humanly enough, to consider them, to study them, to take them to one's heart as it were. A written excuse always sounds more sincere, for one thing, than a spoken one; and we all know the story of the distracted, "dated-up" gentleman who finally, to the importunities of an anxious would-be hostess who, wishing to

know when he *could* come, mentioned successively each day in the week, exclaimed, "For God's sake, make it Monday!"

That is no spirit in which to give or to receive a bid for dinner. Failure hangs over the ceremony before it has begun. It is doomed—and rightly enough—to catastrophe; for the unwilling guest is as impossible as the horse led to the trough. Resentment is in the air. The amenities are all wrong.

Now, dining out is an art. It is not learned in a day; and as the right guests at a table are as important as the food and drink—if not more so—care must be taken in their selection. The hostess who gives no thought to the placing of those around her board is a social fool. She does not deserve even a modicum of success. For when people are to be intimately with one another for two hours, imprisoned at an inelastic table, there is a serious aspect of the situation which requires foresight and a profound knowledge of human nature. Many dinners fail because there has been no set plan, no diagram made of spiritual needs and antipathies, no mental catalogue of an evening of close proximity. Conversely, the perfect hostess never experiences failure because she *thinks* her dinners before she eats them. She has a photographic panorama of her guests, placed so or so; and though her cook may go back upon her, those assembled at her table will not.

Because a few dinners prove to be only dinners (and not the happy functions they should become) one learns, as the years go on, to be more wary in accepting hurried calls here and there. That is an evidence of advancing age, let us admit; but it is likewise a sane putting on of the cloak of wisdom, which is but the armor of self-defense. In youth we go anywhere; for youth is essentially experimental. And, looking back, who can say truthfully that those early associations around a formal table were as happy as the chosen, culled evenings of one's middle life? Ah! there are compensations in growing old; for one selects, later on, where previously one rushed headlong into anything. And the frequent diner-out learns the lesson—well worth learning—of the charms of dining out infrequently. Wasn't it Thoreau who said that he never read accounts of accidents, since all were vain and harrowing repetitions after a while? And the professional diner-out comes to see how tragic dinners repeat themselves and he smiles as he remains at home some bitter night, having received—and rejected—no less than four invitations. He knows that his loneliness is self-imposed—which is quite another thing from the loneliness that creeps over one who imagines he has lost his popularity.

PROGRESS

BY ARTHUR T. HUGG

ONE day God looked down pityingly on a hot, unprotected little earth-knob and scattered a handful of maple spores across its barren surface.

The hard ground discouraged many. Only a few attempted to grow and most of these were beaten down by the great storms or shriveled and parched by the terrific heat, so that when five years had elapsed only three small trees remained: tough, supple little saplings which fought the elements and held grimly to life—not so much from a desire to live as from a determination to live against odds.

And God saw their struggle and said, "You are doing very well, young trees, and I will ease your troubles and multiply your strength that you may do the work I have laid out for you."

Encouraged, the trees sank their roots deeper and found a stratum where nourishment and moisture abounded. In ten years their trunks, thick and sinewy

and coated with tough bark, no longer bent under the ice and the storms whistled impotently through their branches. Their abundant foliage carpeted the hot earth with grateful cooling shadows, so that grass and flowers grew in the once barren soil and birds and wild things came there for rest and for protection.

And twenty years more came and went, and the stately maples had become a landmark and a guide-post throughout the country. Travelers marked direction and measured distance by "The Maples" and pitched their tents in the shade with silent thanks to Providence for such a resting place along the hot, dusty trail.

During the next ten years a town sprang up. Wayfarers, charmed by the beauty of the place, decided they would go no farther. Streets were laid out and homes and stores erected. A railroad was put through and the little town began to thrive. They called it "Mapleville," and the three old trees looked down on the industrious community and were well pleased. "This is our work," they said. "This is what God intended us to do."

And fifty years more went by, and Mapleville still flourished. The early settlers were getting old but the younger generation, inheriting the energy of their pioneering forebears, went on enlarging and improving with energy and enthusiasm. An interurban line augmented the efforts of the railroad. Electric lights dangled here and there from newly set posts at the street corners. The First National Bank was erecting a new stone front—the first in town.

At the corner of Main and Second streets, where the bright-red gasoline station marked the end of the business district and the beginning of the residential suburbs—a miniature park, centering both thoroughfares, slowed down vehicular traffic and sent it circling to the right. And here the three patriarchal old maples stood, with gnarled branches interlocked, and nodded approval at the town's activities—three genial old great-grandfathers looking kindly and tolerantly down on the childish enthusiasms of their progeny.

Two men sauntered over to the park and stood with hats shoved back and cigars uptilted.

"I tell you, mayor, we can make this a wonderful spot right here—a corner Mapleville can be proud of." The speaker gestured pridefully with his cigar.

"You're right we can," agreed the other, "and what I say is, we'll run the asphalt forty-foot wide straight through. Them three old trees has stood in the way of this town's progress long enough."

WHERE ARE THE RAKES OF YESTERYEAR?

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I WAS mulling over a plot for a novel the other day when suddenly I had a deep shock. I realized that I had lost an old friend.

The tall, silent, brooding type of hero whose only fault was a secret love for John Barleycorn—he has completely disappeared from the literary world. The Volstead law has eliminated him from the novelist's paint box—not because it has made him impossible but because it has made him so universal that he no longer measures up to the epic type. As well might you try to make a hero out of the whole Republican party or the entire contents of the Yale bowl. The hard drinker to-day in American fiction is as undistinctive as a blond in Sweden. So far from his being an outstanding figure, everybody in the book—and in every book—is drinking just as hard as he is.

My poor, pale, obsolete hero with your tall, lean, slightly tragic figure, your impeccable manners, your perfect breed-

ing, and your fatal fondness for Scotch! Is it possible that you have gone the way of the tavern fireplace, the comic farmer, the fainting heroine, and the clubman who said "By Jove!"? I fear you have, although you were the idol of my boyhood, and had I been writing only a decade ago you would still have been worth thousands a year to me. I, for one, can shed a tear over your demise while at the same time I pen your obituary and try to reconstruct your charm for an age that knows you not.

"Walton Chalmers," I think, would have been the name of my stillborn hero, although simply as "Chalmers" would he have been known in the book. Fifteen years ago in a proper novel not even fiancés called each other by their first names until they went off on their honeymoons. Except that the author occasionally wished to break up his rhythms, there was no real need that the characters should have any first names at all. The hero addressed the heroine as "Miss Montieth" the night he proposed, and when he dared breathe out the name "Betty" it was a pretty sure sign that she was already his.

It is hardly necessary to say that Walton Chalmers was an aristocrat. All the people with whom he associated in the book had plenty of blue blood but Chalmers's was by all odds the bluest, although at the time our story opens it was beginning to get a little bit thin.

Equally, of course, his family was in straitened circumstances. To be sure they still kept the old butler and the old coachman and the old mansion on High Hill. They still belonged to the same old clubs and still went to Europe on the same old steamers. They still dressed for dinner every evening, but it was all very tragic. In fact it was just the kind of tragedy that I should like to read more of to-day. I have always loved books in which people suffer bravely in dress suits and limousines. The kind of tragedy that I *don't* like is the modern kind—the present-day type of novel in which a young author goes to New York and starves to death.

So here's the locale. Now for the plot. To begin with, as they used to do it fifteen or twenty years ago, Walton Chalmers would start the book under a cloud. The heroine threw him down on the very first page. "No, Mr. Chalmers—I am sorry—I could never think of you—like that." The first time she had no particular reason for passing the mitten. She secretly thought him the most charming man she had ever met. She merely did it on general principles, to get the action started, and she certainly succeeded, for the direct result was to set him drinking. So after that, whenever he proposed she had as good a reason as she could possibly need.

You must not, however, attach too much blame to Betty Monteith. It was not the first time that Walton had taken a drink. Oh, dear no! Drink was, in fact, the curse of the Chalmerses. Every Chalmers inherited it from a previous Chalmers, and so each one of them in turn was entirely absolved from personal responsibility. *Somebody* must have started it *sometime*—just as a good idea. But that was no concern of Walton's. The plain old ways of his ancestors—those were good enough for him.

Thus when Chalmers began to drink in Chapter Two of the novel it was entirely against his personal desires and his better judgment, and there was where Betty made her fatal mistake. With the fine intolerance of her rigid society she supposed that Walton was drinking because he liked it. On that theory she threw him down and—well, what could Walton do?

For all practical purposes Betty and Chalmers now began to live in separate worlds—worlds which crossed only at rare and dramatic moments. Betty continued her round of dinners, house parties, and balls—and apparently did it with a smiling face. She heard of Walton only by rumors, and the rumors were very dark whispers indeed. For

Walton had run true to type and sunk immediately back into the only career in which he could ever attain any true charm. He practically locked himself in his old family mansion and at intervals of fifteen minutes pulled the bell. When the old, old butler answered with the bottle and siphon he shook his head sadly. *He* knew the curse of the Chalmerses but he still brought the bottle and that was all that Walton cared.

In the few old exclusive clubs that Chalmers still allowed himself it was just the same story. Even men who were seasoned drinkers themselves tried to reason with him. They tried to divert him—begged him to chuck everything and take a yachting cruise around the world; but all to no purpose. Walton's only answer was to reach out and sign another blue check.

Weeks and months went on with this sort of thing. The gay private mansions which Betty frequented saw nothing of Walton—but right at this point was where I struck my first snag. I saw how utterly impossible it would be to put Walton Chalmers into a modern novel. For where, at the present day, could Chalmers find a club in which he could *get* a drink and where could he find a private house in which he *couldn't?* If Walton were determined to drink his head off and if Betty were determined to stick to her social duties it would be inevitable that they must meet practically every night!

And where, in a book of to-day, would be all the dim furtive tragedy with which, ten years ago, I could have subtly surrounded my hero? Instead of being silently outlawed, whispered about, and quietly edged out of decent society he would be the most popular man in town. Or rather, he would be a complete nonentity. With all the flappers, all the college boys, and all the young matrons of literature standing toe to toe and going him drink for drink, he would be the most conventional and least dramatic character in the story. I can visualize right now a scene in Chapter Eight in which Betty would find Walton standing as usual in a far corner of the country club—pale, silent, and reserved—and would hail him with honest anxiety, "What's the matter, Old Horse? Aren't you drinking this evening?"

My personal belief is that if Walton Chalmers should find himself in a present-day novel his first act would be to sign the pledge. Or else he would go and look for that man who had offered the yachting trip. He would inevitably find, as I do myself, something hopelessly vulgar and hopelessly sophomoric about the inebriety of our newest fiction. The dignified, stately canons of drinking which ruled in the Chalmers era seem to be quite unknown to even the most dark-circled young novelists of the post-war period. The two schools are actuated by absolutely opposite ideals. In Walton Chalmers' time the ideal of the true drinker was to consume the greatest possible amount of liquor and show the least possible signs of it. In a present-day story the sole ambition of all the characters seems to be to get as rowdy as possible on a quantity of liquor that would have been rather trifling in 1899.

It would be entirely idle to inquire which of these ideals is the more immoral. One can merely point out with some humor that in each case the author succeeds in demonstrating the exact opposite of what he set out to prove. The modern novels, written to show forth—or rather to gloat over—the licentiousness of the present age merely succeed in demonstrating that, as sinners, the young people of our day are most clumsy amateurs. The men of '90 and even 1905 would have smiled in contempt at a set of persons so inexperienced that they forgot their morals, to say nothing of their manners, on nothing but five or six cocktails and a half-bottle of sherry. On the other hand the Victorian novels, created in true moral purpose, merely proved rather pointedly the astounding quantities of liquor that

a man like Walton Chalmers could consume without doing himself any permanent harm.

For, whether or not the authors of twenty years ago intended to have it that way, they certainly did manage to give the impression that such men as Chalmers became most effective when they were drinking the hardest. They reached peak production only on the verge of D.T.'s. It was always when their eyes were most bloodshot and their faces most pale that men of the Chalmers school came out and won the steeplechase in Chapter Nine or horsewhipped the villain in Chapter Eleven. It was only after a quart of Green River that these versatile heroes could sit down at the grand piano in the gathering twilight and play Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" rather better than the composer himself. In those very moments in which Walton Chalmers's friends would seek out the old family mansion to remonstrate with him, he would sit by the hour over his bottle and talk whole pages of sheer cynic brilliancy —a combination of Emerson, Poe, and Henry James. At parting his friends would shake their heads solemnly and mourn, "Ah! what a genius that man would be if only—!" Yet by the obvious facts of the case the very best thing they could have done would have been to mind their own business and leave him alone.

And say what you will, Walton Chalmers did drink like a gentleman. In his darkest moments, when perfectly terrible rumors were coming out of the clubs, he never broke up the furniture, he was never noisy, he never borrowed money, he never mussed up the foyer, and he never took off his clothes. All he did was to sit solemnly in an armchair and drink and drink and drink.

So lived and died Walton Chalmers, and now he is gone. A figure sentimentalized and idealized, I will grant you, but my quarrel with his successors is exactly the same. Searching even my earliest recollections of the golden age, I have to confess that I recall no actual figures like Walton Chalmers. There were no members of my own clubs who were both sots and genuises. The aristocrats were not drunkards and the drunkards were bores.

But equally vain and equally disappointing have been my searches for the Roman orgies which form the groundwork of modern fiction. Hoping to write some day a pleasant, chatty little volume on "Vice In All Ages" I had bright hopes of the new generation. Its promises seemed so big. My efforts, however, to see a new-generation party at which something actually happened have had much the same results as my efforts to see a good moving picture or hear a good radio. It has always happened last night or is going to happen next week. When I arrive there is little else but loud noise and static.

Take it all in all, for the thrills of sin without any of the consequences, one can do little better than stick to the printed page; and for a good quiet hour in a mellow atmosphere of wrongdoing, I recommend my old friend Mr. Walton Chalmers of the vintage of 1900.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

SHALL BUSINESS RUN THE WORLD?

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

DO you think this would be a better world if people spoke their minds more freely? Or do you think the main effect would be increased expenditure for police?

There is a good deal of complaint that speech is not free enough, especially in the newspapers and periodicals. Those institutions, one hears, discuss only safe topics and those in a manner acceptable to Business; they do not like to say anything or suggest anything that is not acceptable to Business: that is because their primary concern is not a diffusion of truth but the infusion of money. You must not blame them for that. If they do not make money they cannot live, and if they are not alive they cannot say anything. So, reticence on unprofitable subjects is just a natural condition—the same sort of condition which makes a clam open or shut its shell according to the state of the tide.

Doctor Jacks of Oxford observed in the December *Atlantic* that "religion is being presented to the world to-day in forms which are quite inadequate to the problem it has to solve." Which is probably true. Would it not be profitable then to get up a great discussion about the forms in which religion is being presented and whether they are adequate, and if not, what forms would be adequate? Perhaps so. But when a publisher of various periodicals was asked the other day, "Won't you please get up a big discussion in your magazine as to whether there is more of the spirit of Christianity in the Catholic Church, the Methodist Church, Harvard College, the Standard Oil Company, or the Steel Trust," what did he say? He said, "Excuse me, if you please! The last time I started a discussion on religion in our magazine it cost me three hundred thousand dollars."

All the same, the discussion proposed would be interesting if the participants were able enough, and if any of them had a true notion of what the spirit of Christianity really is. And these five powerful corporations just named—have they all got some of it? No doubt they have, all of them. You may agree with Doctor Jacks as above that religion is not being shot into us to-day out of the right kind of machine guns, or you may agree with Mary Austin in the December *Century* that the real mind of Christ is not taught in the churches; but when one comes to think about it he must realize that even the most secular of those corporations named has touched the hem of Christ's garment and felt the virtue that comes out of him. They are all in some measure Christianized. So in our time is industry in general, and science and education are going to be when they get round to it, and one has good hope even for the ecclesiastical corporations. They cannot escape the spirit of which there is so much in the world and more coming.

How much good would more discussion do us? You observe who it is that always calls for more discussion—more

talk about everything? It is the talkers. They are good at talk and it seems to them that free discourse will save the world. No doubt free discourse does help. No doubt in a democracy there is great virtue and value in the courageous discussion of public affairs. When it seems bad for business we may not get enough of it, but still it always goes on by word of mouth between man and man and in small companies. In the late election public discussion seemed to do almost nothing. What the newspapers printed seemed to have no great effect. The mind of the people seemed to work independently of them all. Some money was spent that may have done something, but not nearly enough to win the election. It was not bought. The public mind reached its conclusion apparently in private, but it reached it.

The newspapers and the other periodicals do better than they get credit for. They lie low, but they bide their time, and when occasion offers they blurt out everything they can get hold of. There are so many of them, and all competing more or less for the news and all new knowledge! They are the very sails of civilization; not indeed the wind that moves it, but the sails that catch the wind. Where else do you go to find out what is in the air? If there is a man who knows a new thing, some newspaper or some periodical tells about him and what he knows. If there is a book that has a valuable idea the reviewers usually impart it to us before we see the book. Admitting that print can become a nuisance, still it is a wonderful thing, and the free competition in the sale of it is very valuable. What the reputable papers and "the quality" among the magazines won't print because their constituents are too fastidious to bear it is meat for the more adventurous publications—the very thing they want. A good many persons are prone to stop their paper or magazine when it hints something which is contrary to their views and disturbs them. But that is the very time to go on. We need to be disturbed. There is more, far more, to learn than we know, and we do not learn anything very important except by processes which disturb what we know already. When the *Freeman*, lately deceased, started publication some writer in the *Sun* expressed hope for it because he said it made him mad in seven different ways. The hope indeed failed, but it was well grounded. No great improvement in life can be accomplished without infuriating the folks who like life just as it is. But their very fury helps. It is the resistance of the air that makes the aeroplane rise, the resistance of the water that makes the ship hold her course when the sails fill. Resistance is valuable; but refusal to know, to observe, to consider is not valuable at all. The newspapers do much to save us from that by insisting that we shall take notice of what is going on. We may not like the headlines they use in that service or the sort of news they thrust upon us, but we do take notice.

What is happening in the world just now? Is there a wave of reaction? The election of Mr. Coolidge with so great an emphasis has been generally interpreted to mean that Business is taking charge of the country. The defeat of Ramsay MacDonald in England seems to have very much the same significance. Herriot's hold on France is thought to be precarious. The British in Egypt had evidence that the Egyptians were getting out of hand and have gone back to authority to save the situation. A tragical series of discourses is running in the *New York Evening Post* about the effects of what is held to be an over-dose of self-government in the Philippines. Authority seems to be looking up a bit all over the world. Perhaps it is necessary that it should, but it is a modified authority. Baldwin's new government in England is a Tory government to be sure, but one with the die-hards left out of it. It would not be safe to call it a backward-looking government. It has to go on where MacDonald left off, and if it is to stay in power it must not scandalize the

Liberals. Certainly here Mr. Coolidge's government is not felt to be backward looking. The bitter-enders are mostly out of it. Mr. Coolidge as an elected President with a big majority back of him is expected to be more progressive in international matters than he has been while operating as Mr. Harding's legal successor. He shows nothing of the temper of the men who fought Wilson in the Senate. Great Britain may not submit the friction in Egypt to adjustment by the League, but she is likely enough to submit to the League the story of her proceedings and the reasons for them. As to our adventure in the Philippines, the story that is being printed may lead to an investigation and some action by Congress. Progress comes by waves, and the crest of one wave has gone by and we are wallowing a bit in a trough. But there is no convincing evidence yet of a relapse in the direction of the good old way.

The imposition of authority is always a matter of nice judgment. There must be authority, but there must also be the largest measure of free will consistent with order, not always immediate order but certainly eventual order. More or less organization is necessary to modern industrial life. A considerable degree of order is necessary to organization. A considerable degree of free will is necessary to progress, and unless progress goes on the great aim both of authority and organization is defeated.

Mr. Wilson's great fight at Princeton was in support of the opinion that the college ought not to be controlled by Business. That same contention is likely to raise its head from time to time in most of the colleges. The way Business imparts money to the cause of education in this country is something astonishing. Its motives are usually unselfish. Business has money and it has pretty well discovered that it must do good with it or suffer. Its favorite way of doing good with it is to spend it on education, and especially in the construction of buildings. Education nowadays has more wants than an opera singer. Business is very useful to supply the means to provide for all these wants, but when it has done it the critics, especially the young ones, are sure to say that it is working for its own pocket and mainly in the interest of Business. Of course it is working according to its lights, and its lights are not always identical with truth, but still it is rash to wish to break Business of its current concern about education. It seems a case where the tares, if they are tares, had better be left to grow up to the wheat. And assuredly the confidence of Business in Knowledge implies a confidence that Business can stand this light.

When Business gets to running things too much there is sure to be a reaction and a more or less violent surge towards something else; for of course, Business does tend to think itself the whole of life, and of course it is not that. Mr. William Allen White has written a book about Mr. Wilson—a very interesting book, interesting especially as a study in heredity—disclosing the tremendous qualities from the Scotch-Irish stock that were in him, and the very strong religious bent of his mind. Mr. White exhibits him mainly as a Calvinist, a Presbyterian. Now heaven knows what it means to be a Calvinist, but whatever else Calvinism implies, it certainly implies determination that material concerns shall not rule or thwart the concerns of the spirit, nor organization dwarf the individual in man. Mr. Wilson had that in him deep down, ineradicable, never to be compromised, Mr. White pays due attention to his faults but applauds the spirit that was in him. It drove him to the accomplishment of many things which are all but universally conceded to be valuable even to Business, and finally brought him to be an impassioned leader in a war against materialism entrenched and defiant. The thing that Mr. White does not tell about Mr. Wilson was how much he got out of the invisible world. According to his Calvinistic lights he was always trying

to hitch his wagon to it; always conscious of something else beyond visible facts; always prayerful and addicted to retirement into that Kingdom of God that was within him. He would doubtless have agreed that though there must be material combinations for spirit to work through, nothing can finally save the world but religion—not mere organized mundane religion as such, but spirit; the link between the visible and invisible worlds; something that will affect the wills of men, modify their aspirations, clarify their perceptions of what is really valuable. By mere authority it is not possible to make marriage successful, or check the deterioration in quality that goes with mass production, or put into factory work something that will feed the soul; but by faith all wonders can be done.

How contemptuous of human opinion is Destiny in its selection of leaders in time of crisis! When there are certain necessary things to be done, someone is prodded into the limelight who can do those things. The qualities which qualify him for that service count. The rest of him may be anything. Most people are slow to realize that. In a great leader they want all-round perfection of character and abilities. They almost never get it. They get only such abilities and such character as are necessary to the job.

Now again that question about Business and whether it is to run the world. That is nowadays a real question. Who shall run the world anyhow? The churches? No! The politicians? They are not over good at it. Science? Science knows something and it is rather more open-minded than the churches; it really is progressive, and it certainly is a factor—and a great one—in the management of the world, but it is by no means to be trusted to tackle the whole job. It still misses too much; is too opinionative, too confident of its own omniscience. Who is running the world as it is? Business more than anything else. Who is really reconstructing Europe? The governments? No, the bankers; and the bankers are Business.

There is no objection to Business managing the world if it is the best force to do it, but it cannot do it successfully except as it is spiritualized. Is it becoming spiritualized? Perhaps it is. Sometimes it seems so. The New York *World* the other day quoted a Hindu philosopher in a discourse about Business, and especially the American business man. He made a distinction between him and the business man of Europe. He spoke of his quick decisions, of his "hunches" not based so much on facts as on intuition. What does it mean, he says, this "hunch," this impulse? And his answer is: "It means that the business man has listened to a voice from within him—that he has hearkened to some mysterious guiding and counseling force that is deeply hidden in his being; it is some spirit that urges him, commands him to act as he does, for the best. It means that he has recognized a 'superhuman' intelligence at work in his own soul."

There may be more truth in that than most people realize. When we talk to-day about Business we are talking about something different than was covered by the same word thirty, or twenty, or even ten years ago. The War was not in vain. The world is becoming spiritualized. Business shows it. Science shows it. Education and the churches are aware of their great need of it. All the great departments of human activity are working nowadays to save the world. If they can be sufficiently spiritualized they can do it. The leadership among them will go where the capacity for that leadership exists and minor faults and imperfections will not hinder it. If Business has that capacity in the greatest degree, let it go to Business. It is no time to be scared by names. But if Business is to manage the world it must be Big Business: very big, indeed—comprehending all things. It seems to be in the saddle; let us see what it can make of the job.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

IN the third competition of the Short Story Contest, the Judges for the first time rendered a unanimous decision, and for the first time awarded First Prize to a story by a little-known writer. The story was "Redbone," by ***Ada Jack Carver*** (Mrs. J. B. Snell), of Minden, Louisiana, who has to her credit the winning of a second prize in a story contest held some time ago by the *Southern Woman's Magazine* and a second prize in a scenario contest held by the Chicago *Daily News*, but has never before contributed to HARPER'S or, so far as we are aware, to any other magazine of national circulation. Professor Bliss Perry, when he turned in his vote as a Judge, described "Redbone" as a "singularly fascinating story . . . novel and rich in its setting and atmosphere and superbly dramatic in its close . . . nothing less than a masterpiece." Because it is a genuine satisfaction to us that the Short Story Contest should have brought out such an unusual story by a new writer, we are glad to give "Redbone" the position of honor in this issue of the Magazine.

The first article of the month comes to us from one of the most astute of British publicists. ***A. G. Gardiner*** was for seventeen years the editor of the London *Daily News*. He is the author of several volumes of brilliant political portraits (such as *Prophets, Priests and Kings* and *Pillars of Society*) and, more recently, of full-length biographies of Sir William Harcourt and George Cadbury. Last July he contributed to HARPER'S an important article on Anglo-American relations from the English point of view. He has known British politics at first hand for a generation.

The notorious case of Leopold and Loeb focused public attention upon the peculiar status of the alienist in American law. Now ***Dr. Joseph Collins,*** the distinguished New York neurologist who invaded the field of criticism with that much-discussed book, *The Doctor Looks at Literature*, steps forward to express a frank and vigorous opinion on this grave problem of the alienist. What he says will command attention.

The second story of the month is the work of ***Edwina Stanton Babcock,*** a familiar HARPER contributor, whose "Wavering Gold," published in the January issue, won a second prize in the second competition of the Short Story Contest.

Shakespeare would at first seem hardly a modern subject, but that may be because we seldom hear him discussed by critics whose point of view is so refreshingly unorthodox as ***Ernest Boyd's.*** This article is the first of a series reassessing the masterpieces of our literature. Mr. Boyd is an Irishman who resigned in 1920 from the British Consular Service, spent two years on the staff of the *New York Evening Post* and a further period as adviser on foreign literature for Mr. Knopf's publishing house. He is now engaged in critical writing for various journals.

To those whose demand for the entertainment of travel exceeds their supply of vacations we recommend ***E. Alexander Powell's*** account of that extraordinary kingdom where debtors and creditors walk the streets chained together. Major Powell is a distinguished war-correspondent, an indefatigable traveler, and the author of many books recounting his adventures in every quarter of the globe.

Charles Caldwell Dobie, of San Francisco, a frequent HARPER contributor, is one of the ablest short-story writers in the United States. "The Elder Brother" won honorable mention in the second competition of the Short Story Contest; a forthcoming tale by Mr. Dobie, "The Hands of the Enemy," was awarded a second prize in the third competition.

Jesse R. Grant, in the second installment of his boyhood recollections, tells some delightful stories of the days when his father was President.

Rollo Walter Brown, formerly professor of English at Carleton College, believes that the creative spirit is the thing which makes life worth while for the individual and for the community. In December he indicted the church for its failure to set free this spirit in mankind; this month he turns his attention to the arts. (His remarks about Professor George Pierce Baker, by the way, were written before Professor Baker's recent appointment at Yale.)

Sheila Kaye-Smith, author of *Joanna Godden* and other masterly novels of Sussex life, needs no further introduction.

The poets of the month are *John Erskine,* professor of English at Columbia University, author of many volumes of prose and verse, and co-editor of the *Cambridge History of American Literature; Daniel Kelley,* a new contributor from Terre Haute, Indiana; and *Countée P. Cullen,* one of the youngest and most gifted of the colored poets of Harlem.

New York, Detroit, and Norfolk, Connecticut, are represented in the Lion's Mouth in the respective persons of *Charles Hanson Towne* (editor, novelist, poet, and expert impersonator of Mrs. Fiske); *Arthur T. Hugg* (manufacturer of iron windows); and Philip Curtiss (author of *The Gay Conspirators* and other books of thrills and humor).

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The delightful painting by Robert Henri reproduced on the cover as the second of our series of modern masterpieces was completed only a few months ago and at this writing has not yet been publicly exhibited. It is one of several studies of Irish types painted by Mr. Henri on a little island off the west coast of Ireland where he sojourned last summer. Of Mr. Henri's position in the front rank of American artists there can be no question. Born in Cincinnati in 1865, he received his training first at the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia and later in France, Spain, and Italy. His work is represented in most of the principal art museums of this country, and he has won an imposing series of honors, including the Harris Prize of the Art Institute of Chicago, the Carol H. Beck Medal of the Pennsylvania Academy, and the portrait prize of the Wilmington Society of Fine Arts.

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We have received a quantity of letters about William G. Shepherd's article on hunting down the myth of John Wilkes Booth's escape. We wish there were space to quote them all. Several of the letters take issue with Mr. Shepherd for attaching importance to the dissimilarity between the handwritings of John Wilkes Booth and David E. George. One reader sends us examples of her ability to write two utterly different hands. "No," she concludes, "I still believe that forty years' experience would enable Booth to write as another person if he wanted to. It is to be understood that for many years he would decidedly want to conceal his identity and in that time the newer style would become fixed."

Mrs. W. H. H. Stevens, of Towanda, Pennsylvania, writes that in the spring of 1865, when she was a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl, she received a letter from Dr. Joseph Stevens, post surgeon of Camp Stoneman (whom she afterwards married), saying that "he had just seen the body of Booth lying on the deck of the monitor *Montauk* 'wrapped in a piece of old sail'; that 'unshaven' it presented a very 'different appearance' from the handsome man he had been accustomed to see on the stage." Unfortunately, Doctor Stevens's letter was destroyed many years later.

Here is another letter on the same incident of the Booth article:

"1 *Washington, D. C.*

Dear Harper's—

I have just read with much interest Mr. Shepherd's article on John Wilkes Booth, published in your November issue, and note one error, the correction of which may—or may not—have value. Mr. Shepherd refers to the important fact—or assertion—that the War Department did not summon any civilian, or associate on the stage, to identify the body of Booth when it was brought to Washington. About 1876 I spent a week or ten days with several members of the Ford opera troupe in the mountains of West Virginia, where Ella—one of the celebrated Chapman sisters (the

other, Blanch, was then the wife of Harry Ford)—told me that she and several other members of her troupe had been arrested and forced to identify the body claimed to be that of Wilkes Booth. She said that while the features were past recognition, she had identified the body by some peculiarity of the teeth, and that she was satisfied that it was the remains of John Wilkes Booth.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM NELSON PAGE.

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Mrs. Orrie B. Pressey, of Belmont, Massachusetts, writes that sometime in the late sixties, when she was a child living on a large farm in southern New Hampshire, seven miles from Haverhill, "a strange man came to our house and asked to be taken in for the night. There was no hotel in the town and travelers had to look about for board and lodging. . . . The man stayed in our home several days. He gave his name as John Harrington, and seemed to have some business that took him away each day or a part of each day. We thought he was an agent of some sort. . . . I remember this Mr. Harrington as a fine-looking man of good height and dark hair. Maybe he had curly hair."

Mr. Harrington, Mrs. Pressey goes on to say, repeated many things for the entertainment of the family, most of them poetry; taught a small sister to recite "We Are Seven"; gave to an elder sister a copy of Jean Ingelow's poems; and acted and recited in the sitting room "what must have been parts of Shakespeare's plays. I was too young to take it in, but Father always said the man must have been an actor.

"We gave the stranger our 'spare room' which was across the hall from the room my parents occupied. Mother, always a light sleeper, was kept awake at night by Harrington 'talking in his sleep' as she called it.

"But the strangest part of all came in the conversations with my father, for this man told father that John Wilkes Booth never was captured but was still living. 'I am as sure Wilkes Booth is living as I am of my own existence' was the startling assertion made."

John Harrington left Hampstead, New Hampshire, without leaving anything to pay his board bill except the copy of Jean Ingelow's poems. Mrs. Pressey says her father "had seen Edwin Booth in Boston and sometimes fancied he could see a resemblance, enough for the two men to be brothers."

Could this man have been John St. Helen?

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The Editors wish to call particular attention to the new series of articles beginning in this issue in the department "In the Financial World," which is printed among the back advertising pages. These popular discussions on investments and finance are written especially for HARPER'S MAGAZINE by *Paul Tomlinson*, of the Princeton University Press. Mr. Tomlinson's first article describes and analyzes the five different classes of bonds and their relative security and desirability for the small investor.

Only a few years ago bonds were held chiefly by banks, trust companies, and insurance corporations, and only by the largest of individual investors. To-day in America there are over a million small holders of this type of security. The head of the house is no longer the sole member of the family who is concerned with the investment of money. Many a family circle nowadays includes two or three investors, and that means frequent discussions in the home on all sorts of financial topics.

In view of this increasing interest in the purchase of securities of all kinds, the Editors feel that the Magazine's readers will appreciate and may profit by the articles which Mr. Tomlinson will write each month. The series as a whole will present a complete home-educational course in the care and investment of savings for the person of moderate means.